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NO.
1
JUNE
2018



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BILL GAINES
CIRCA 1972

ART BY HARVEY KURTZMAN / MAD #1 / 1952

MAD

NO. 1 JUNE 2018

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BACK COVER

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Drawn Out Dramas by Sergio Aragonés

COVER ARTIST

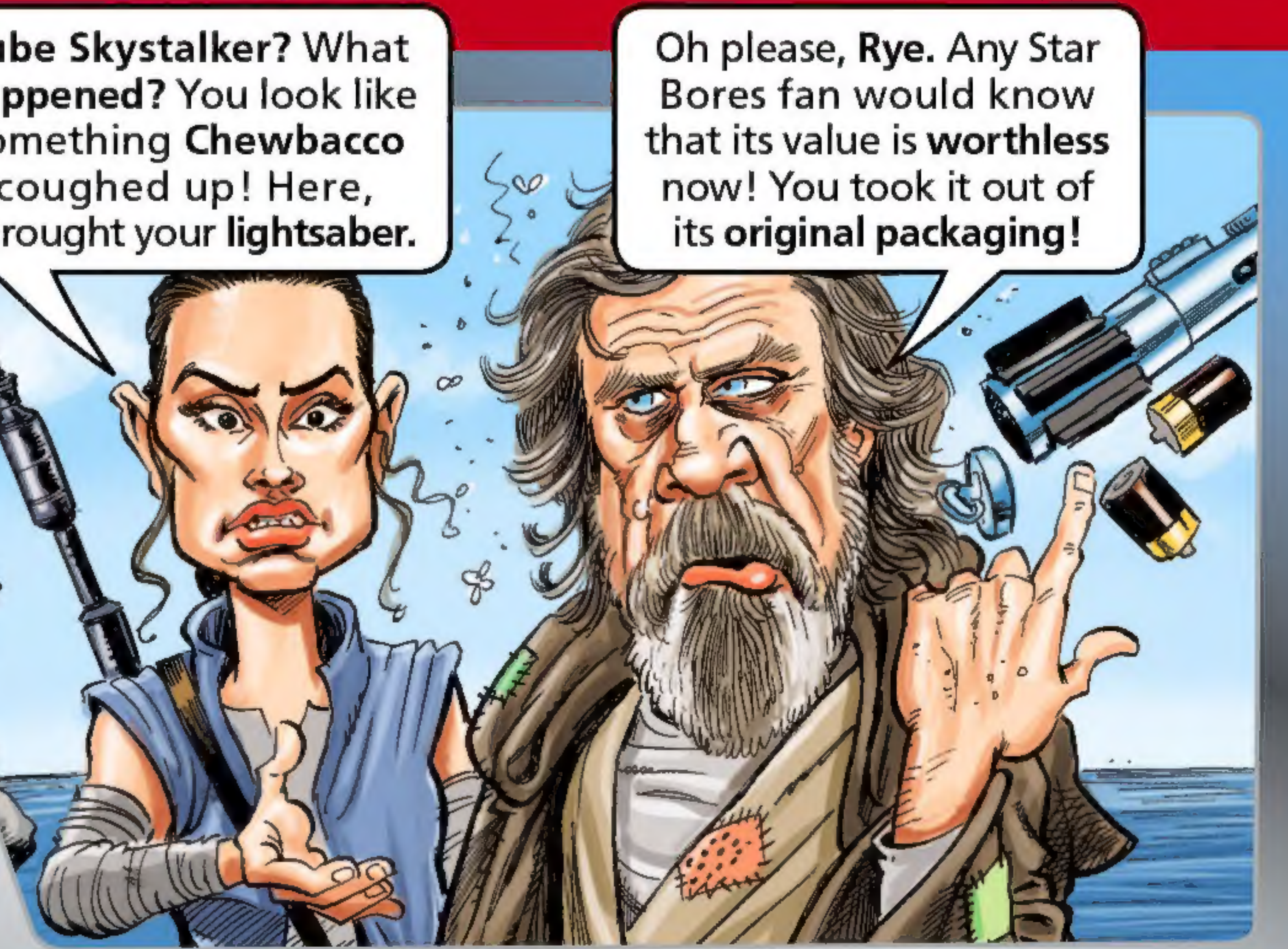
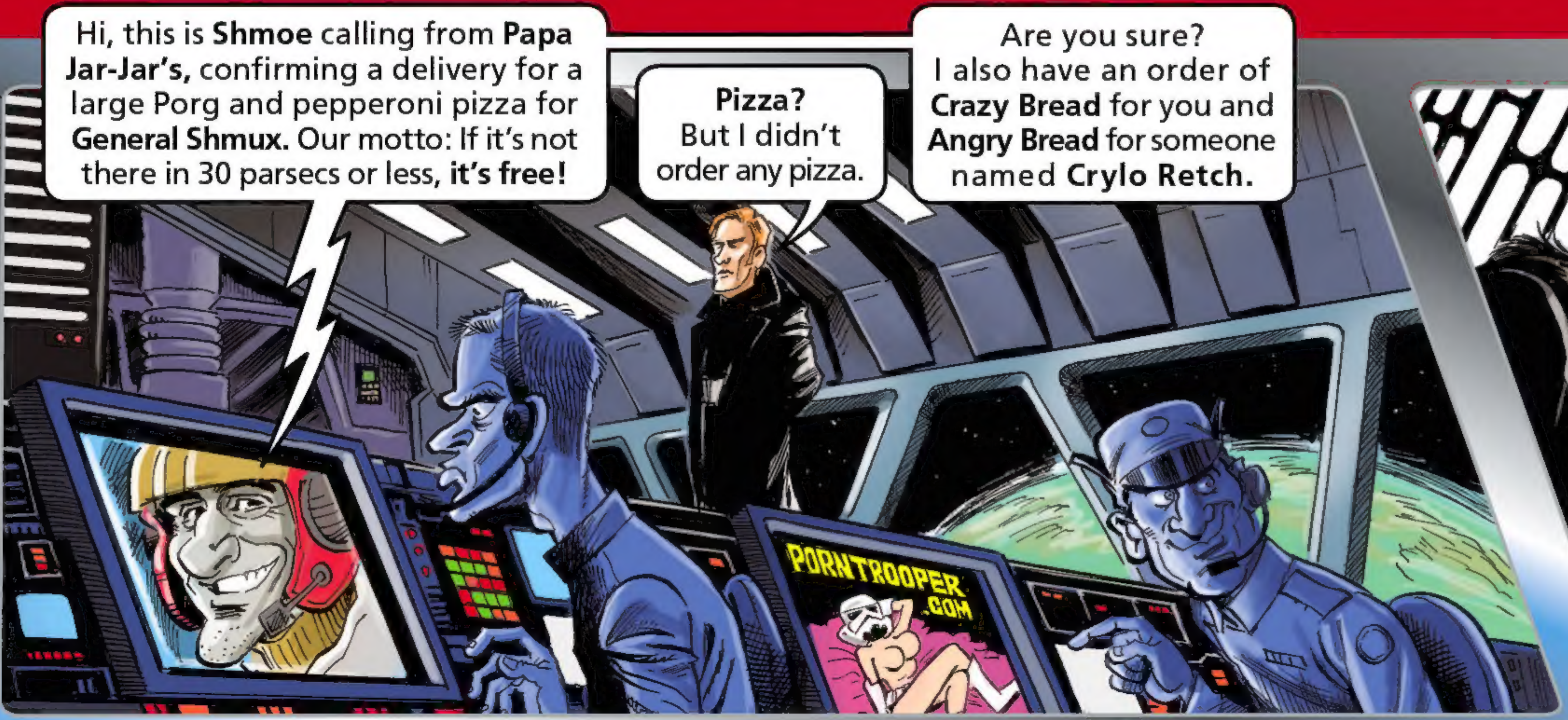
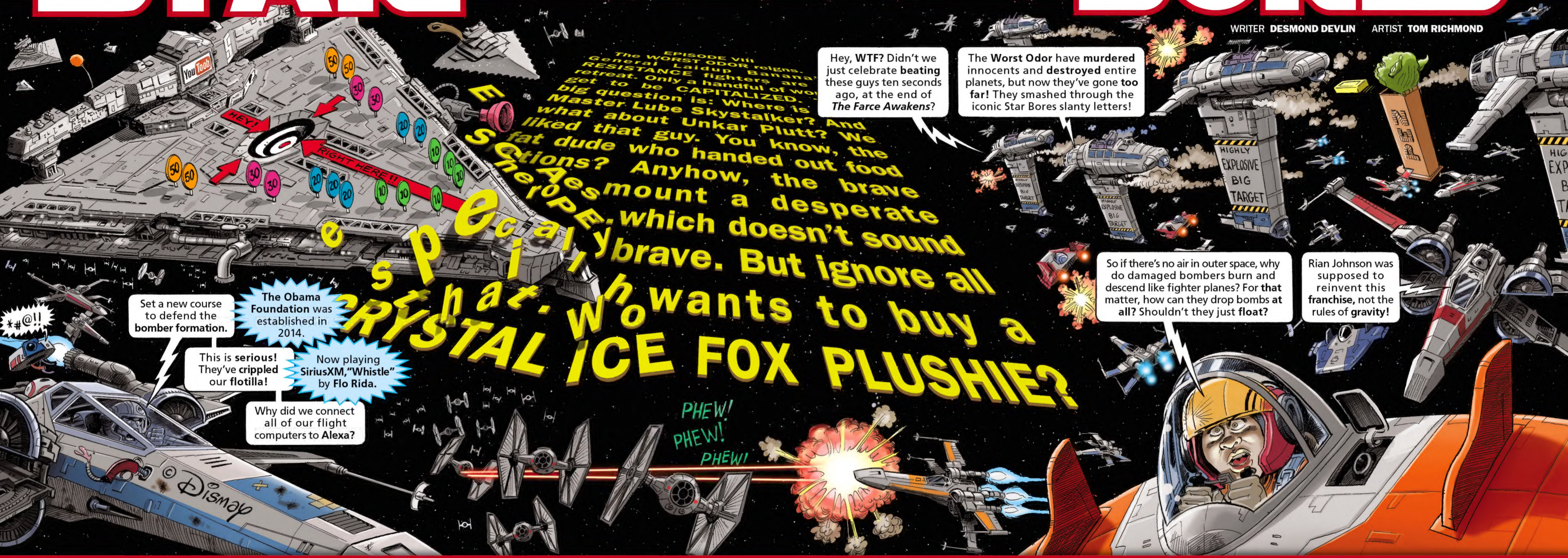
Jason Edmiston

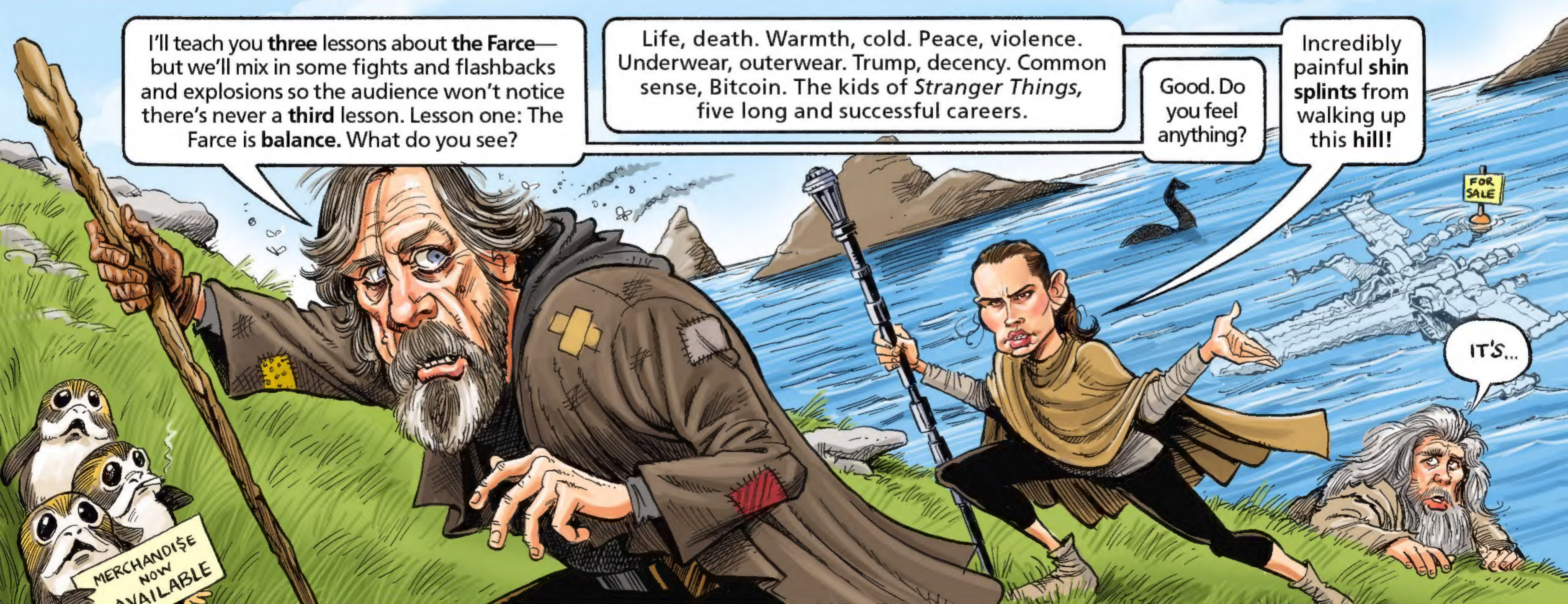
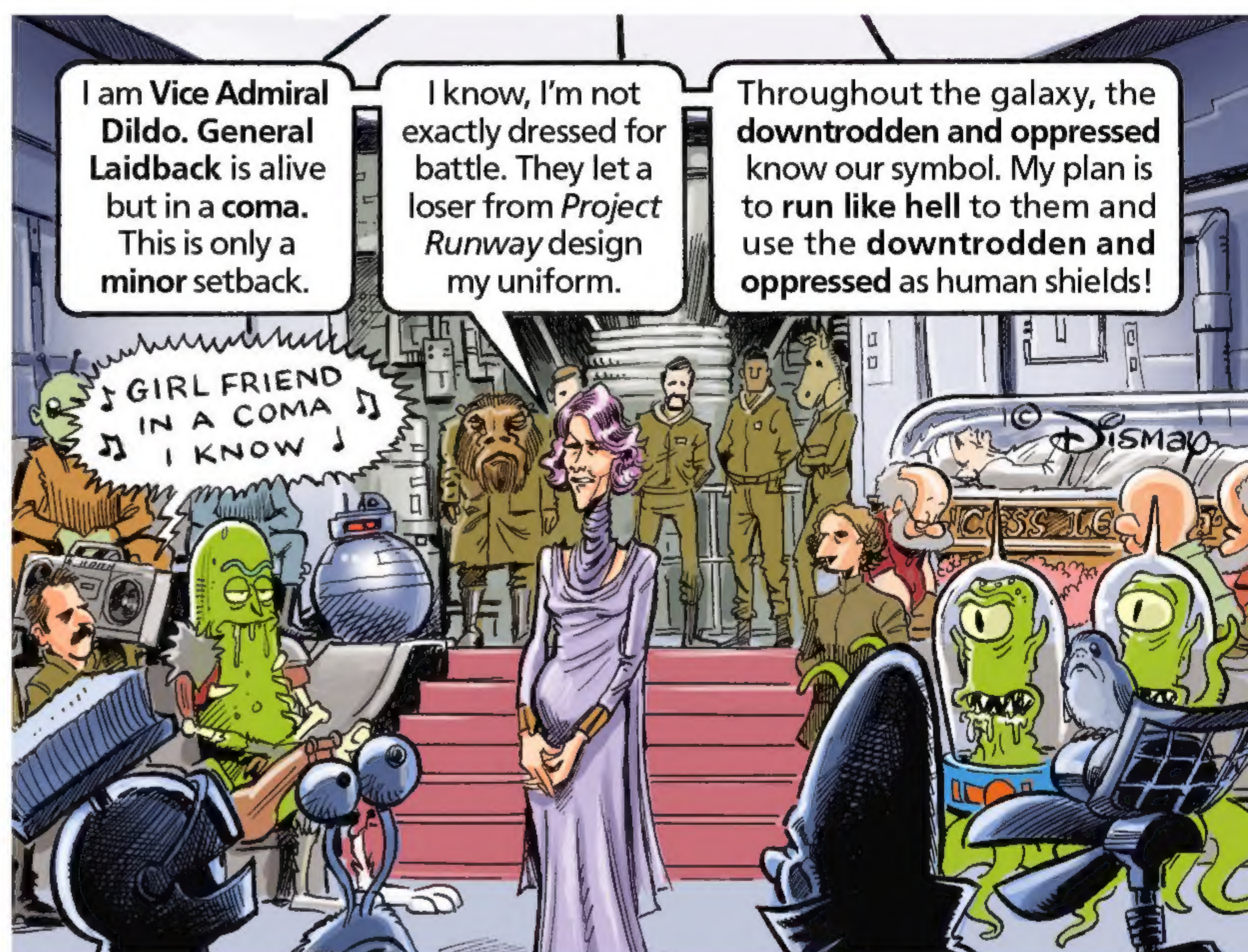
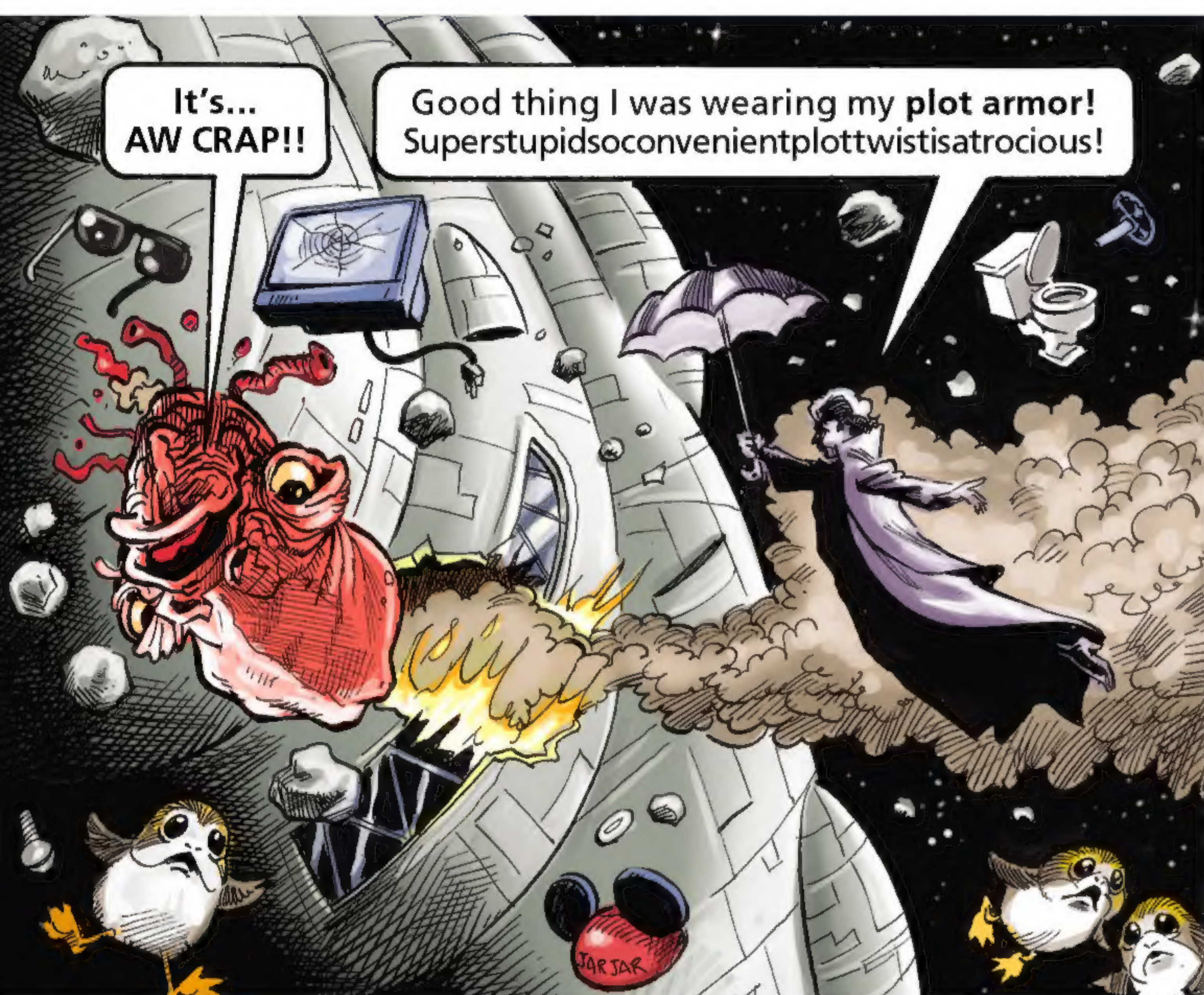
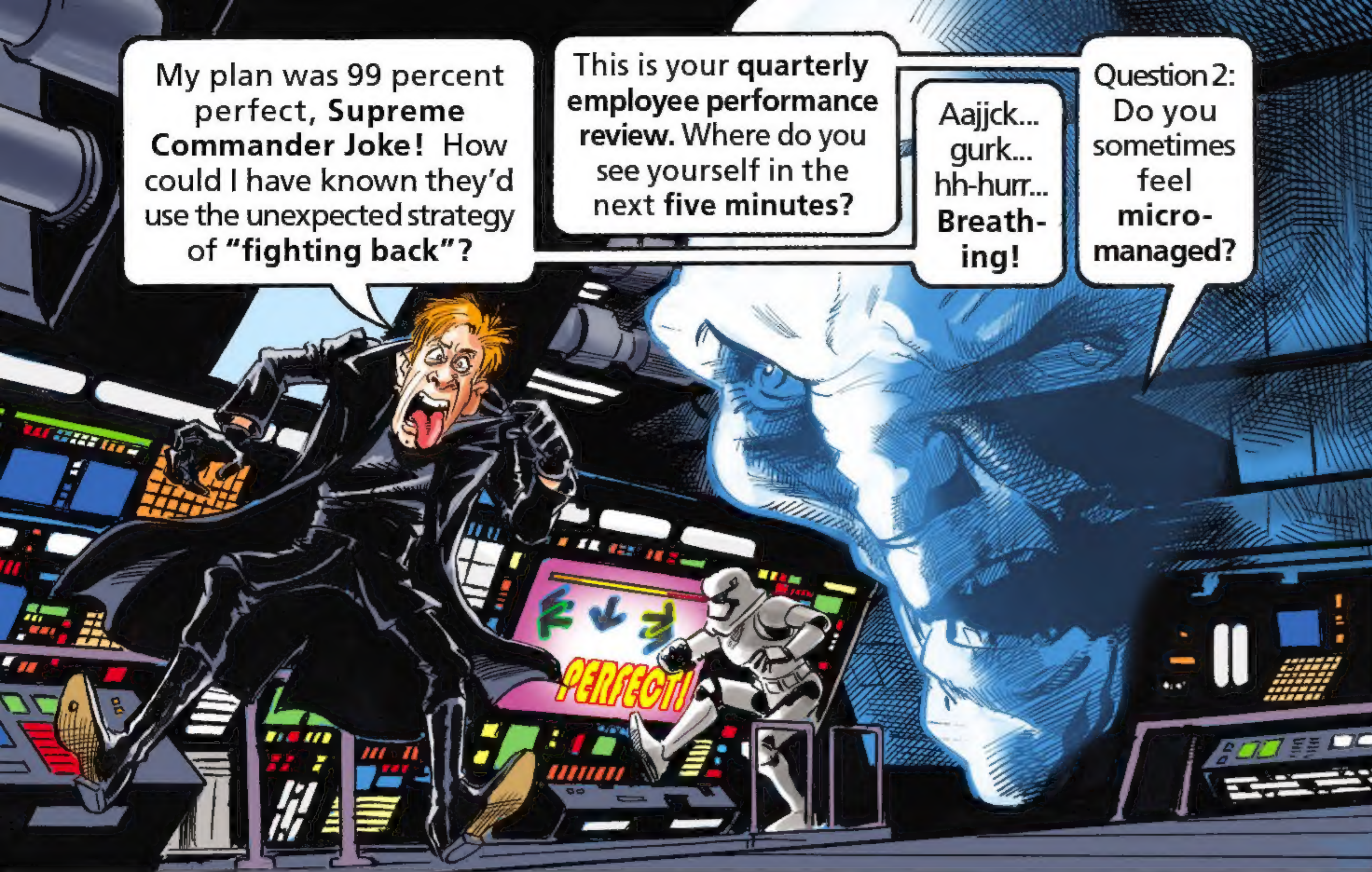
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The former hero doesn't want to be a Jedi anymore. The new hero becomes one by training for about five minutes. And another is a petulant complainer with mood swings who doesn't even know what he wants. This time, we're stuck with...

STAR HALF-ASSED JEDI BORES

WRITER DESMOND DEVLIN ARTIST TOM RICHMOND



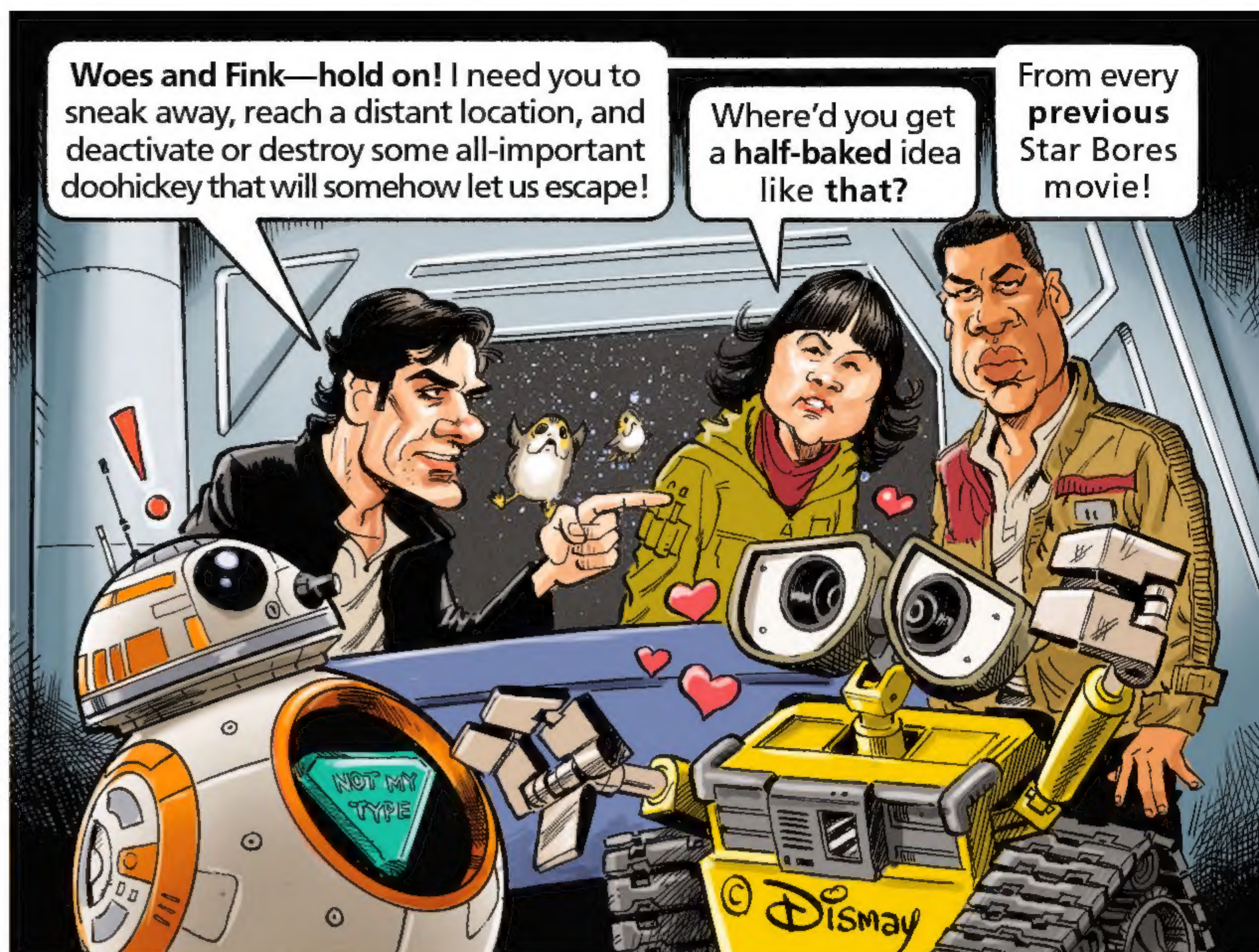


"This may be our first issue, but it feels like our 551st."



My resistance hero is a former stormtrooper? Aren't you ashamed?

No way! I'm the greatest stormtrooper in history—I actually made it to a second movie! Sure, photographs of **Bigfoot** aren't as fuzzy and underdeveloped as my character, but at least I'm here!



Woes and Fink—hold on! I need you to sneak away, reach a distant location, and deactivate or destroy some all-important doohickey that will somehow let us escape!

Where'd you get a half-baked idea like that?

From every previous Star Bores movie!

ONE POINTLESS ROAD TRIP LATER...



Hey, stop spinning my junk, pervert!

This casino is disgusting! A corrupt, evil class system that can only sustain itself by exploiting the poor! We've got to tear it down and destroy it by...

...WOO HOO, I won!!!

A SITH IS JUST A SITH,
A JEDI IS A JEDI-I-I-I!!



U up?

yikes, send fewer pics

ur awakening my force

ugh! force quit!

ouch, shot down like a stormtrooper

help me, Jergens lotion, you're my only hope



Have you got Dropbox in your head? Let me upload one of my flashbacks!

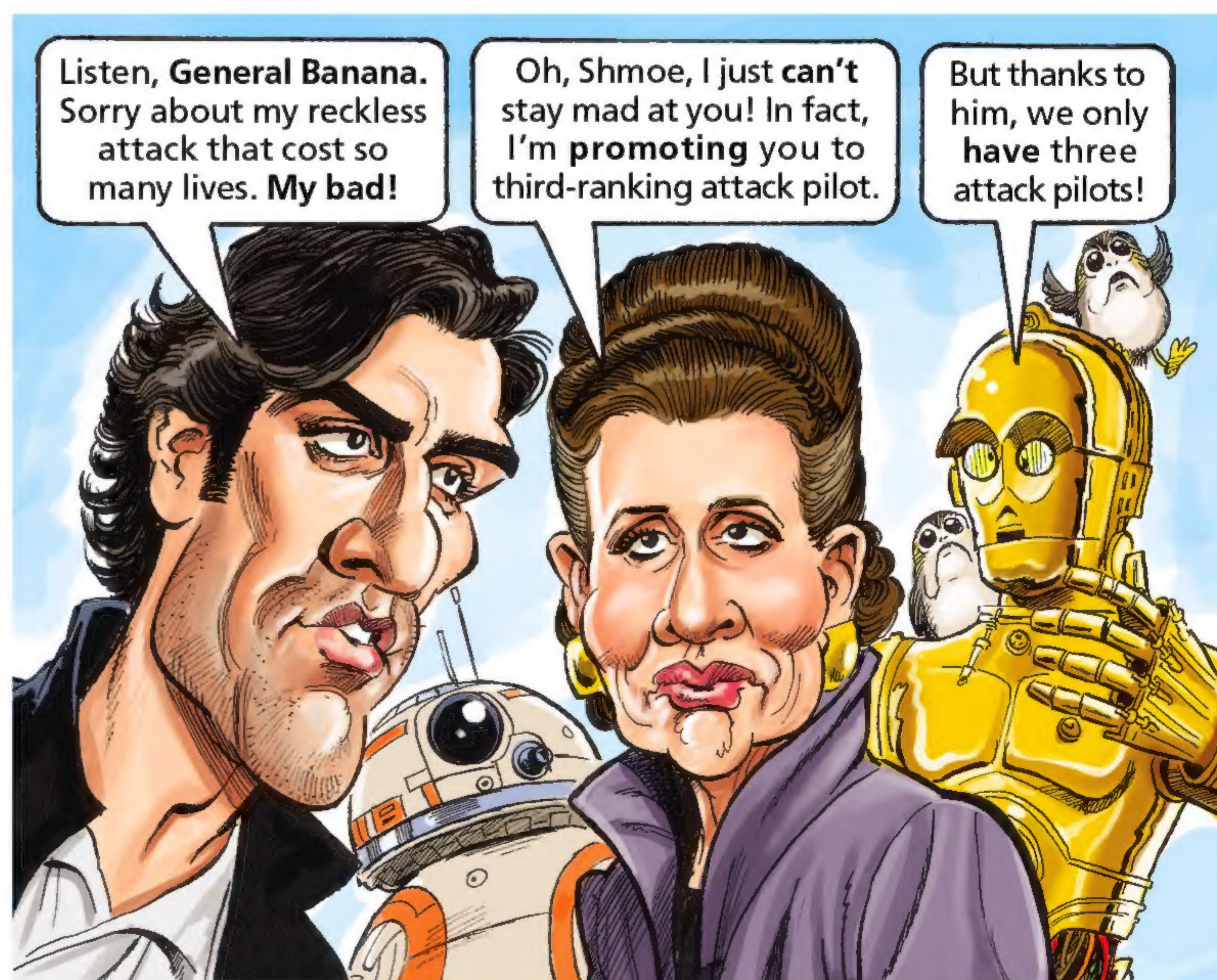
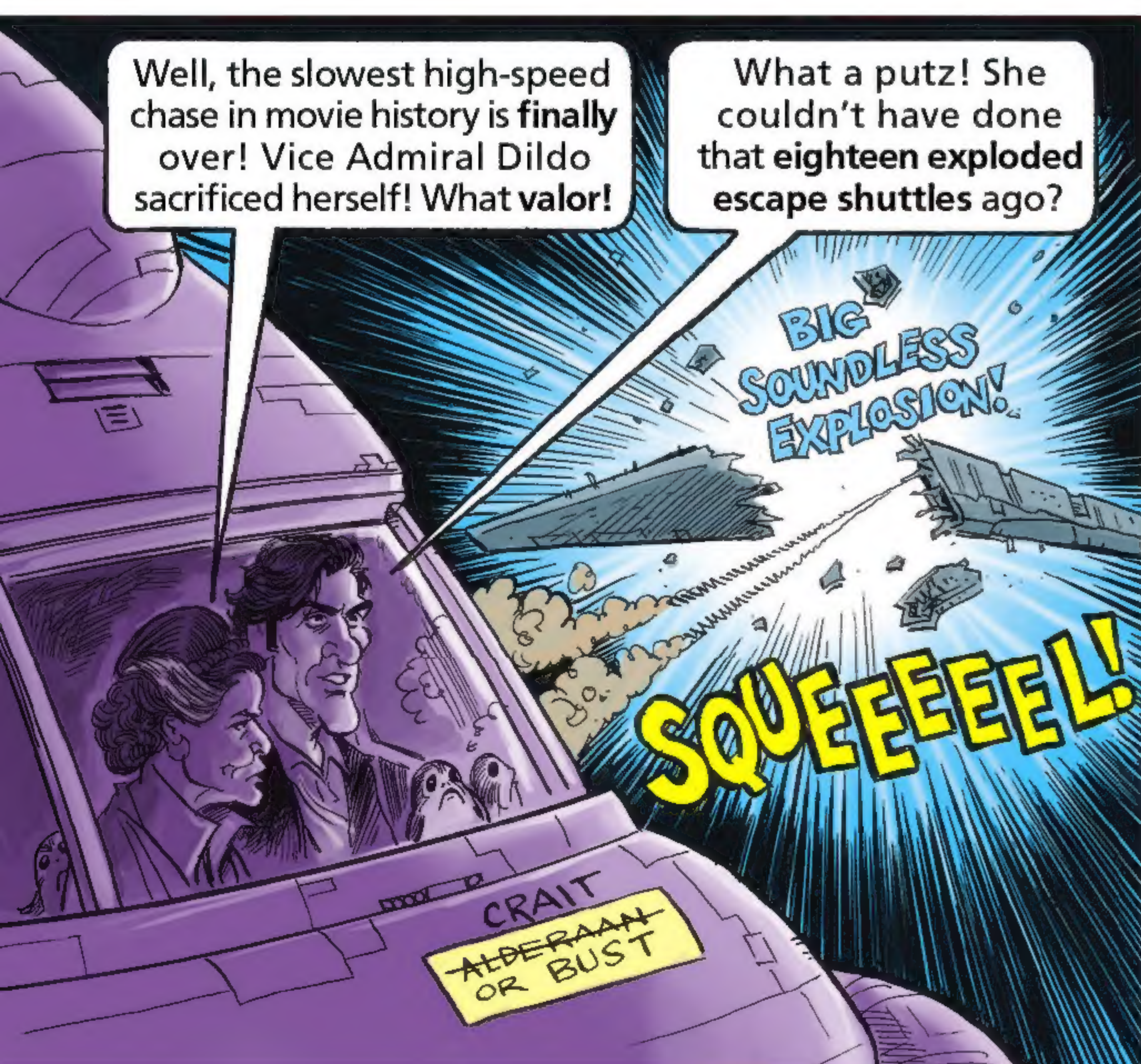
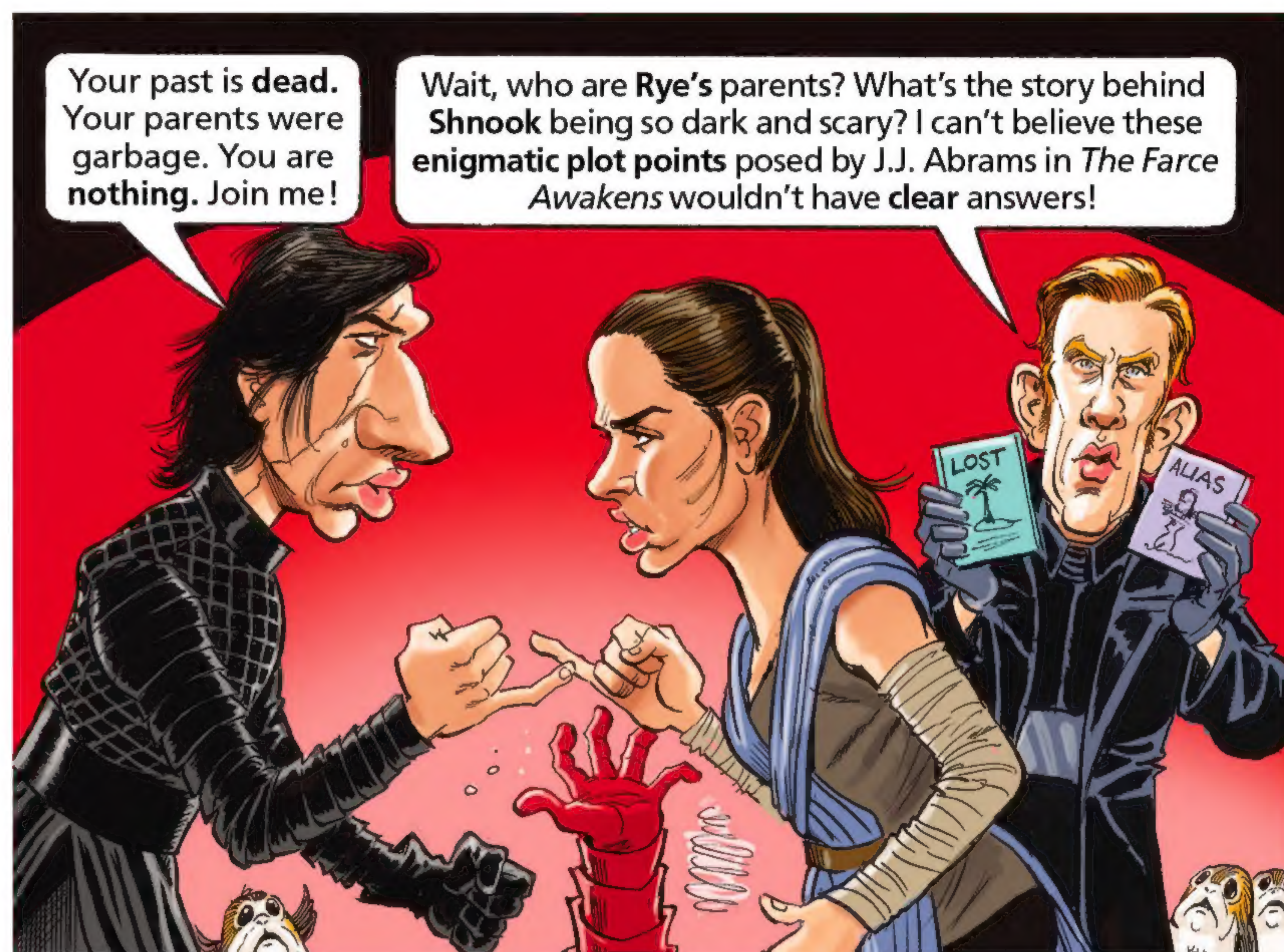
Um...er, I thought you might want a sizzling green night-light.

Here to kill me, Master? Thank goodness! I was afraid this was my #MeToo moment!



You, the great Lube Skystalker, defeated by a woman!

Sigh! Yes, this is a scene Carrie Fisher punched up.





Unbelievable! **Woes** saved Fink's life at the last possible second!

Yeah, for a moment I thought they were actually going to kill off the only black guy!

Excuse me, are we supposed to believe Fink will somehow drag an unconscious woman across **thousands** of yards of empty battlefield without getting blasted?!

Worst Comic Book Guy impression ever, meatbag.

##@!

Hey, Lube, have you noticed that I changed my hairstyle?

Yeah, well, I changed the number of freakin' hands I have. But I was still able to bring you this.

How thoughtful! **Ham's golden dice** from the Aluminum Falcon!

Yeah, I thought bringing you his set of Truck Nutz would be crass.

Cryo Retch stabbed his dad, threatened his mama, broke some furniture, and now he's having a **tussle** with his jobless uncle. This would make a **great** redneck reality show!

BUFFERING...

Master Skystalker is leaving us. The effort of **psychically projecting** his image across the galaxy was too much strain for him to survive.

Actually, it was all that **green milk**!

If we walk through that portal, we will confront a **danger** greater than any we've ever faced...

The pissed-off fans! If you really want to go to the dark side, try **social media**!

I'll say it for the fifth time in a row: I **refuse** to see the next movie!

Come home, **Jar-Jar**, all is forgiven!

Save us, **Han Solo** prequel! You're our only hope.

How can the imaginary, made-up **Farce** possibly work that way?

Disney is a wretched hive of **scum and villainy**! #NotMyStarWars!

Hokey levitation tricks and a British accent are **no match** for having a good bulldozer at your disposal, kid!

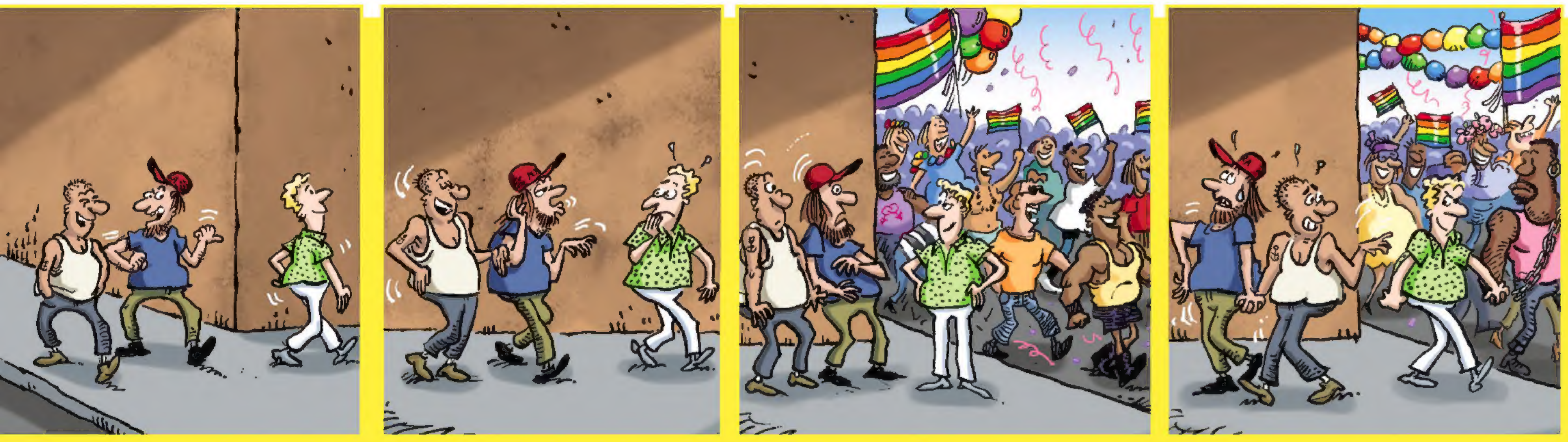
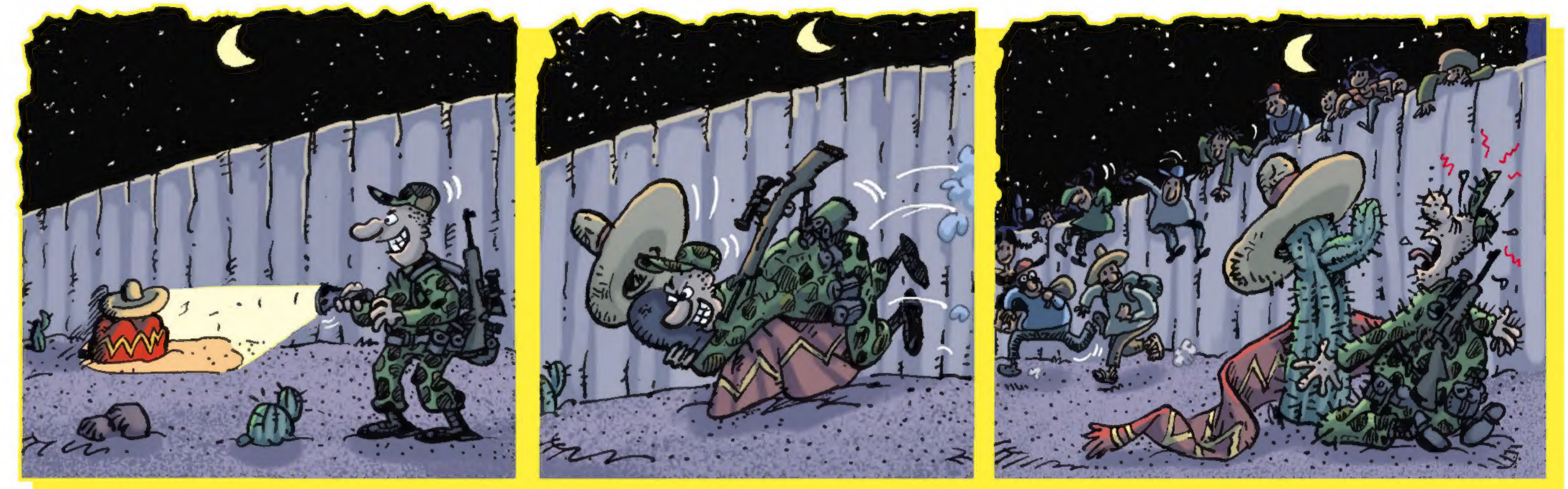
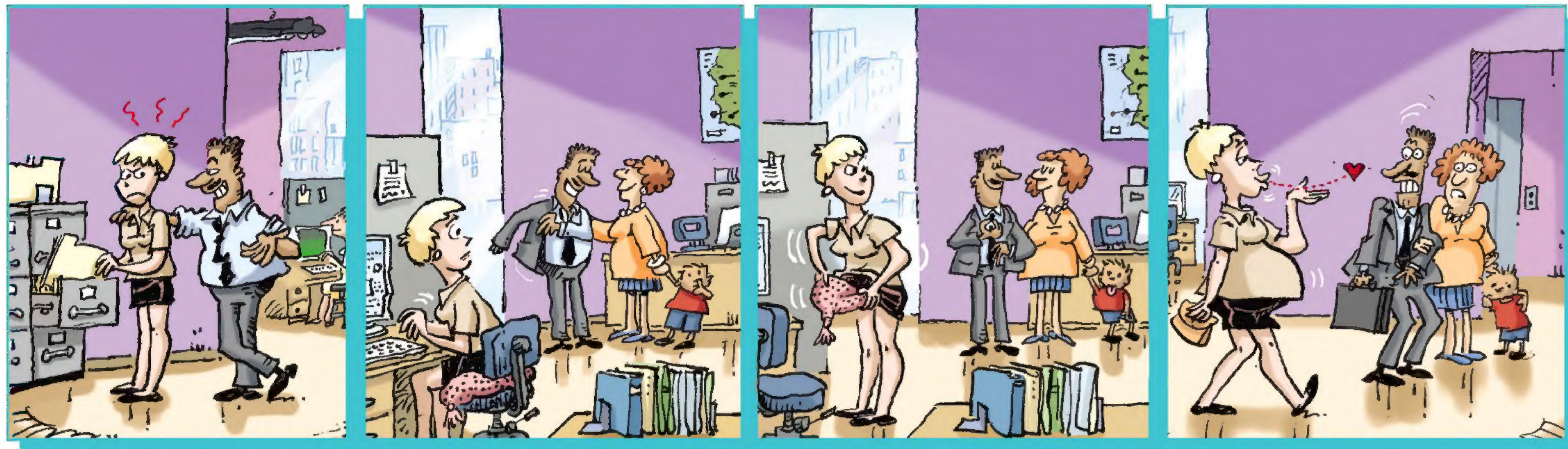
This franchise is getting **worse** all the time!

I feel a great **disturbance** in the Farce, as if millions of whiny, over-entitled voices suddenly cried out in anger and then wouldn't **shut the hell up**. Forget this! I'm going back in the cave!

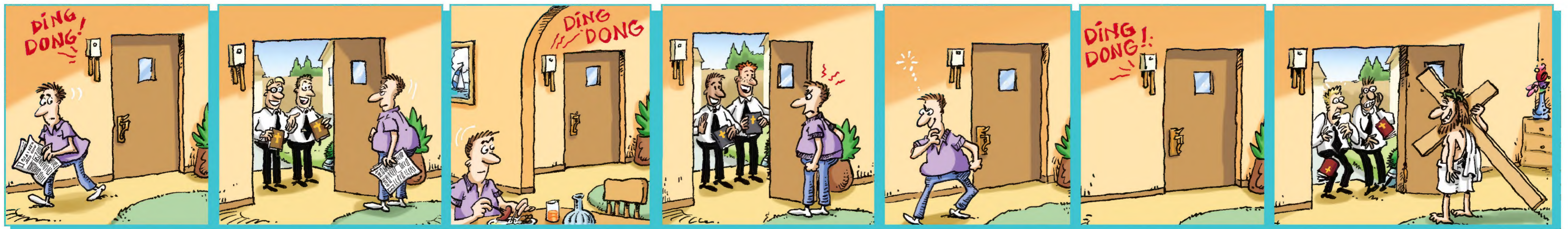
Sergio Aragonés
Presents

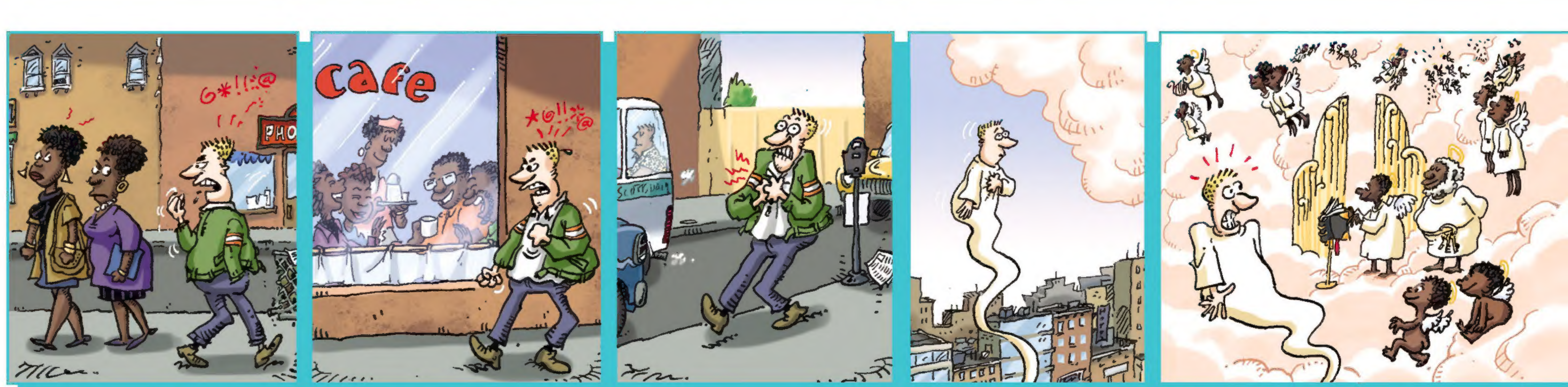
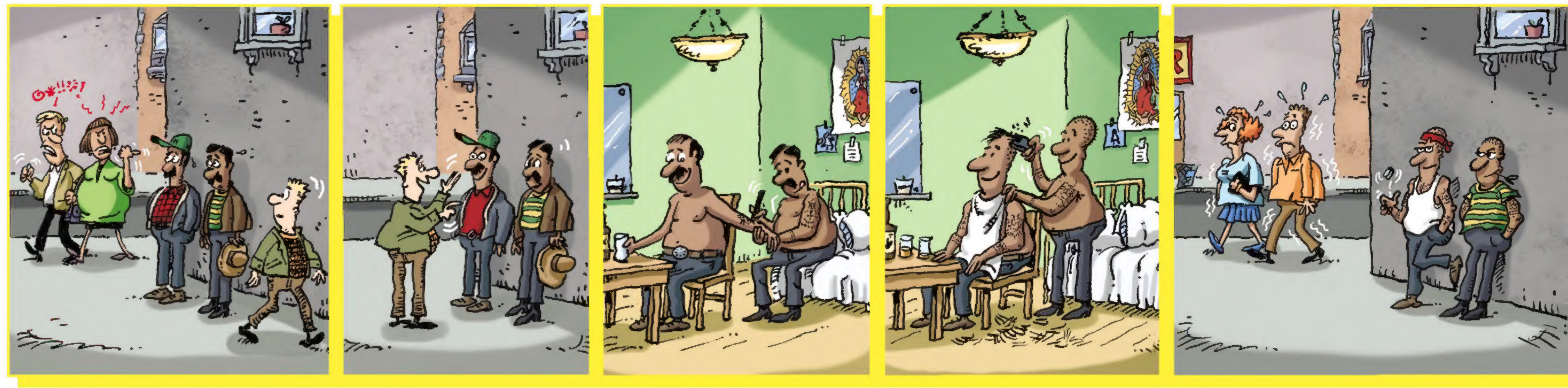
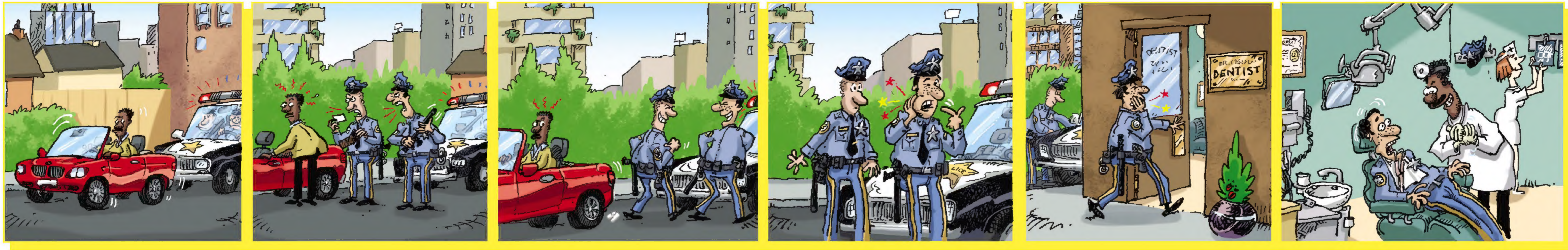


a MAD Look at Harassment



"A first issue is like Trump's hair. It's prone to being off-color, ridiculed, and windblown."







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**COLLECT THE
ENTIRE ONE
OF THEM!**

Geek!TIKIS

Mug offer good for U.S. customers only. Supply is limited. Allow 12-16 weeks for delivery. Straw and cocktail umbrella not included. Mug not shown to scale. Illustration not drawn to art director's specific instructions, dammit. Any resemblance to an actual Polynesian god is purely coincidental. Void where prohibited by in-laws. If itching persists, see your doctor.



GET HELL SOON DEPT.

Remember when greeting cards were great? Back in their heyday, if you wanted to let someone know you remembered their birthday or were sad because they lost a loved one, greeting cards got the job done. And they did it with style and flair! Today's liberals have let our precious greeting card industry fall into ruin. But fear not! Our president is going to...

MAKE AMERICA GREET AGAIN



new american greetings
by donald trump

WRITER AND ARTIST **TERESA BURNS PARKHURST**

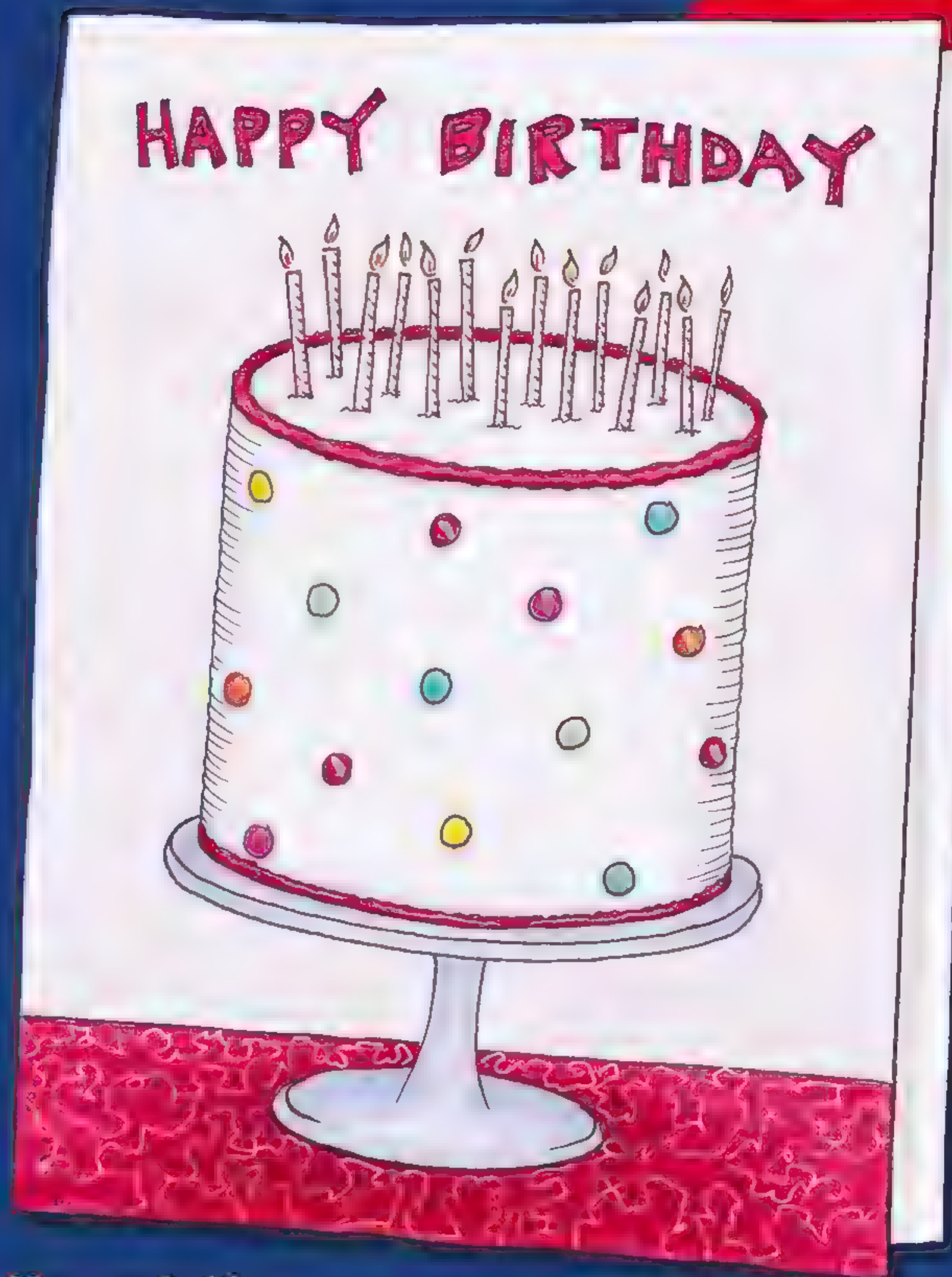
GET WELL



Message Inside:

Many illnesses are preventable. I, myself, have never been sick. Never. I am probably the healthiest person there is, without a doubt.

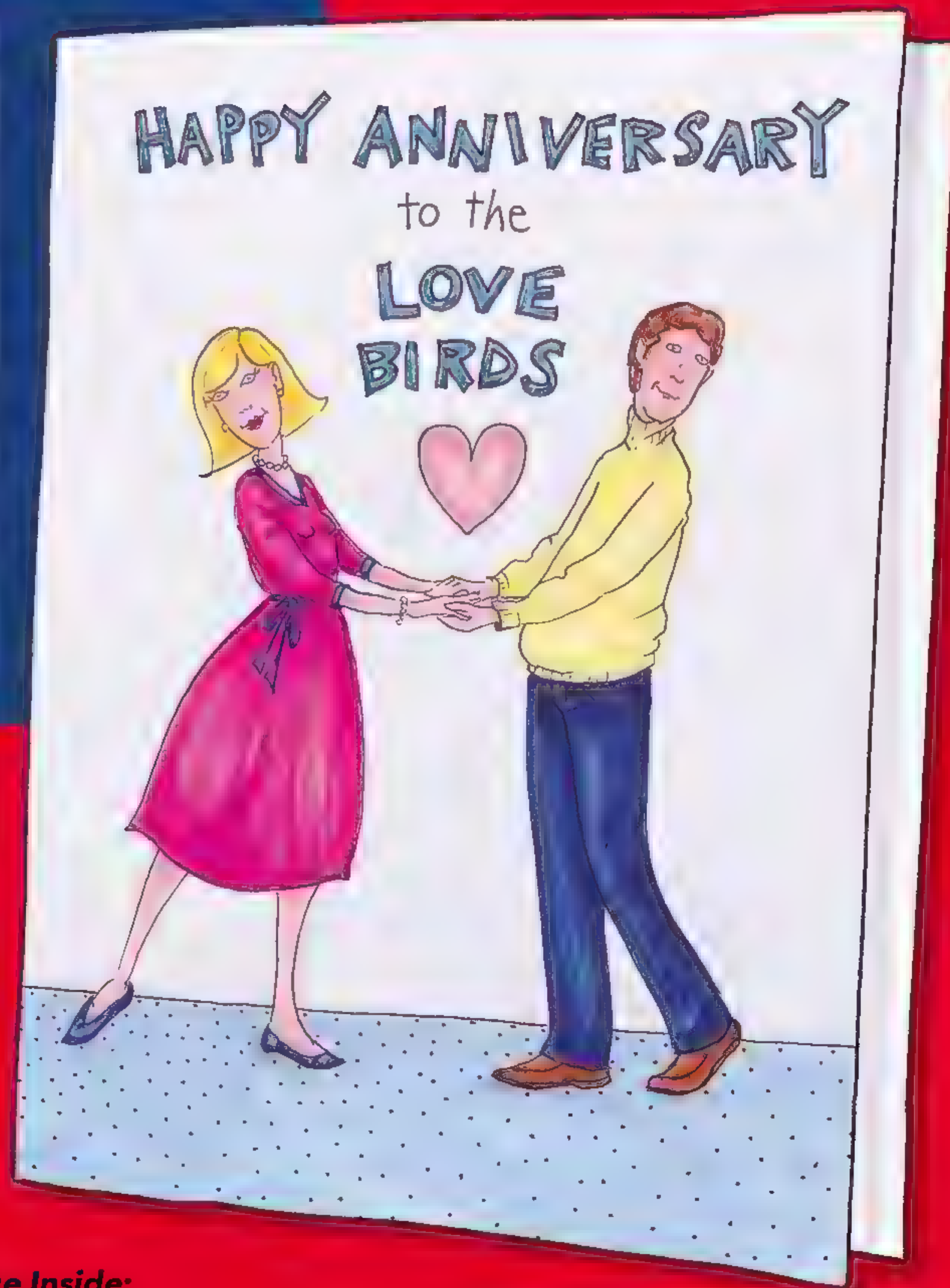
BIRTHDAY



Message Inside:

Believe me, you are not aging well. You should consider getting some work done.

ANNIVERSARY



Message Inside:

No one has more respect for the institution of marriage than me, and I mean NO one. I have had several very beautiful wives. Gorgeous, in fact.

NEW BABY



Message Inside:
Babies are just great, aren't they? But, I am telling you because I KNOW, they completely ruin a woman's vagina. True.

RETIREMENT



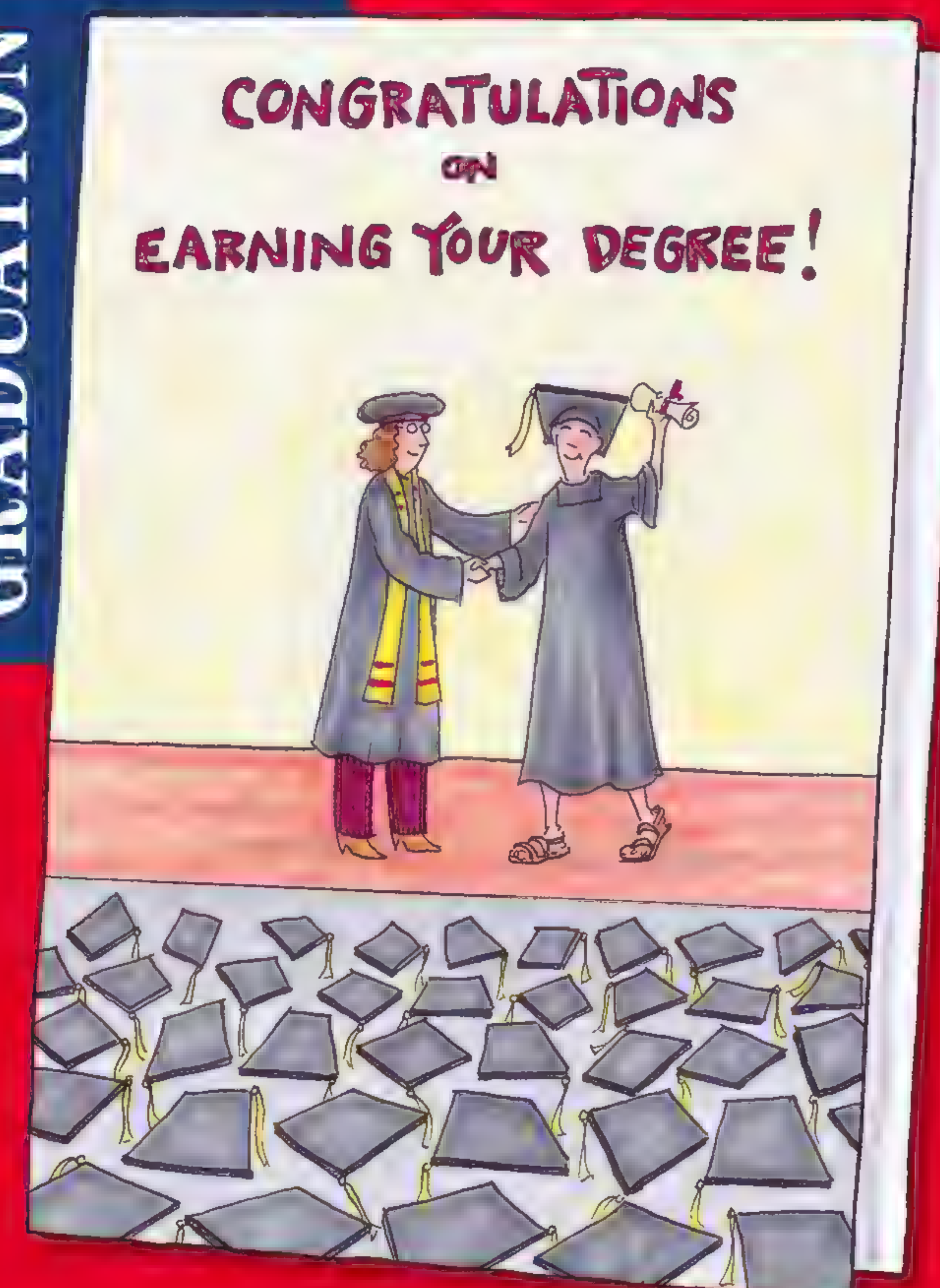
Message Inside:
Retiring is a good deal for people who are lazy. An incredibly good deal for the lazy-do-nothings! I like people who DON'T retire.



MOTHER'S DAY

Message Inside:
Being a mother has got to be a truly magnificent feeling! Very happy for you! (Too bad about your vagina.)

GRADUATION



Message Inside:
The crowd at my graduation ceremony? The biggest in history! It's true, ask anyone. They went absolutely nuts when I crossed the stage. Totally nuts for me.

VALENTINE'S DAY



Message Inside:
I have a tremendous number of valentines, and they let me do anything I want to them. I can just grab them like a bowling ball...wait, that's three holes—are there three holes? Anyway, I have zero, ZERO problems getting a valentine.

HANUKKAH



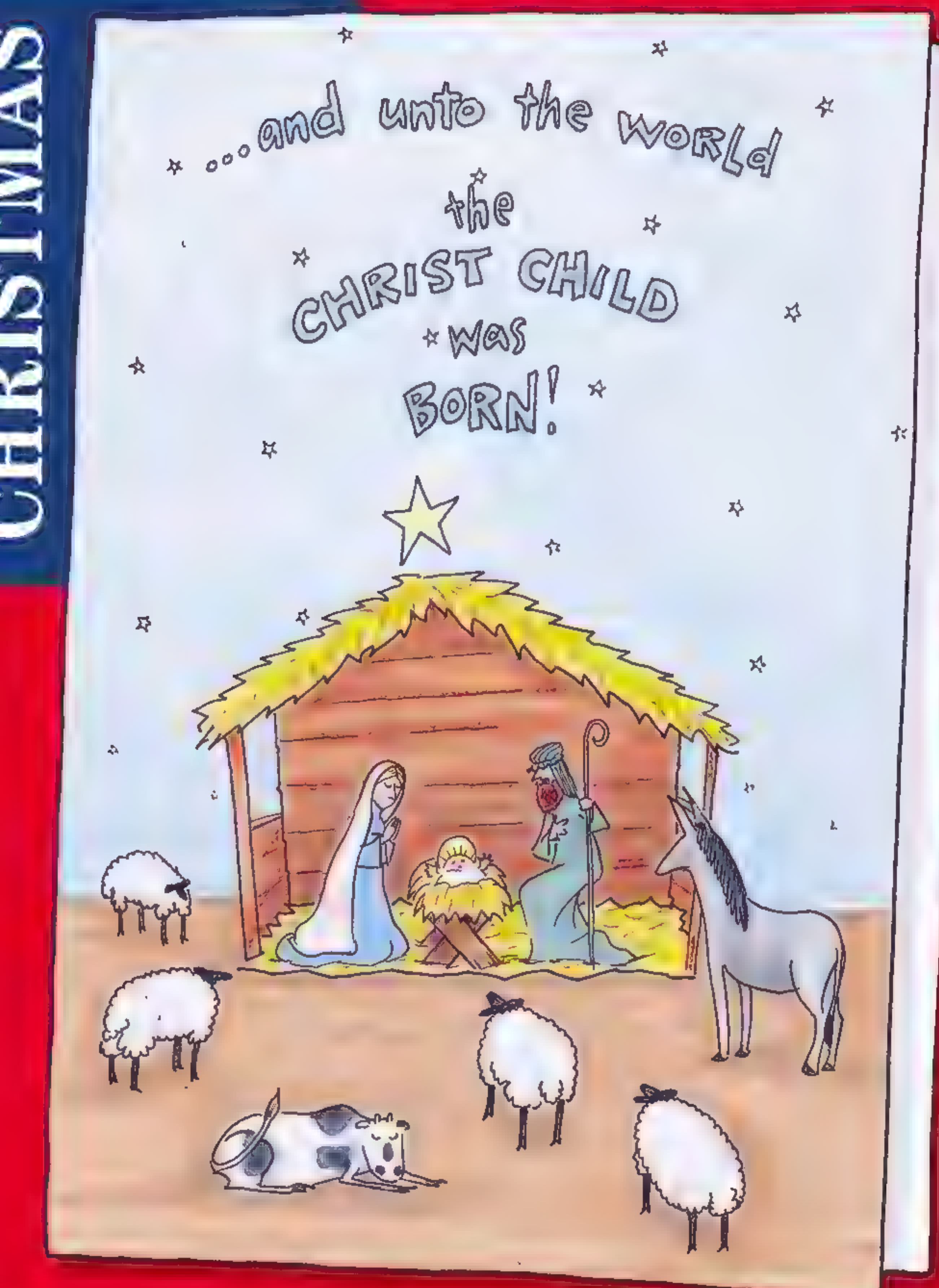
Message Inside:
The Jews love me. And they're so funny, really a funny people. Hilarious, even. I've discovered that many comedians are Jews. Really, they are. They spell things strangely, but good, funny people.

SYMPATHY

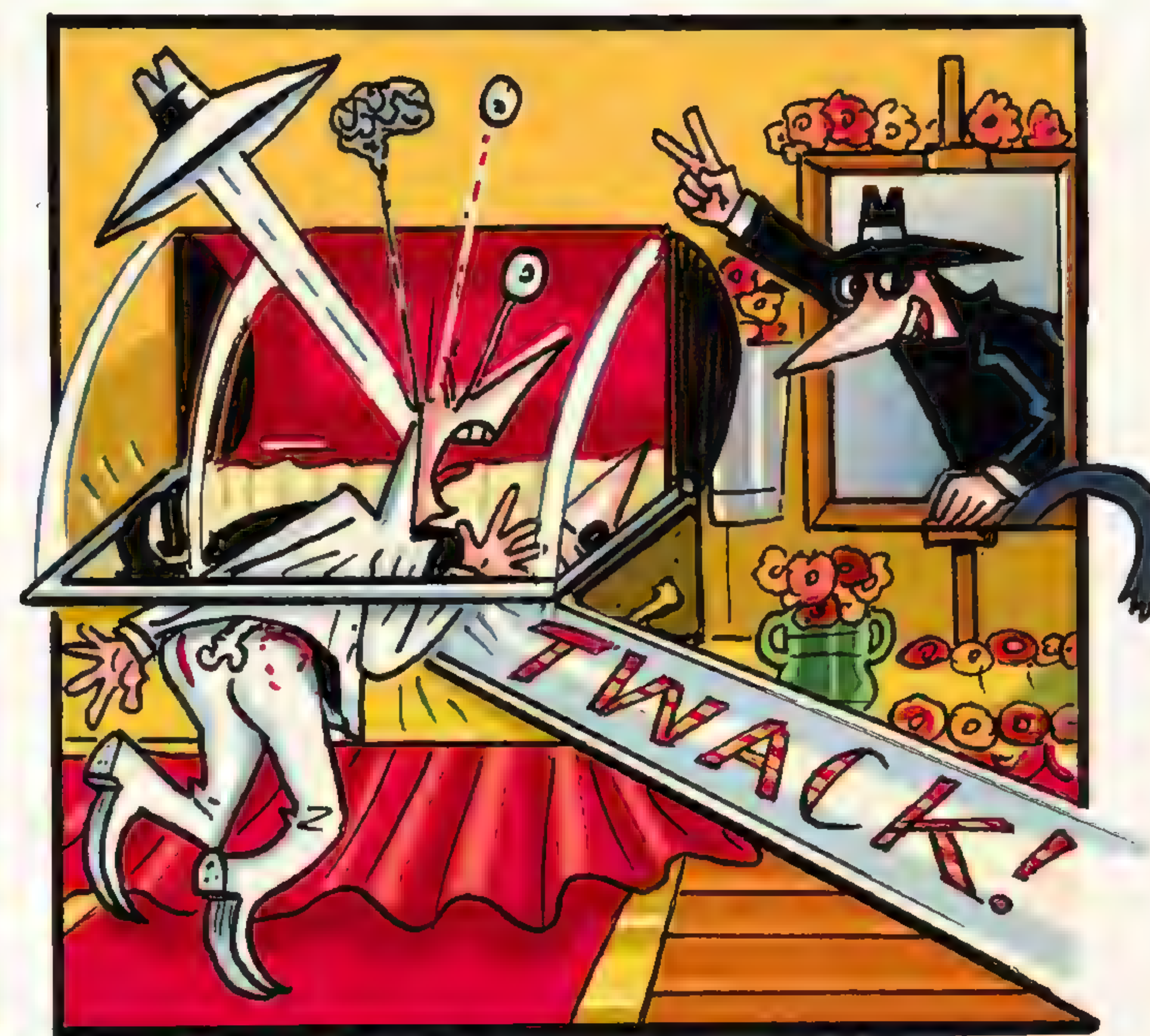
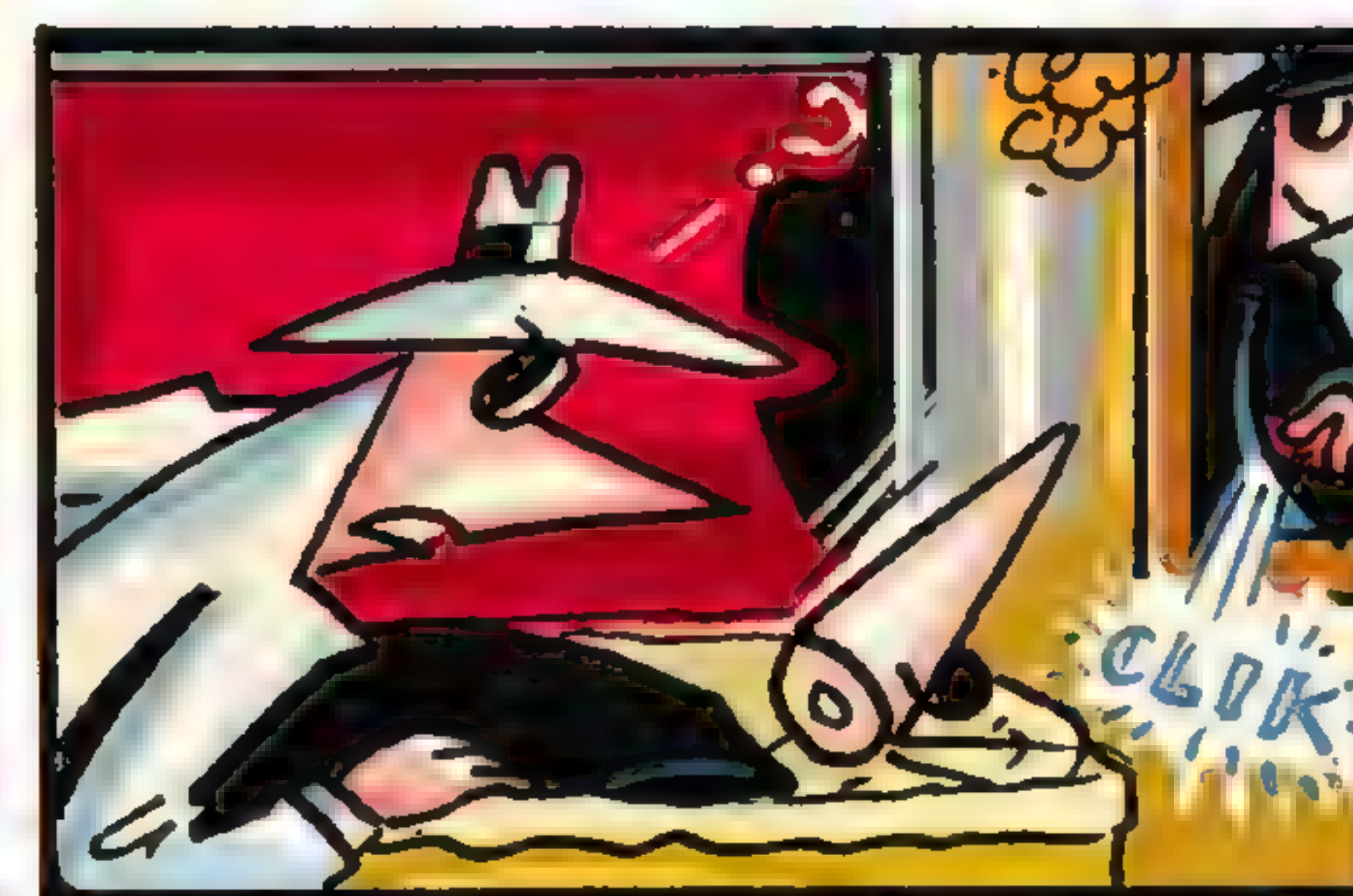
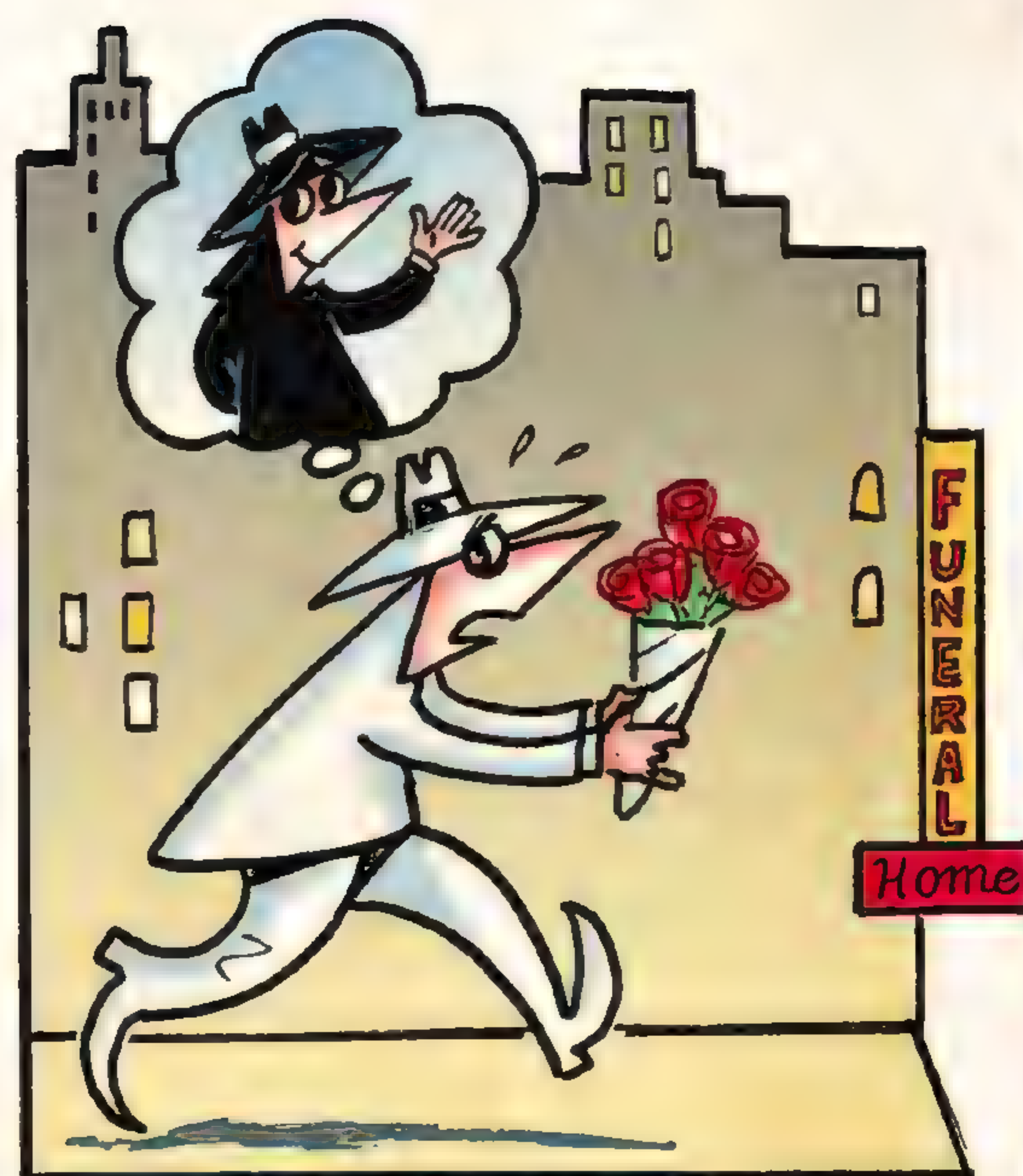


Message Inside:
Your loved one being dead makes it very uncomfortable for other people. They just don't know what to say. Trying to make you feel better is very difficult. Impossible, actually. Not good.

CHRISTMAS



Message Inside:
Listen to me when I tell you that many, many people say how much I remind them of Jesus! Not the baby one, and not the one on the cross—he was so dirty from all the, well, there were thorns and blood and sweating. I'm like the good-looking one with the fabulous hair.





THE WISENHEIM MUSEUM

Over its notorious 66-year history, MAD has left its mark on (some might say scarred) generations of creative types! Here in the Wisenheim Museum, we invite those visionaries to pay tribute to (some might say get back at) the magazine that set them on their creative (some might say degenerate) course!

MAD-HAPPY ME by RON ENGLISH

One might guess my early art influences to be Salvador Dalí, Magritte, and Picasso, and one would be... half right. The other half of the influence would be MAD Magazine. Yes, I am part of the generation raised by MAD. We should be called the "What, Me Worry?" generation, because we sure took that line to heart. Global warming? "What, Me Worry?" The NSA? "What, Me Worry?" Our generation eventually took the credo to its ultimate conclusion, electing an Alfred E. Neuman look-alike president, a fellow that started a war with the wrong country and put us on the brink of a second Great Depression. But hey, "What, Us Worry?" So here we are, at the end of our run, still not too worried. We've moved on from Alfred E. Neuman to a real cartoon character playing president, and we are still not worried. Nope, not worried at all.

Ron English has bombed the global landscape with unforgettable images. He coined the term "POPaganda" to describe his signature mash-up of high and low cultural touchstones—from superhero mythology to totems of art history—populated with his original characters, including MC Supersized, the obese fast-food mascot featured in the hit movie Supersize Me, and Abraham Obama, the fusion of America's 16th and 44th presidents, an image widely discussed in the media as directly impacting the 2008 election.

www.popaganda.com



Original cover art by Basil Wolverton for MAD #11, May 1954

52¢

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CODE
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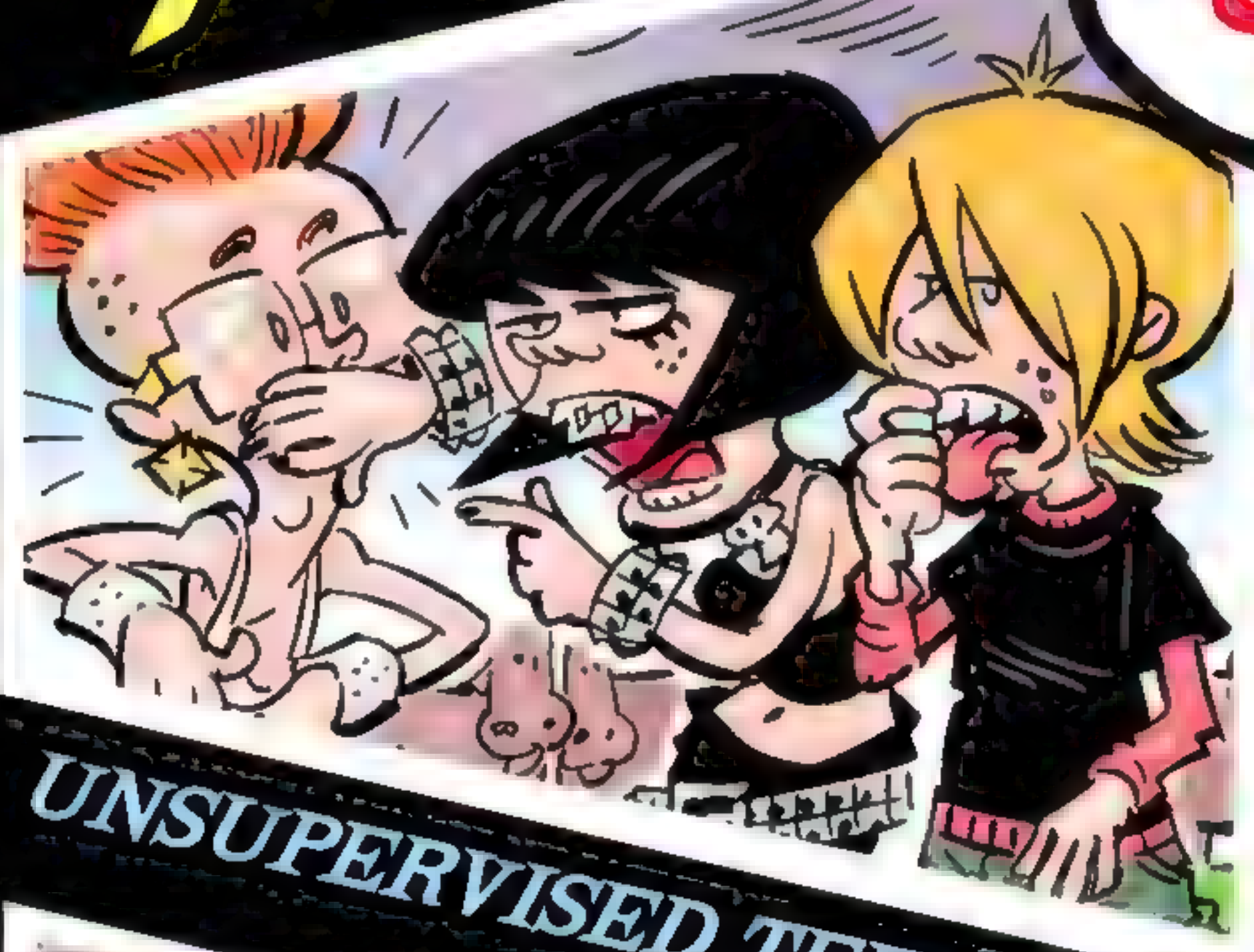
POTRZEBIE

COMICS

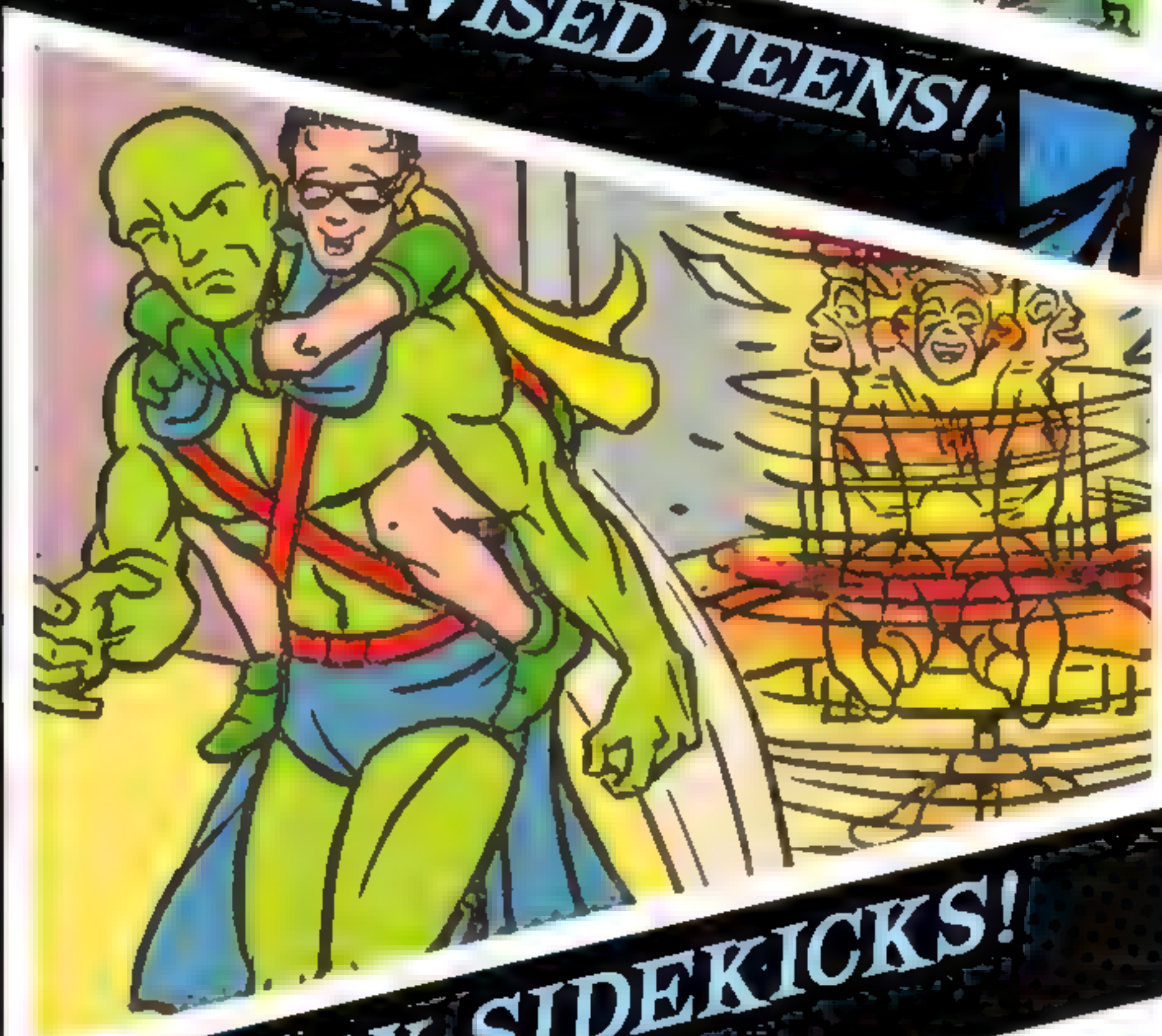
Featuring

THIS IS A
JOB FOR...

RIP!



UNSUPERVISED TEENS!



UNRULY SIDEKICKS!



UNDEAD POP STARS!

CRAP!
I'M ALREADY
IN COSTUME!

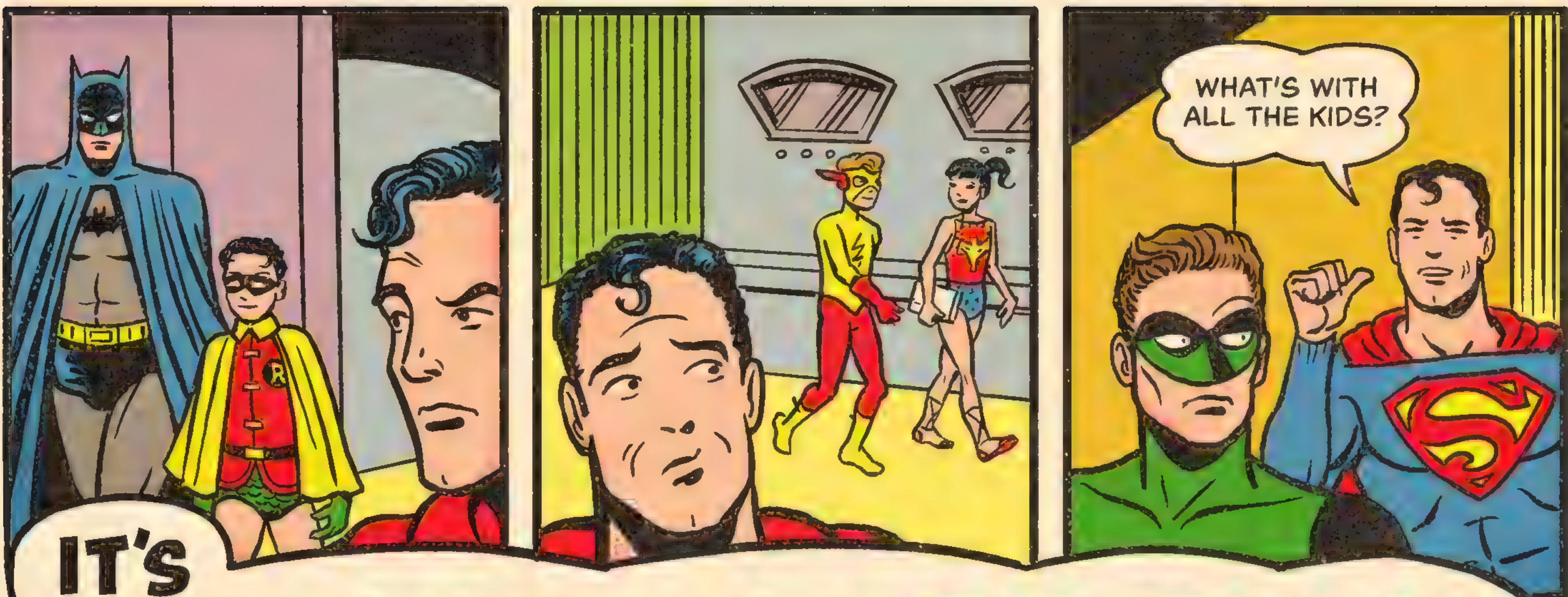
ARTIST: KERRY CALLEN

Plus

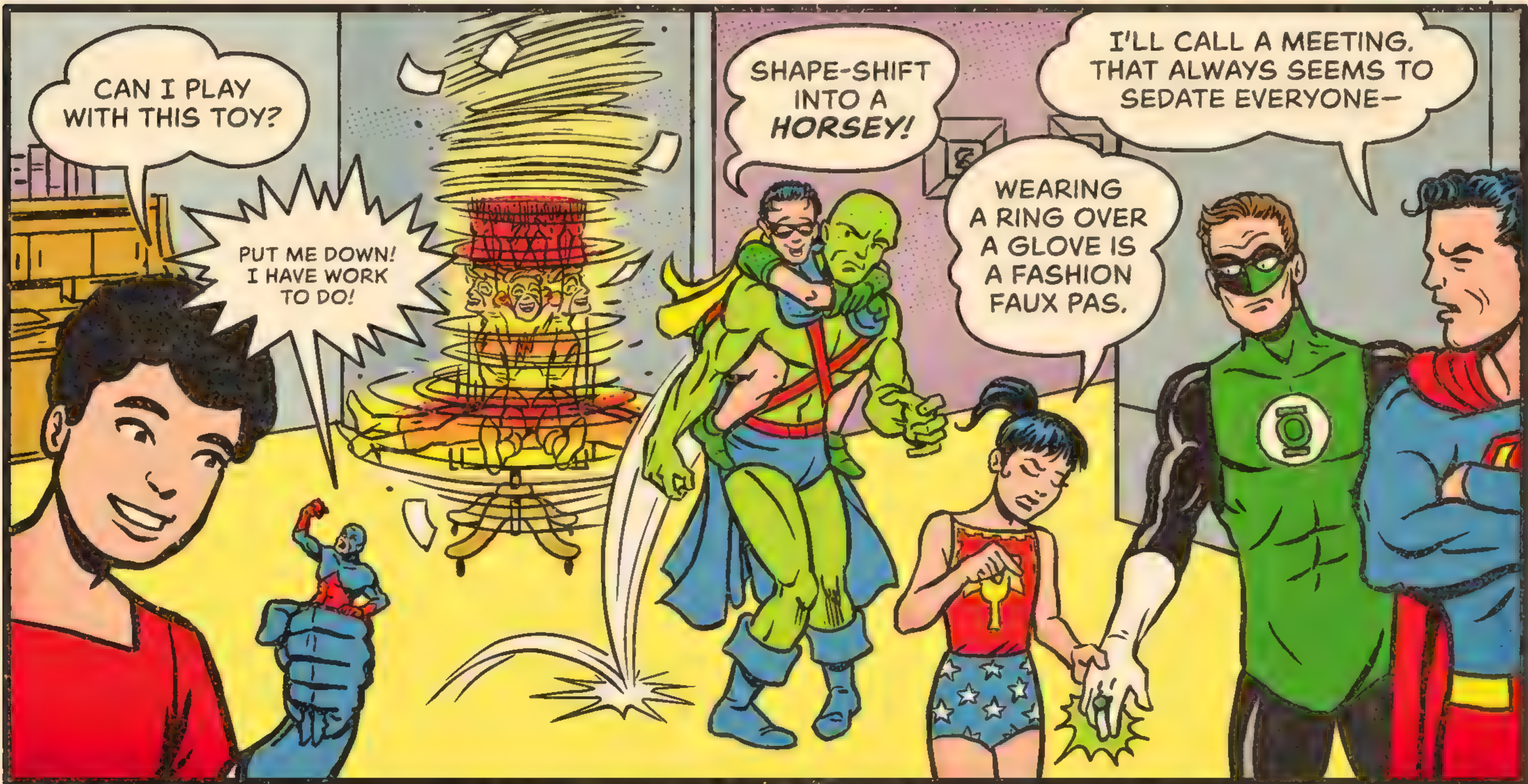
A gripping
adventure of

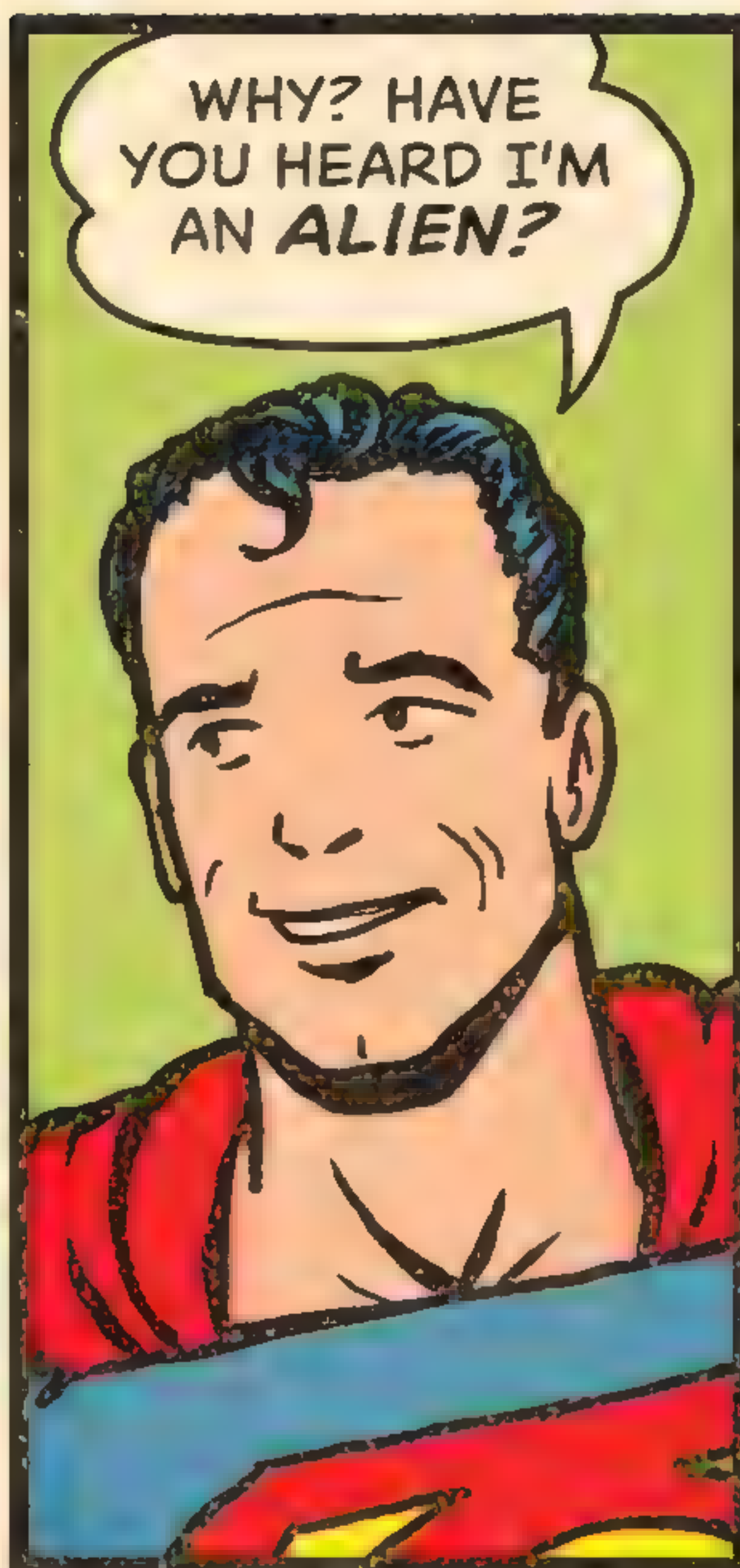
CHOKIE the CHICKEN

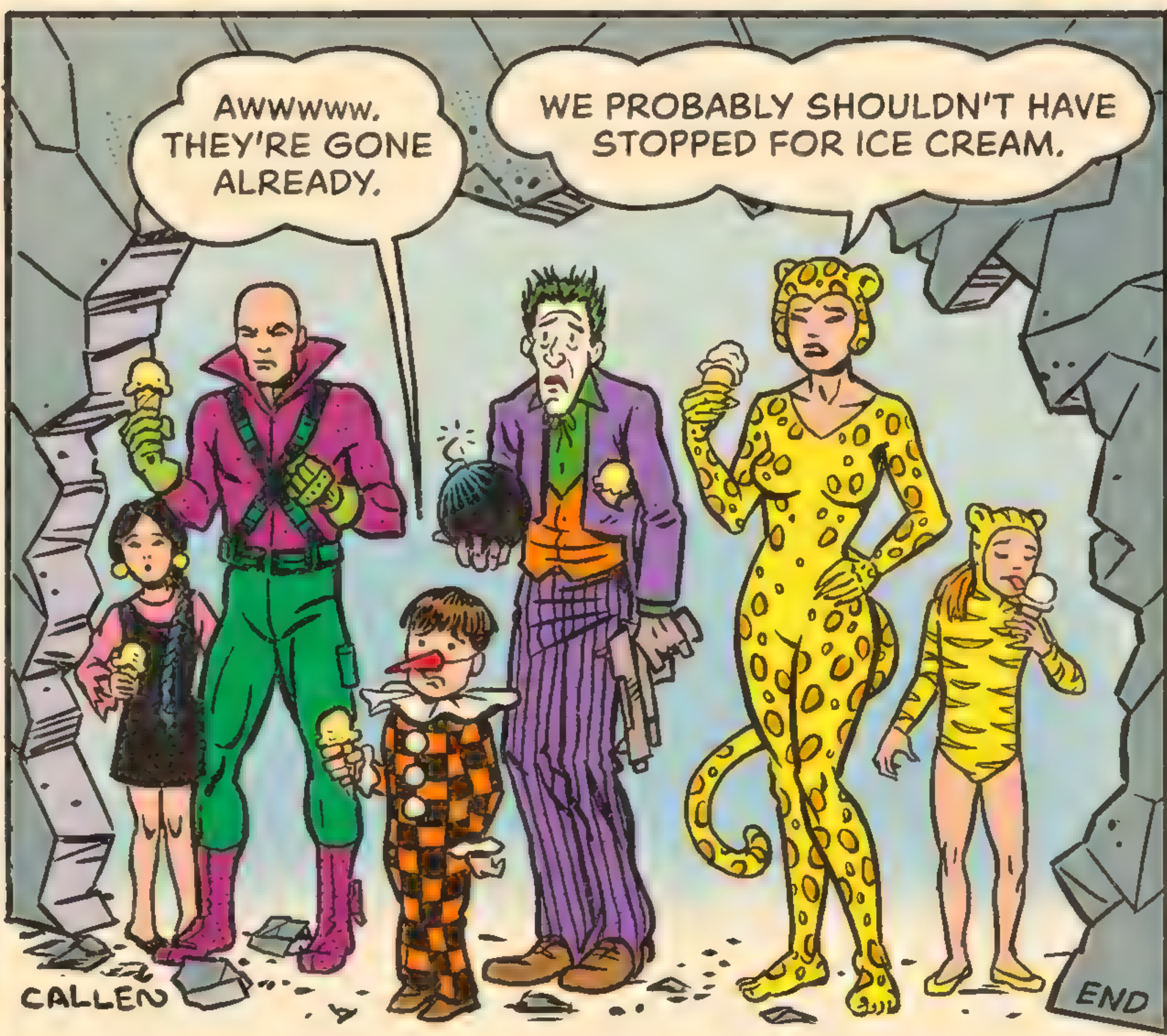
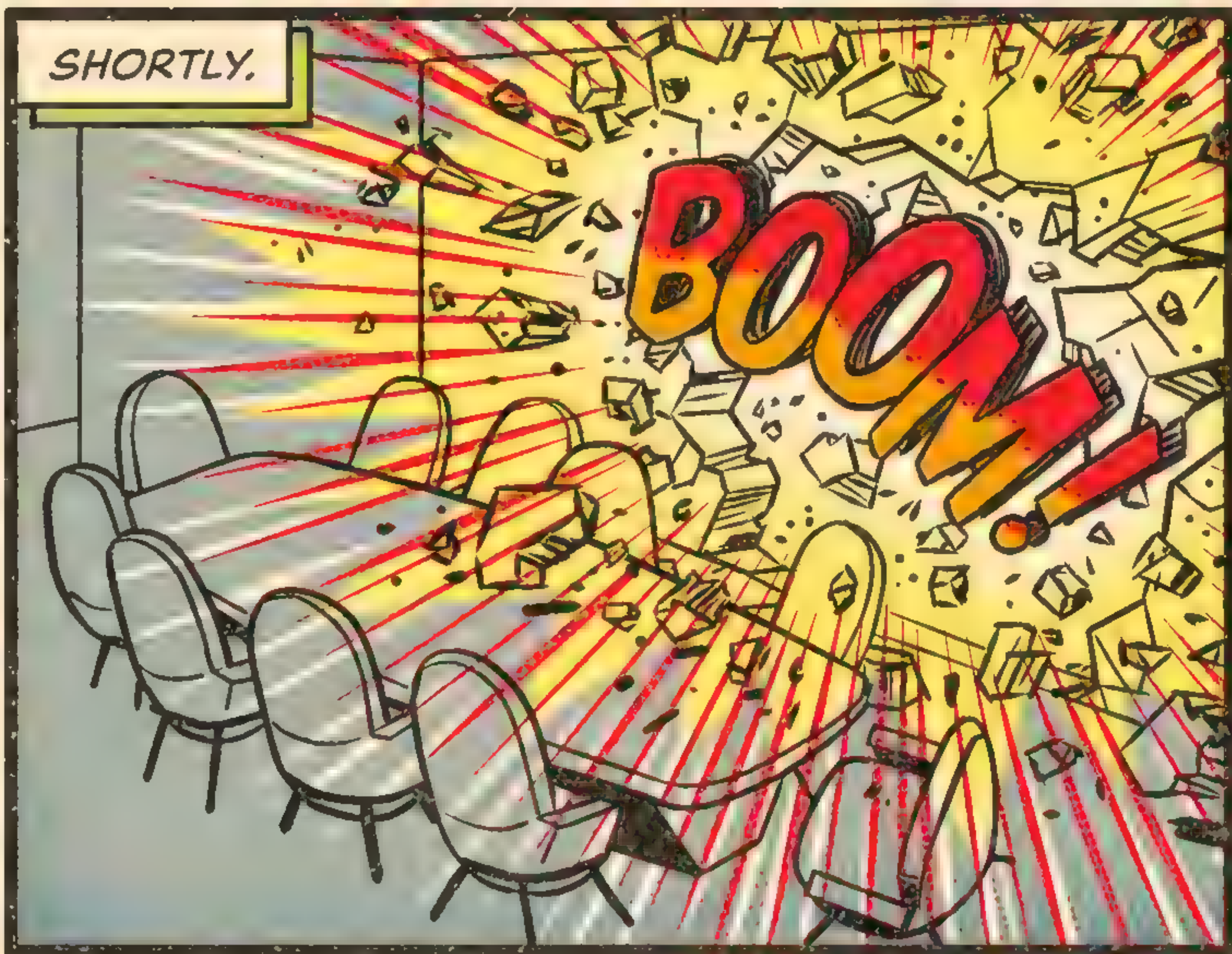
(Not included in select regional
editions of Potrzebie Comics)



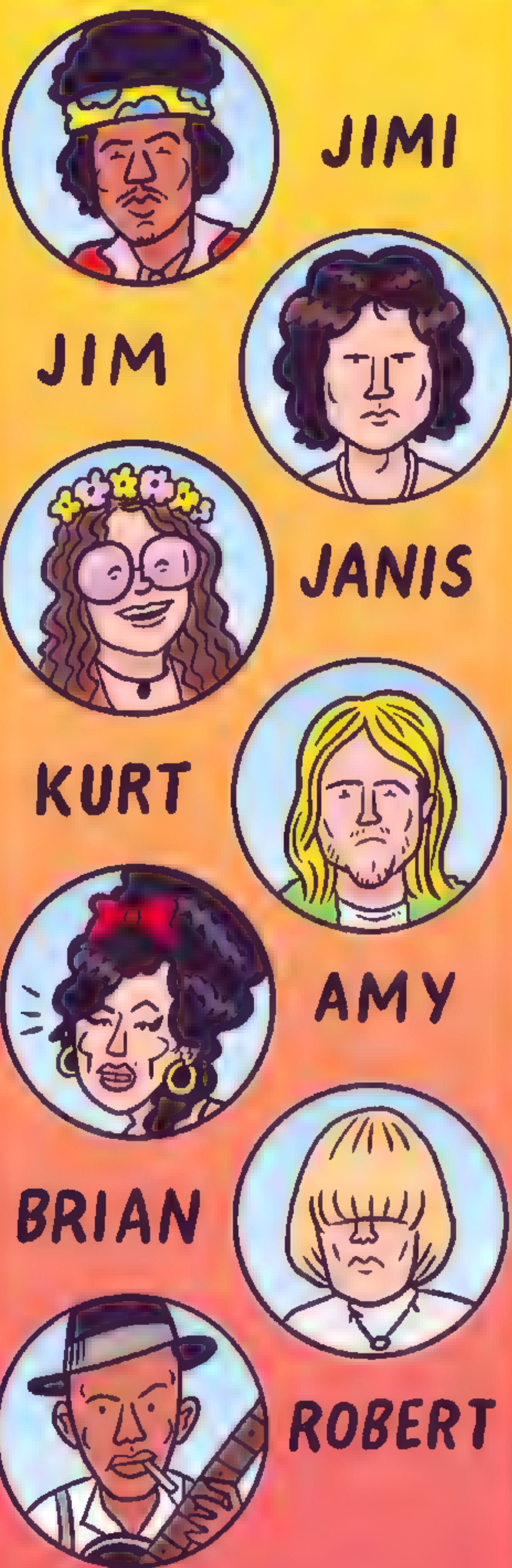
IT'S
**BRING YOUR SIDEKICK
TO WORK DAY!**







THE 27 CLUB



JIMI

JIM

JANIS

KURT

AMY

BRIAN

ROBERT

BY LUKE MCGARRY

FATS DOMINO, MALCOLM YOUNG, GLEN CAMPBELL, AND TOM PETTY...

WELCOME TO ROCK 'N' ROLL HEAVEN!

WE ALL GOT TOGETHER TO THROW YOU A PARTY!



NEW YORK CITY

WHAT ABOUT THOSE GUYS?

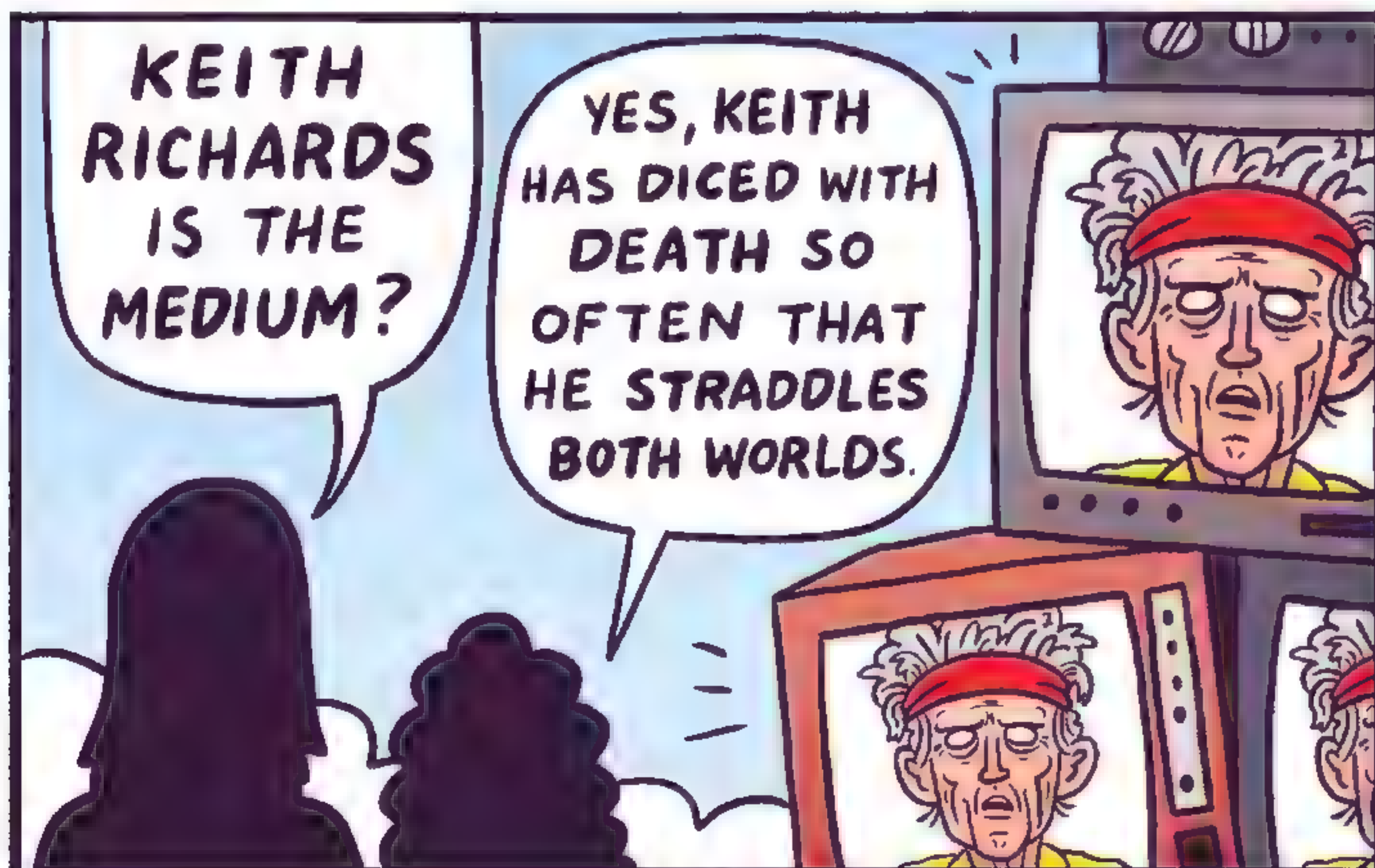
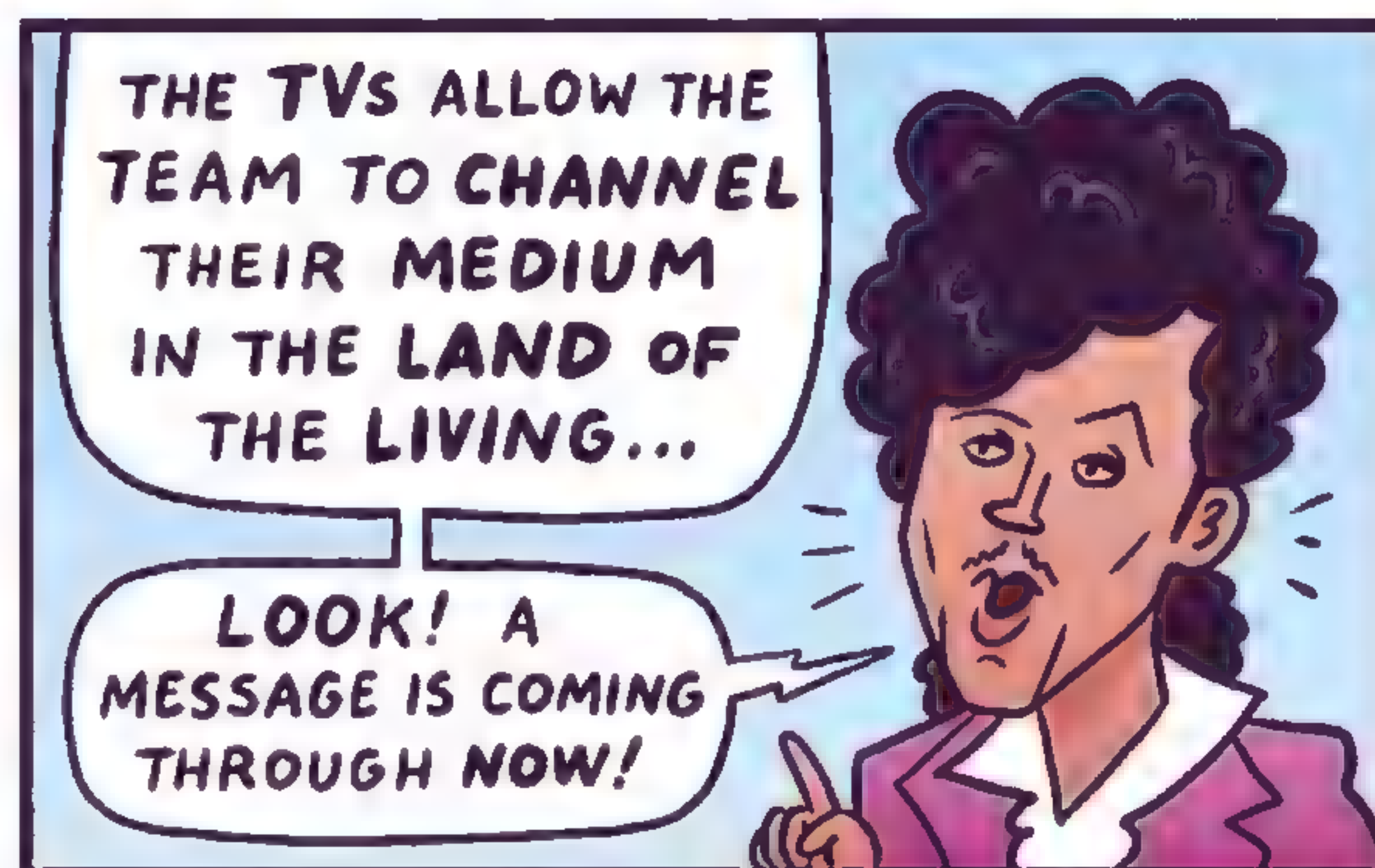
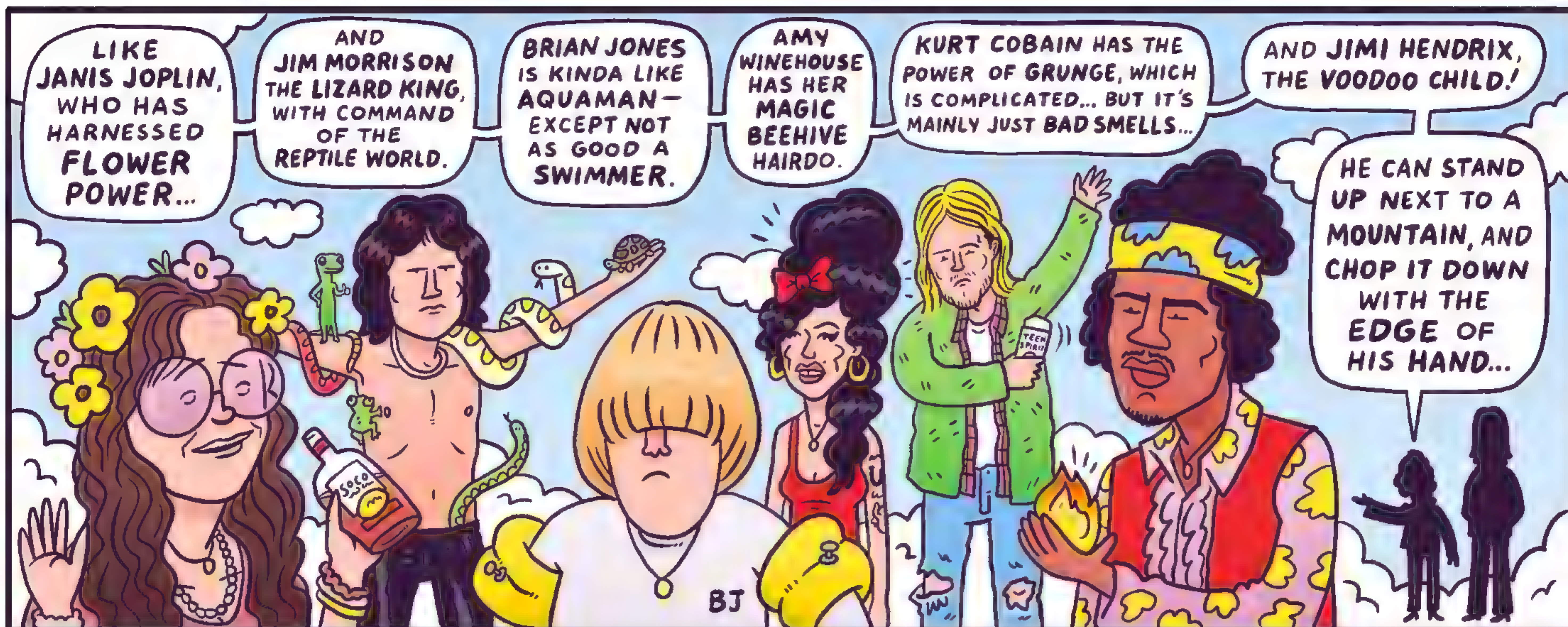
THAT'S THE 27 CLUB — IT'S ONLY FOR STARS WHO DIED AT THE AGE OF 27.

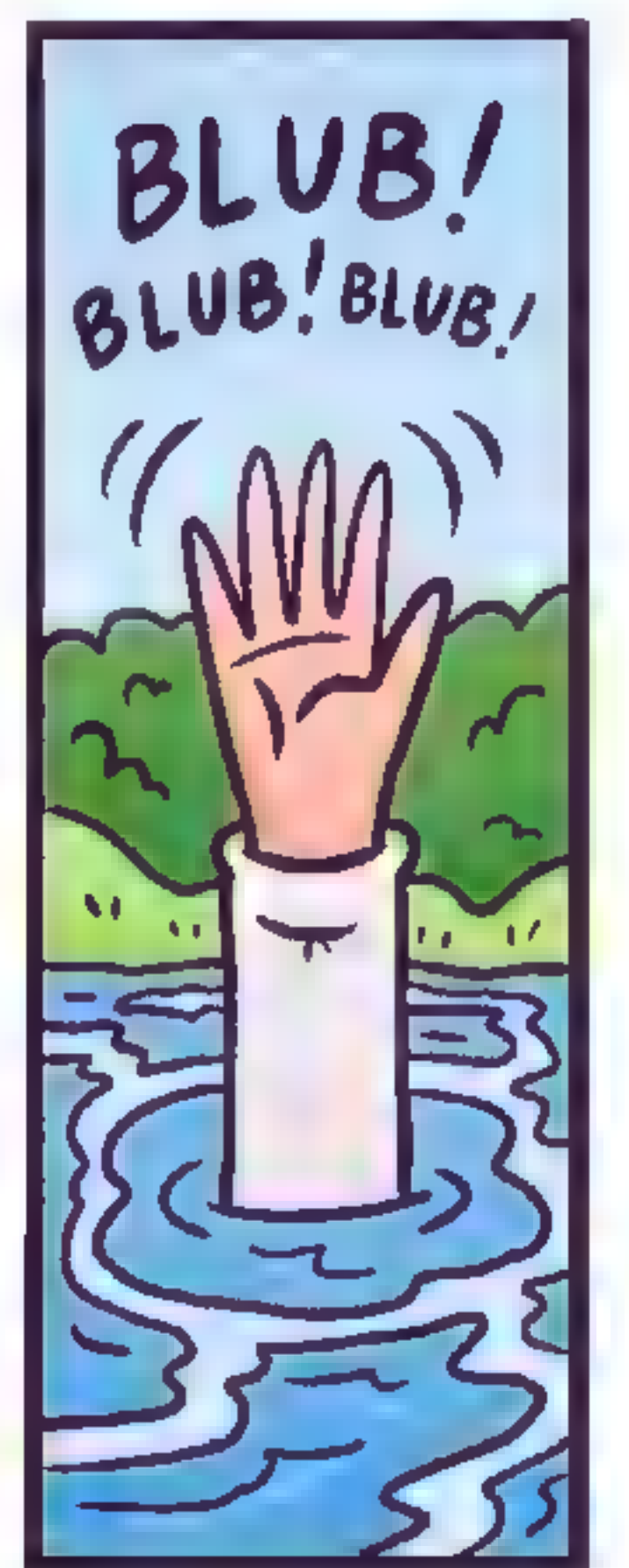
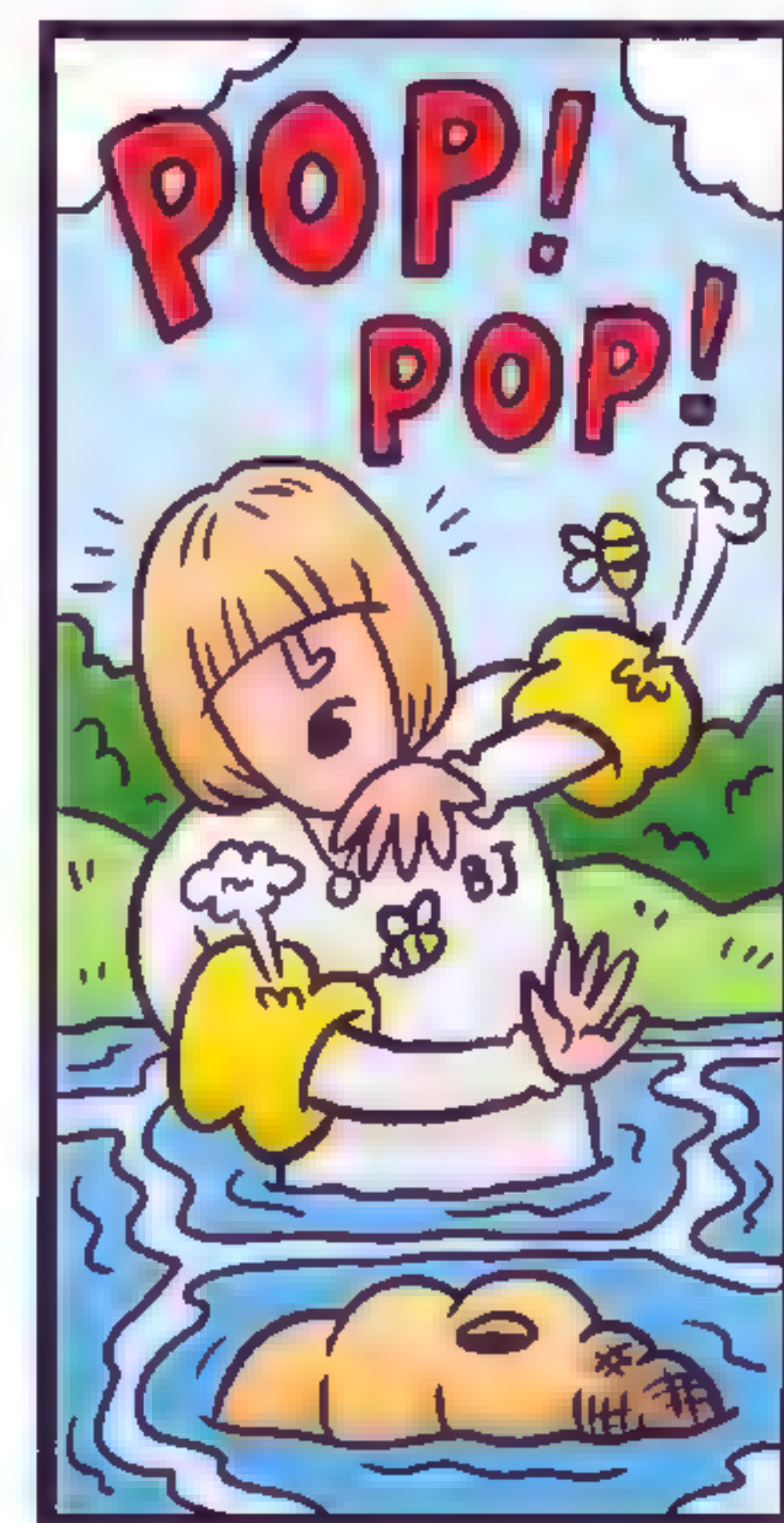
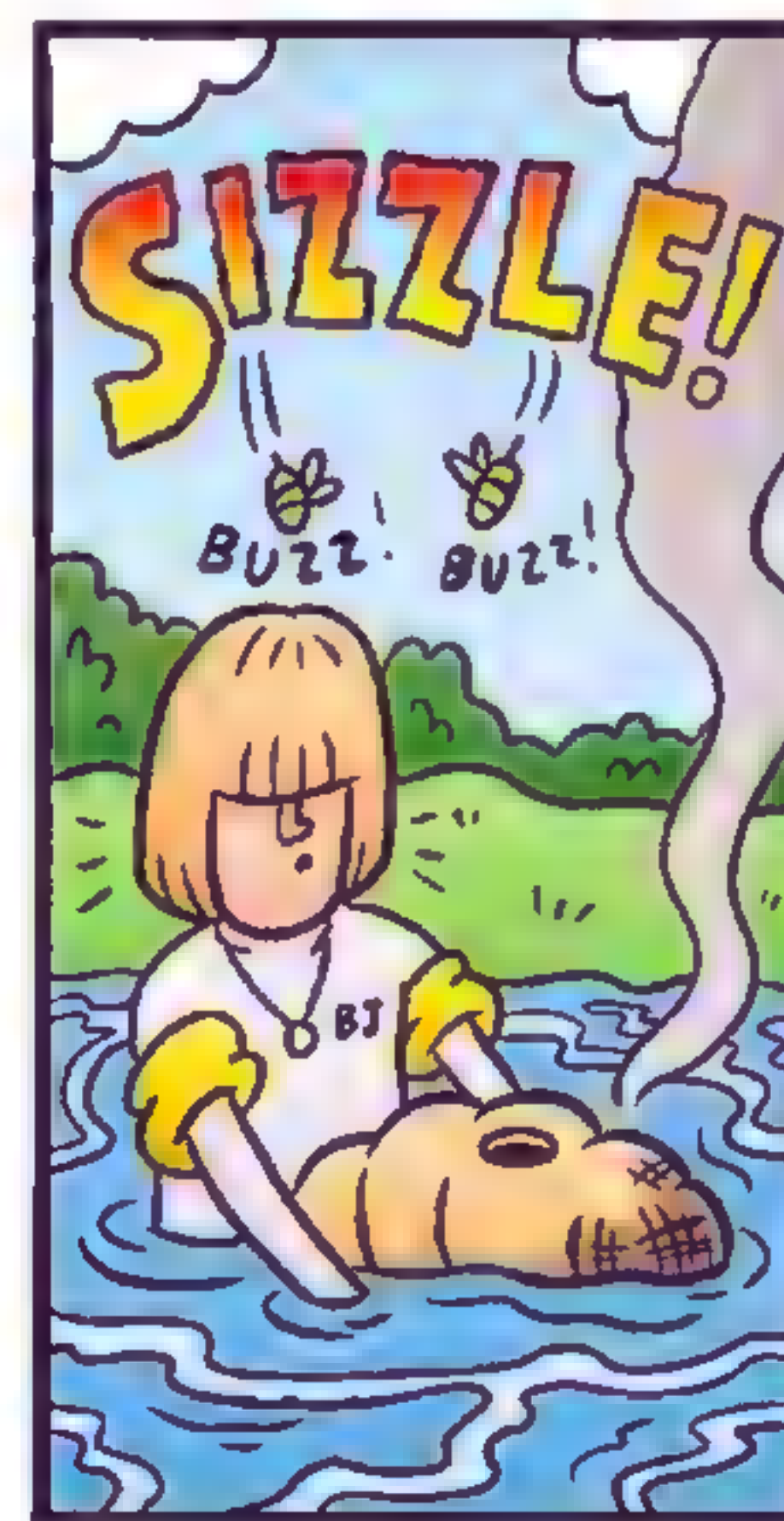
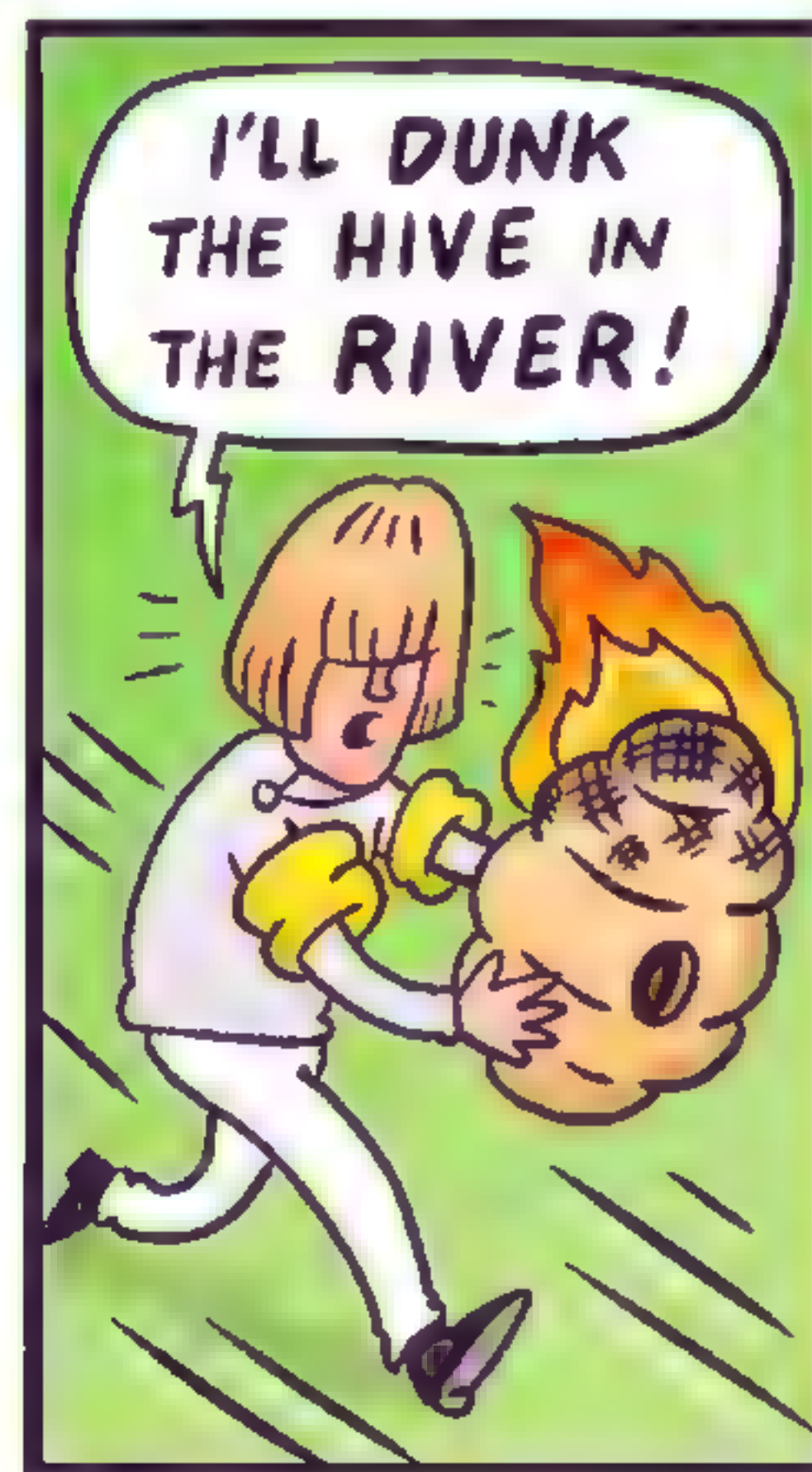
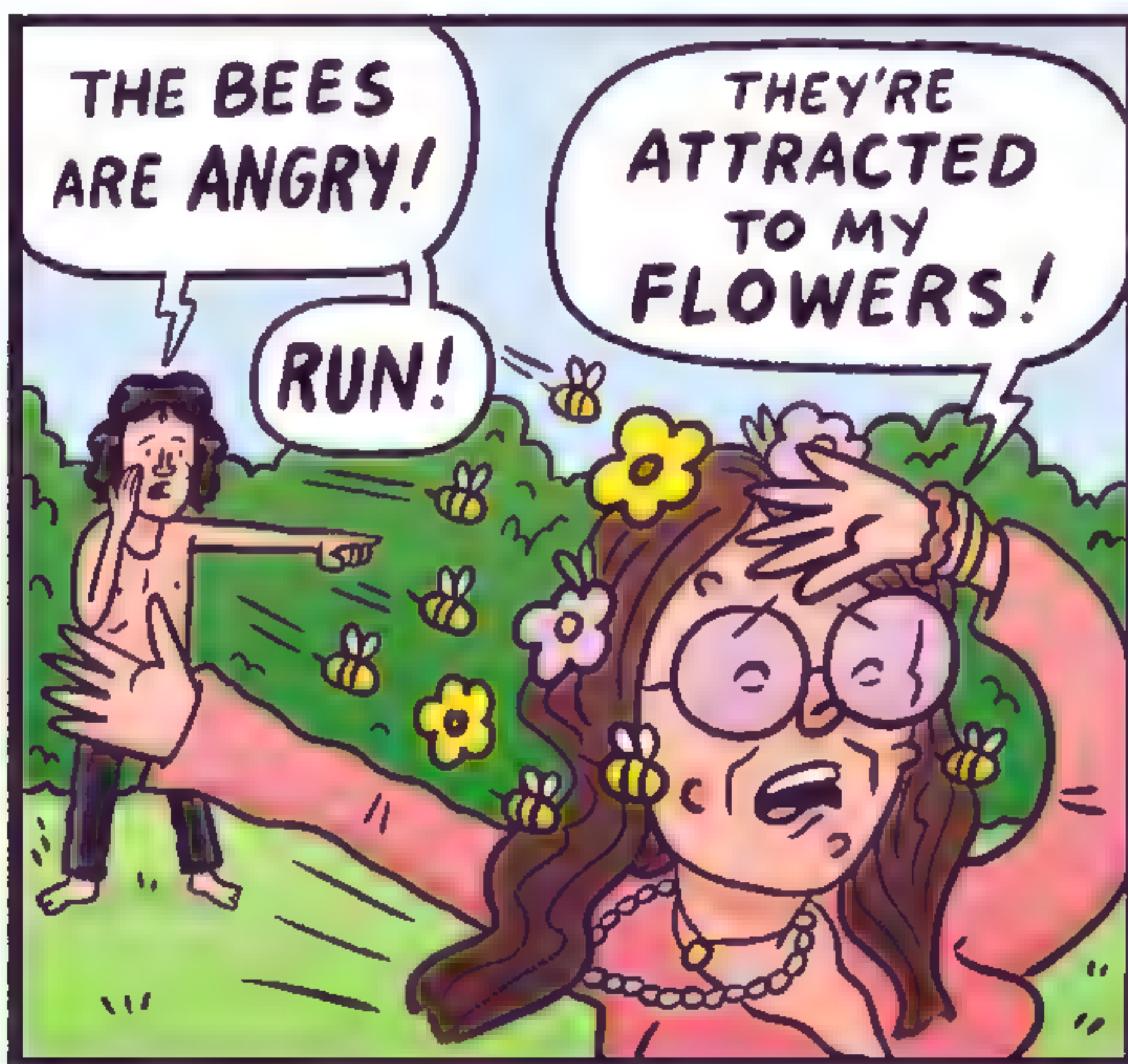
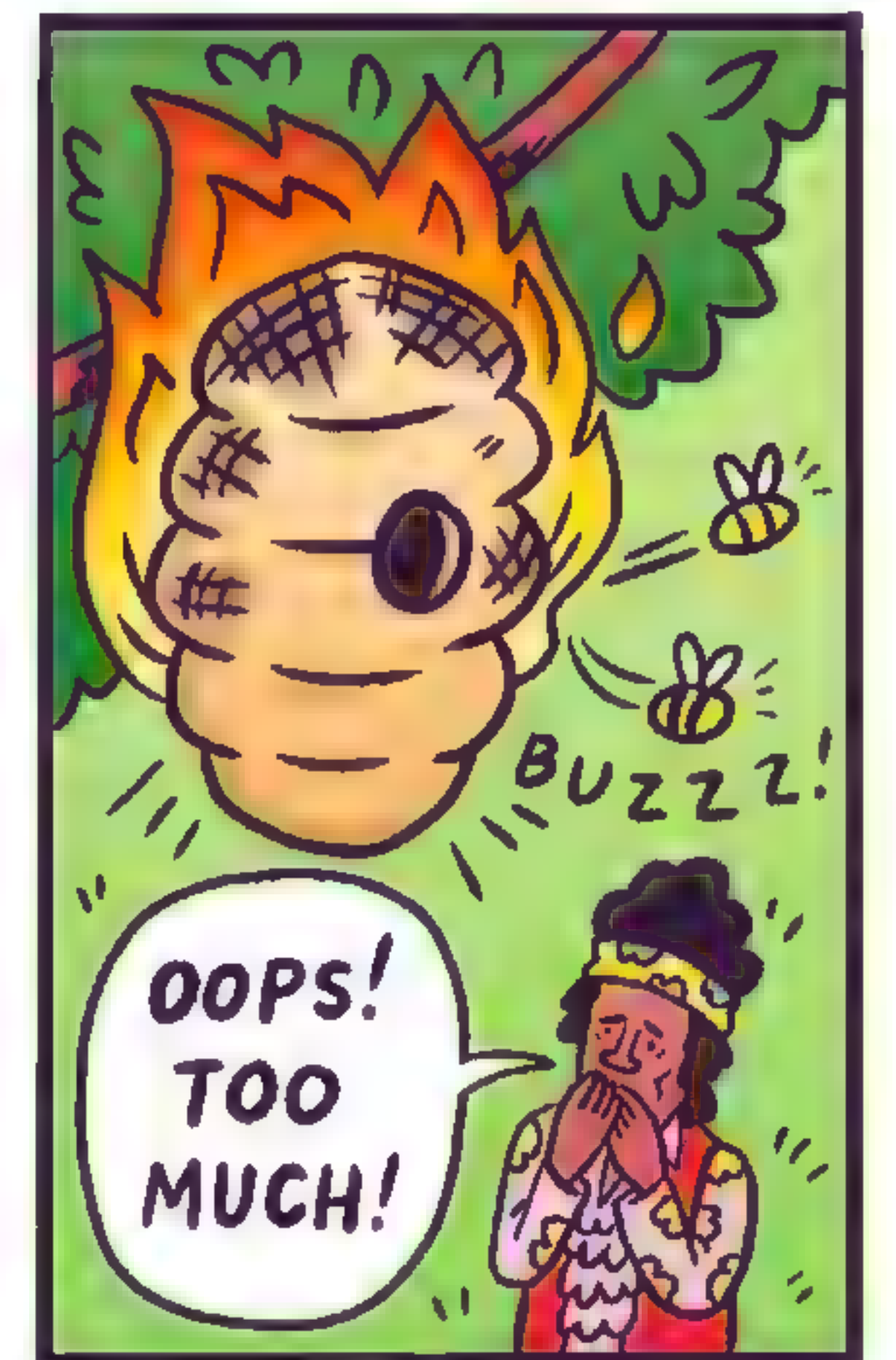
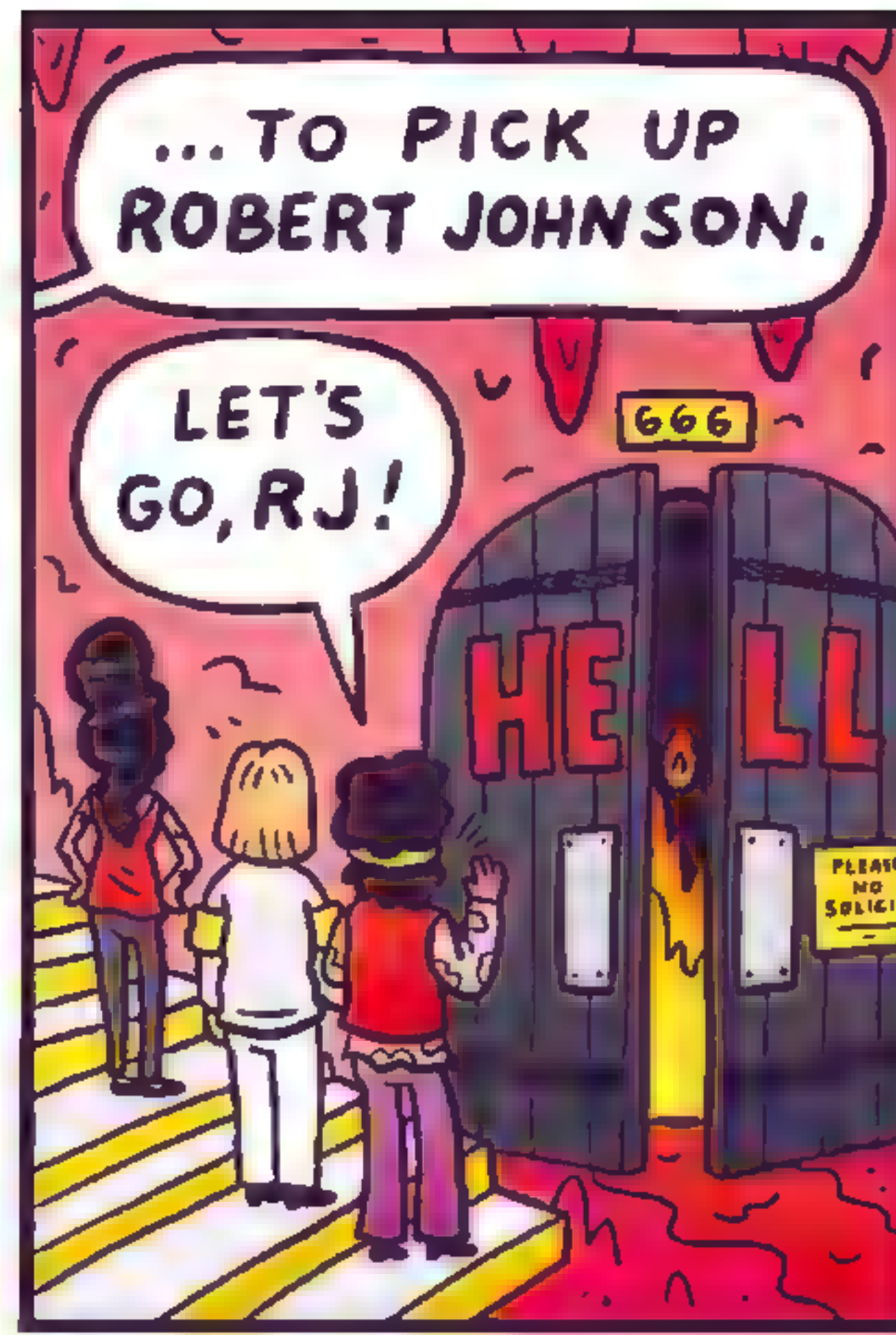
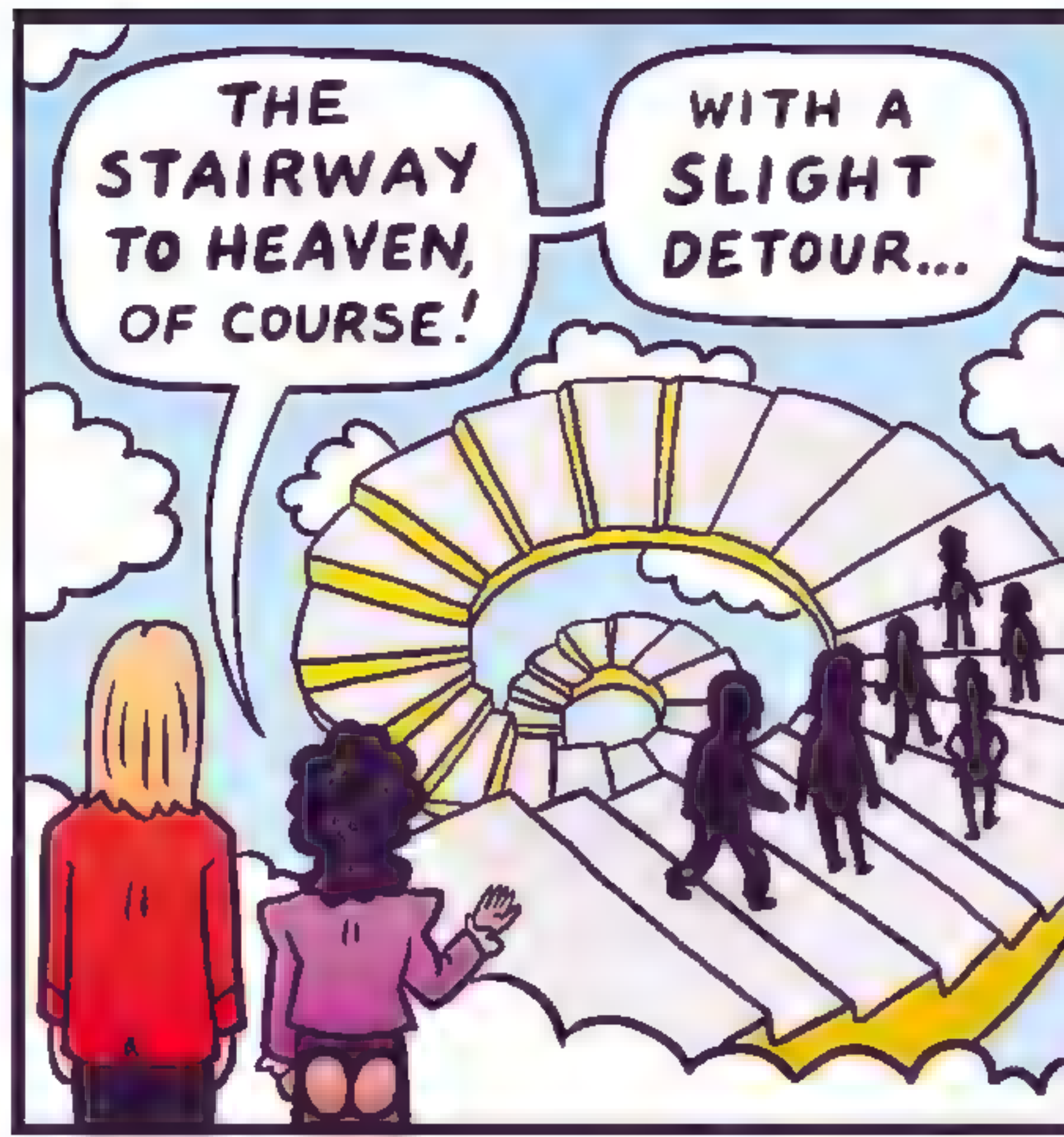


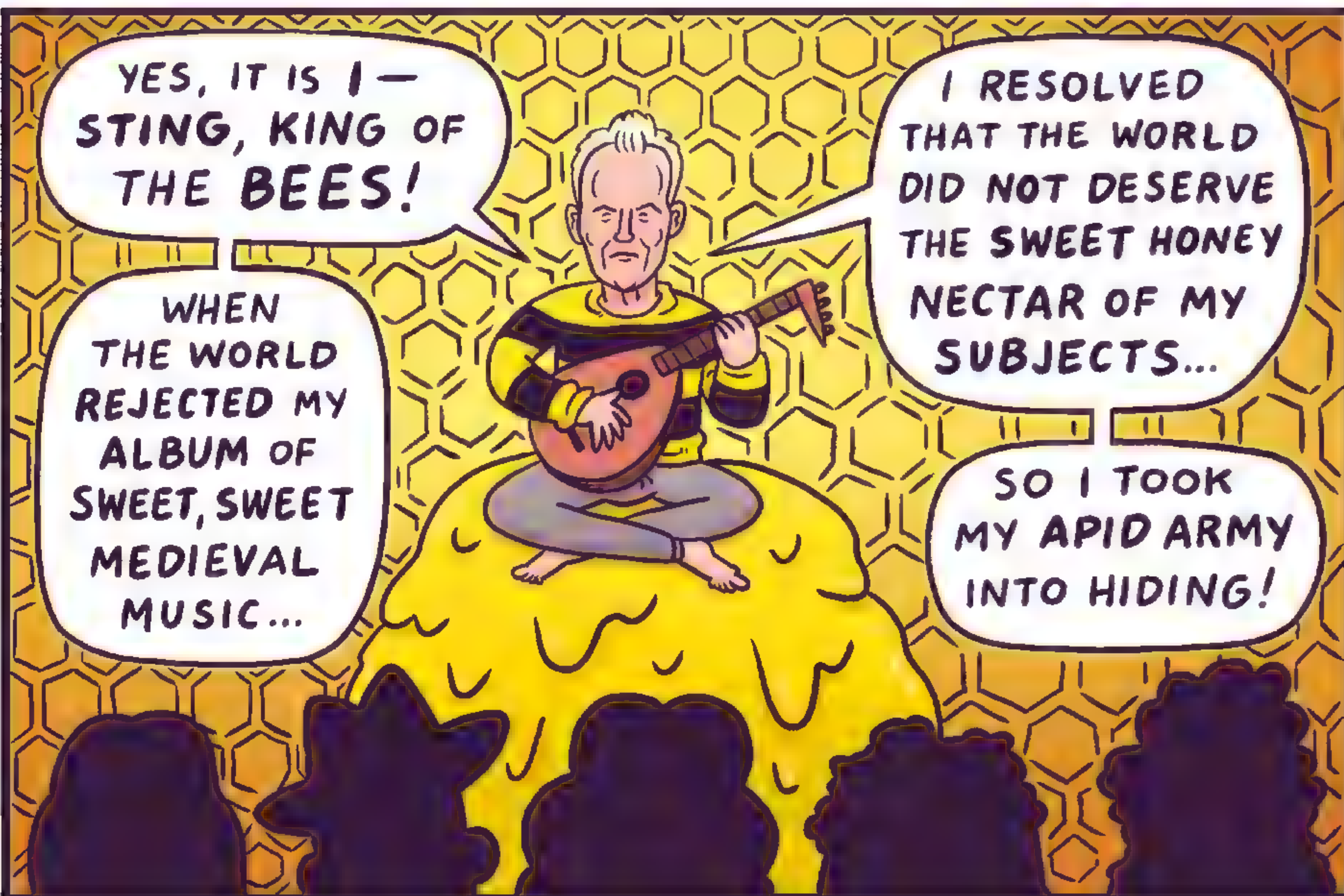
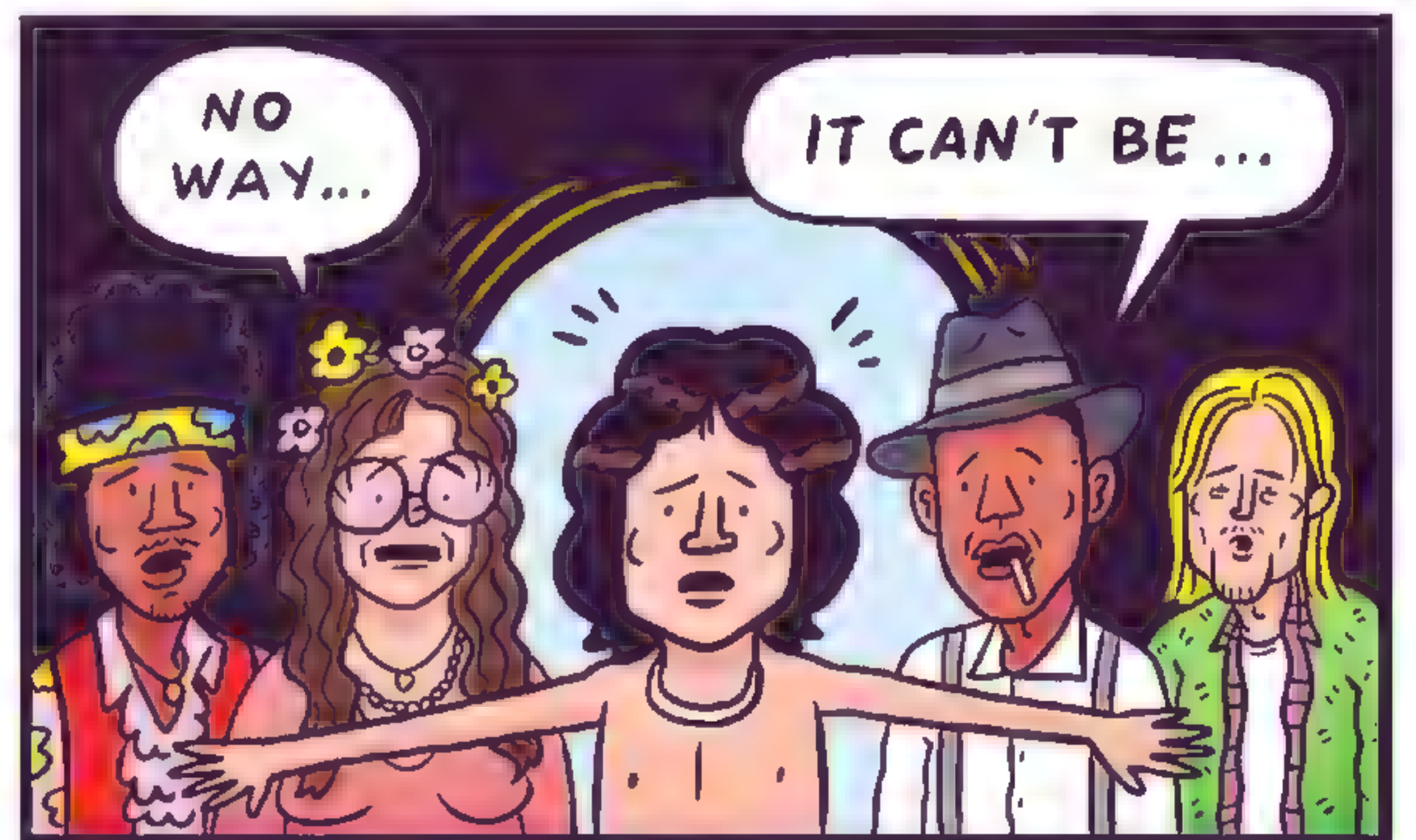
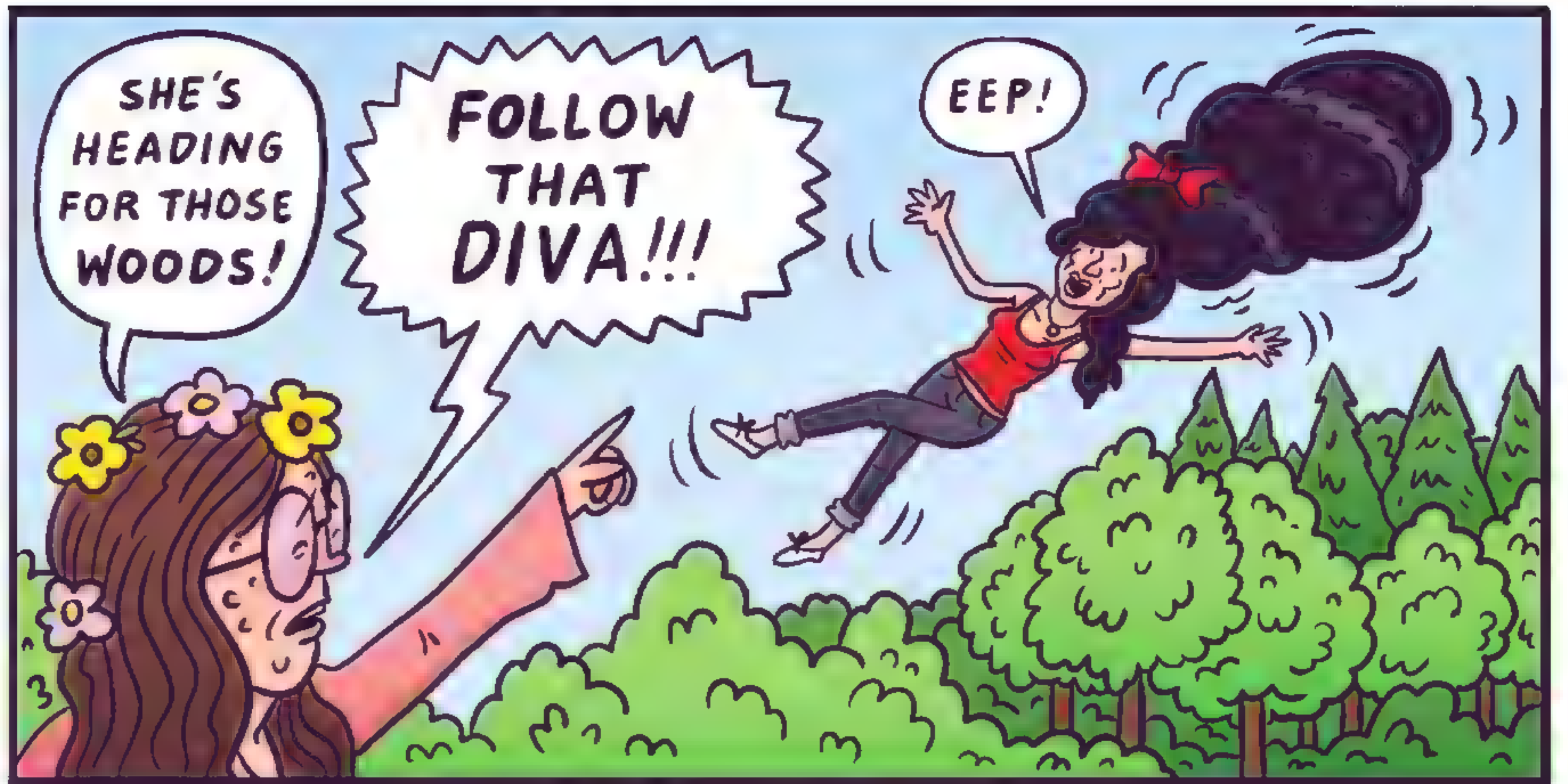
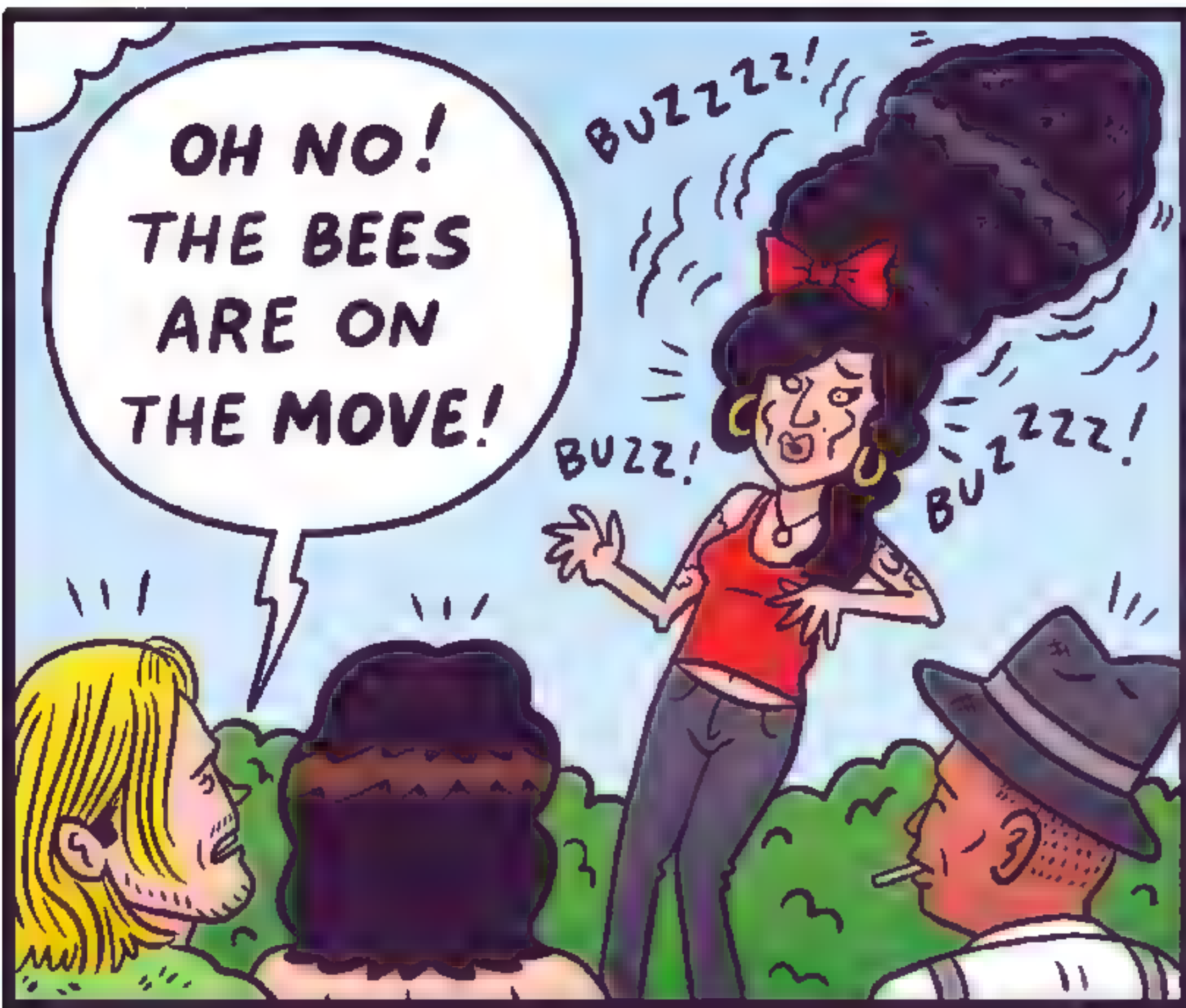
TOO YOUNG TO IDLE AWAY ETERNITY, THEY HAVE BANDED TOGETHER TO USE THEIR SPECIAL POWERS TO HELP HUMANITY!

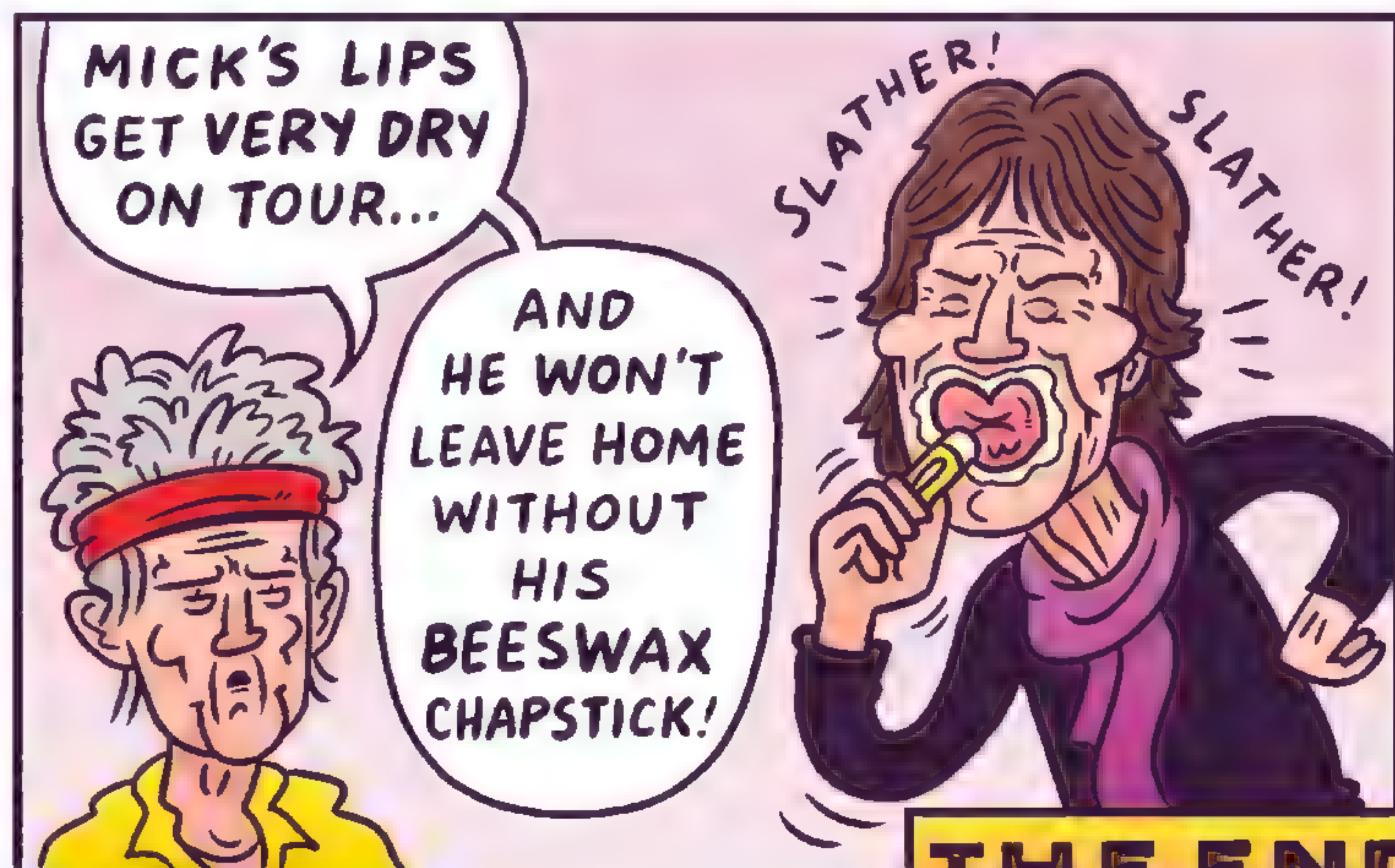
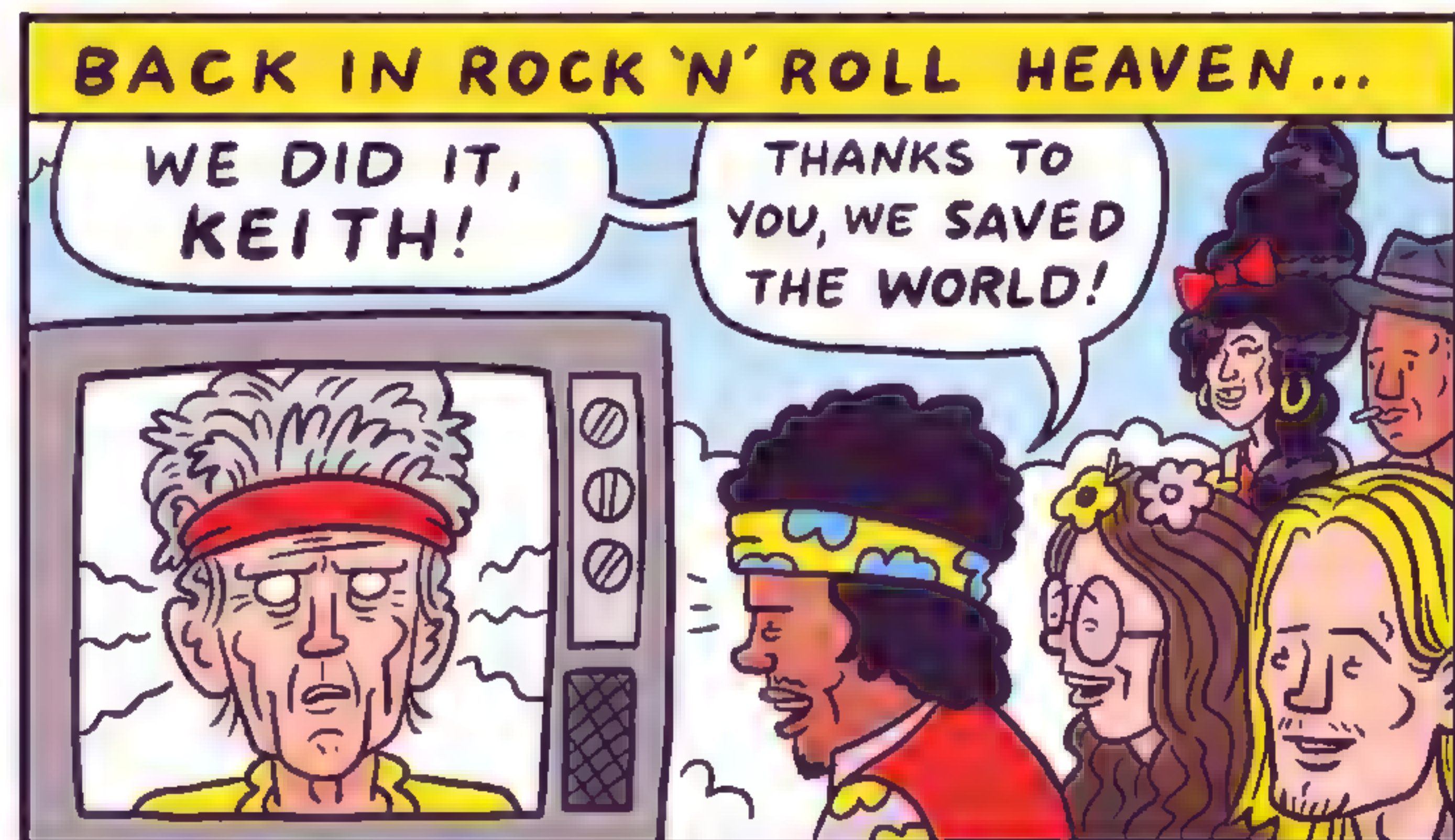
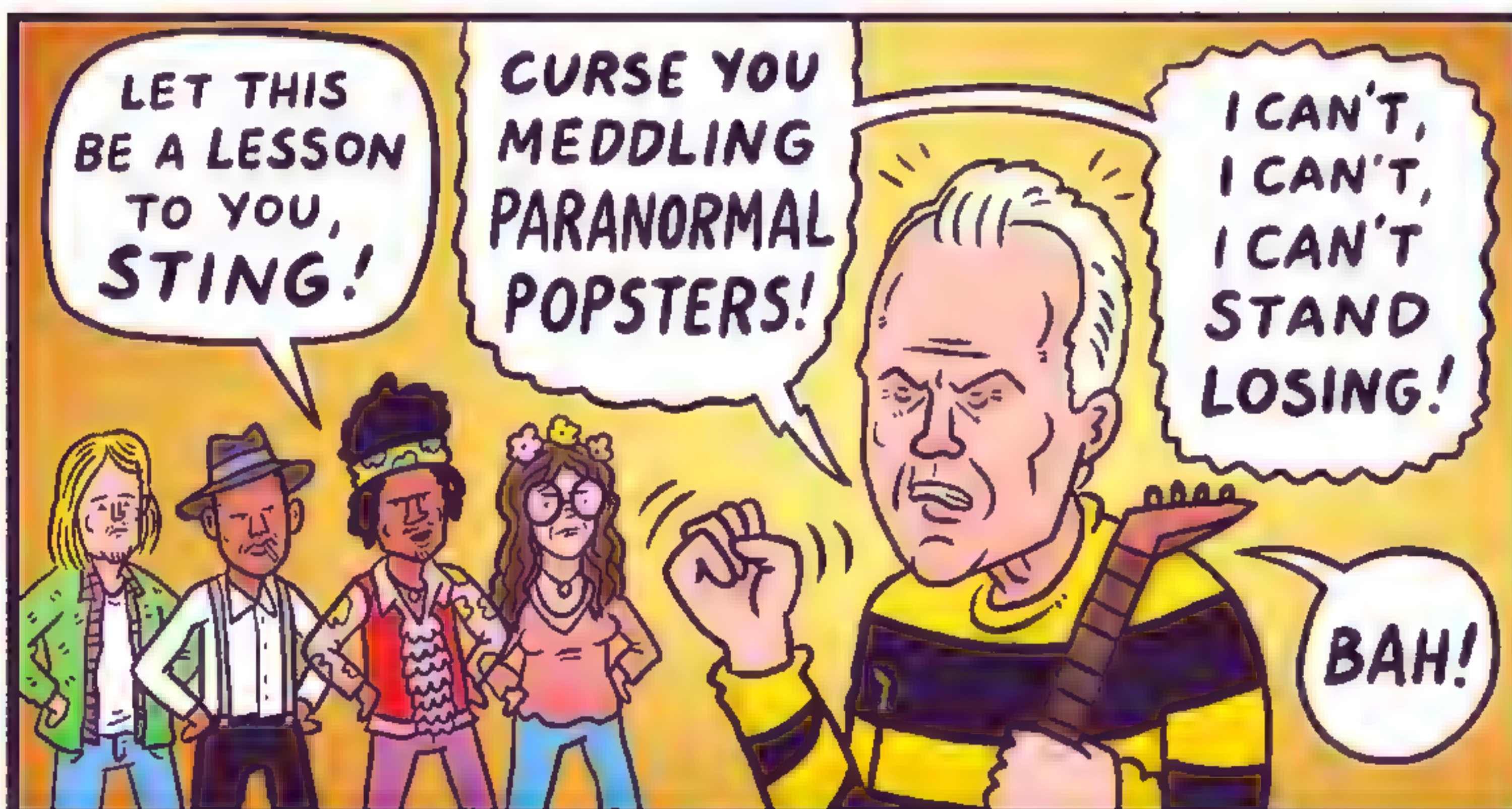
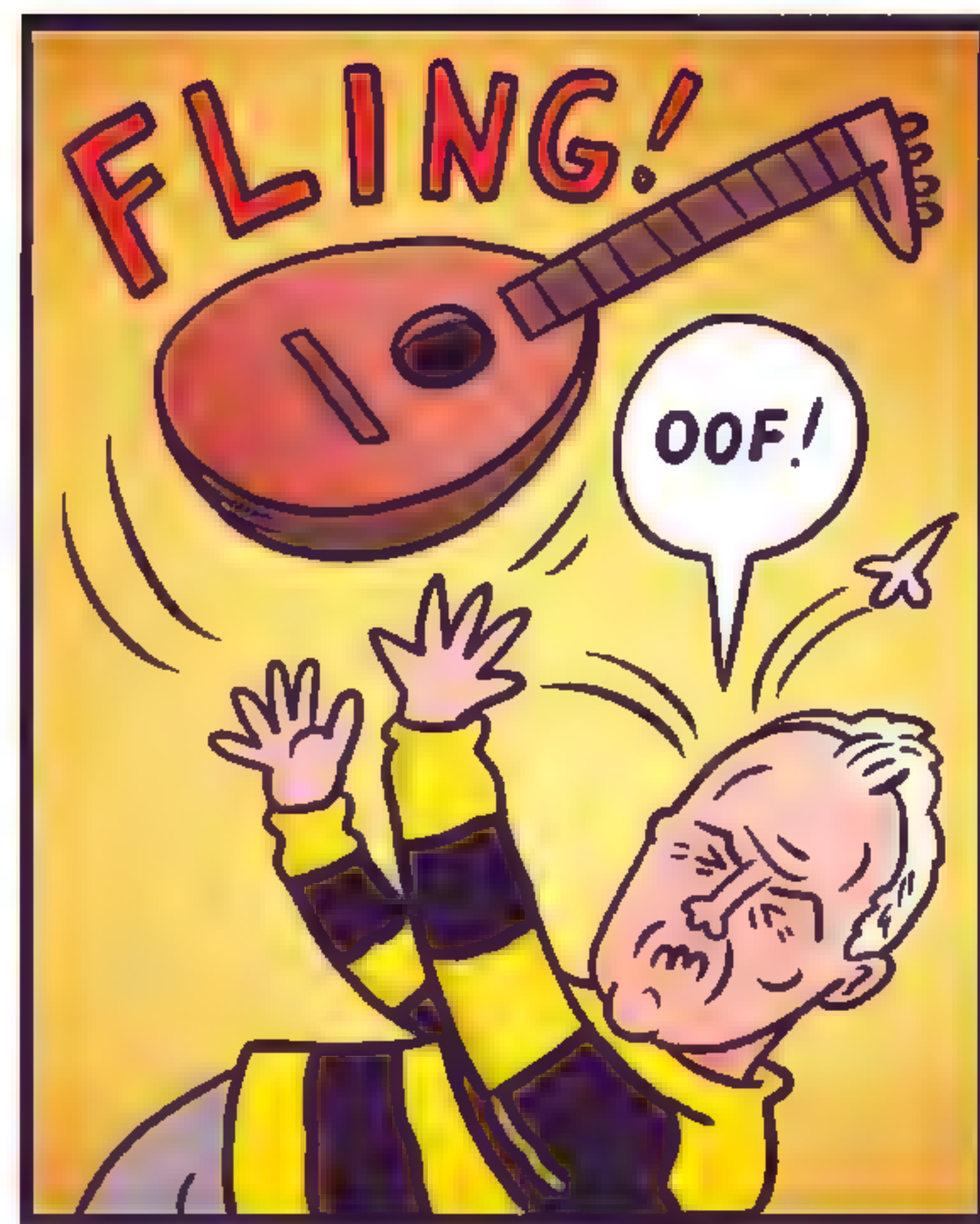
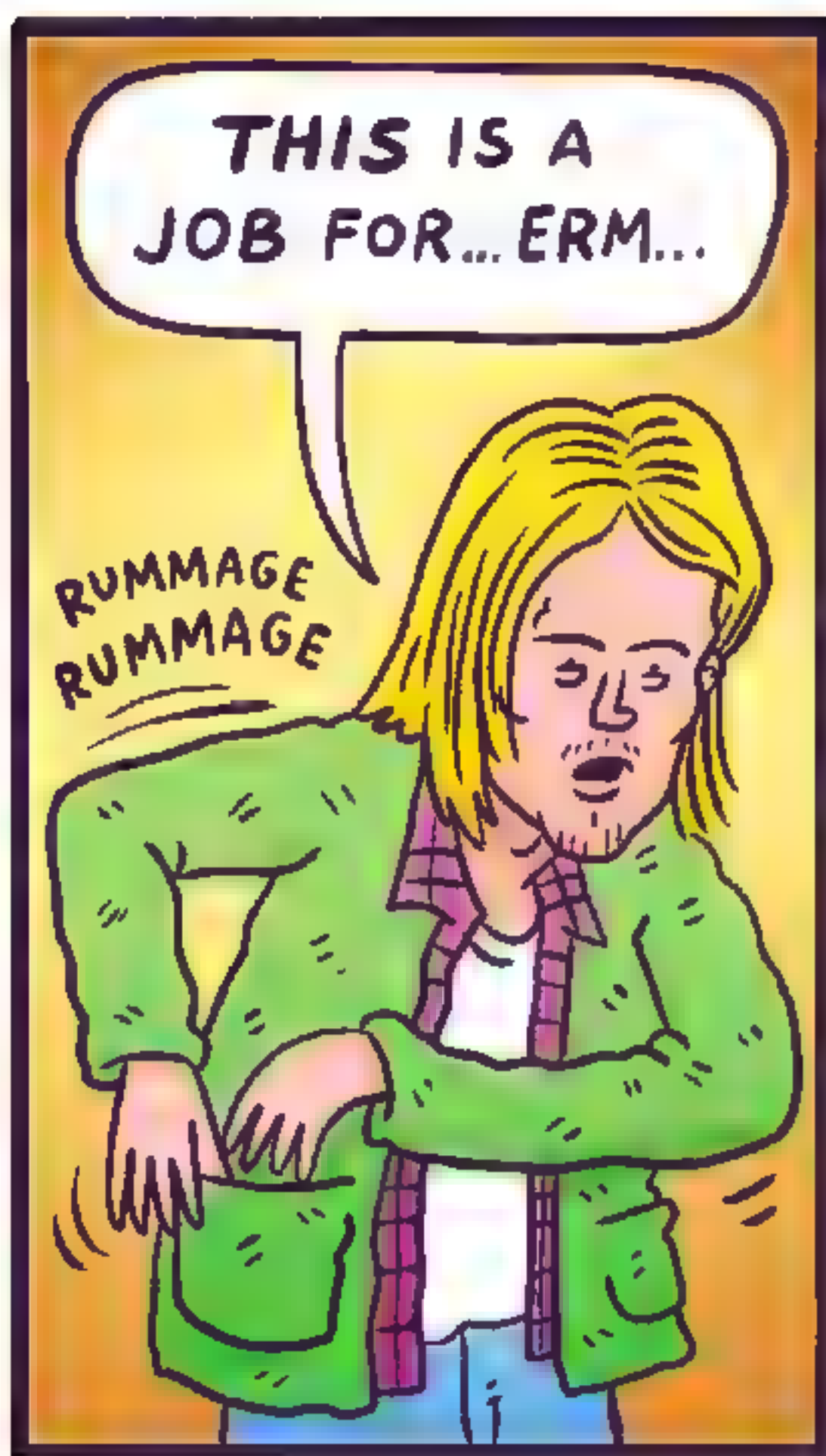
HUH? SPECIAL POWERS?





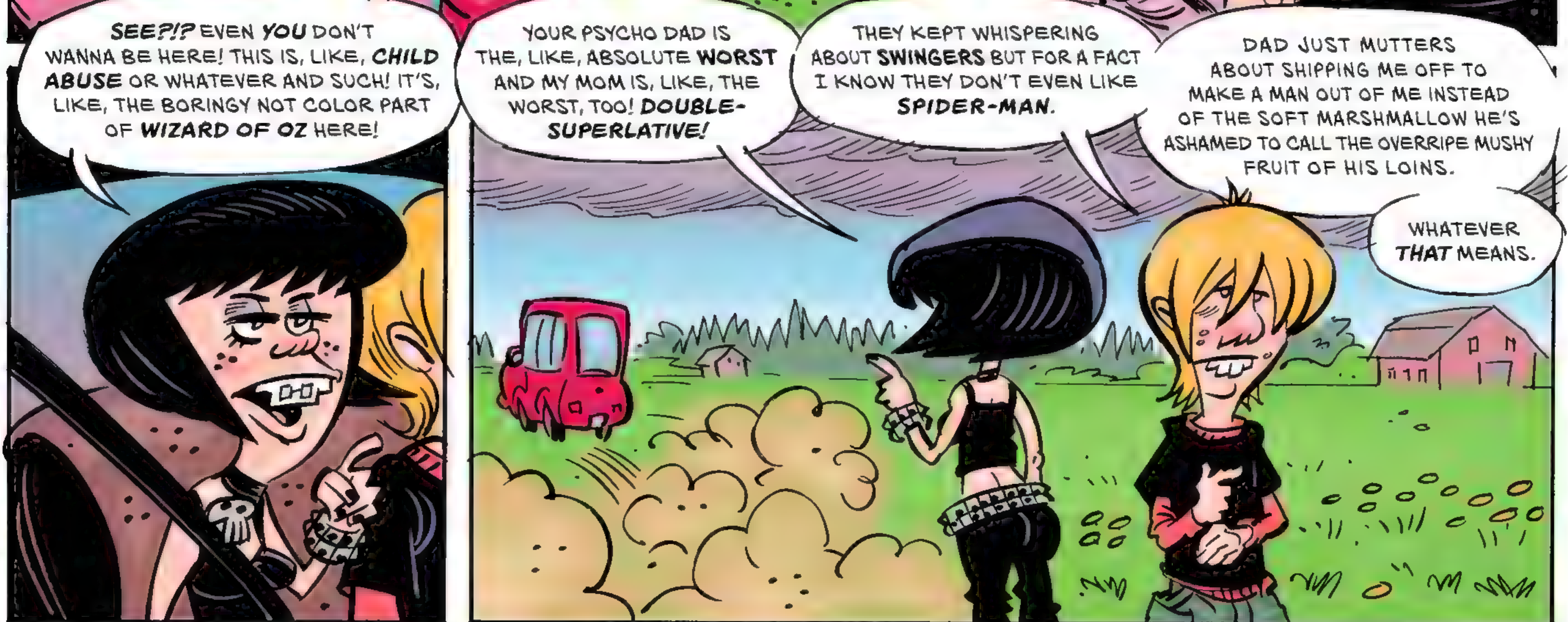
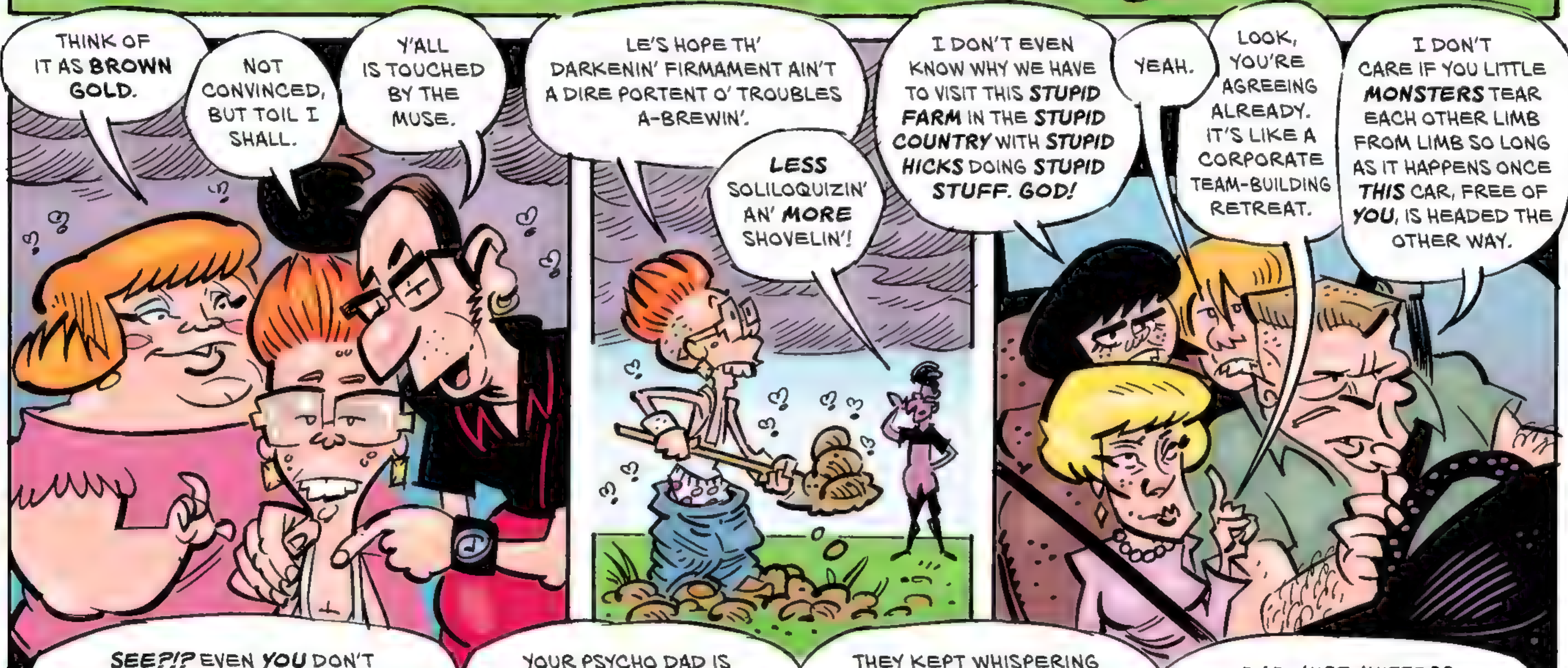


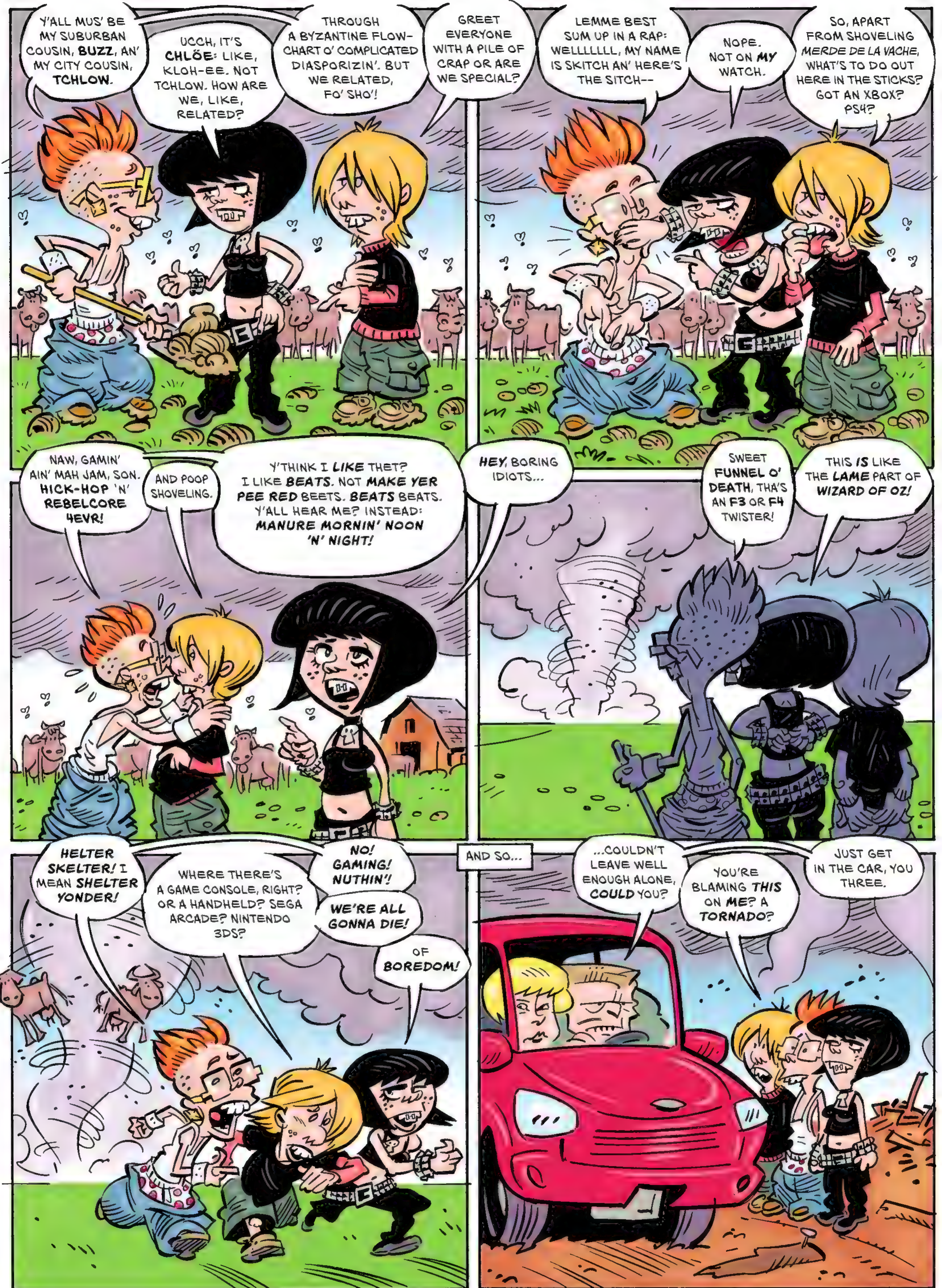




NEW TWIST ON AN OLD WRINKLE DEPARTMENT: KNOW THE FABLE OF THE COUNTRY MOUSE AND THE CITY MOUSE? NO? JEEZ, WHAT ARE THEY TEACHING YOU KIDS? SO THERE'S A COUNTRY MOUSE AND A CITY MOUSE, AND EACH VISITS THE OTHER AND GETS TO BE A FISH OUT OF WATER. EVEN THOUGH THEY'RE MICE. BUT HERE'S THE NEW TWIST, PLUS ONE: CITY, COUNTRY, AND SUBURBAN COUSINS. ONLY HUMAN. AND THEY VISIT EACH OTHER, GIVING THE CREATOR A CHANCE TO MOCK EVERY PLACE. BECAUSE ONE OF AMERICA'S RICHEST RENEWABLE NATURAL RESOURCES IS ITS MOCKWORTHINESS.

BOONIES BURBS AND BURGS





Y'ALL MUS' BE MY SUBURBAN COUSIN, BUZZ, AN' MY CITY COUSIN, TCHLOW.

UCCH, IT'S CHLOE: LIKE, KLOH-EE. NOT TCHLOW. HOW ARE WE, LIKE, RELATED?

THROUGH A BYZANTINE FLOW-CHART O' COMPLICATED DIASPORIZIN'. BUT WE RELATED, FO' SHO'!

GREET EVERYONE WITH A PILE OF CRAP OR ARE WE SPECIAL?

LEMME BEST SUM UP IN A RAP: WELLLLLLL, MY NAME IS SKITCH AN' HERE'S THE SITCH--

NOPE. NOT ON MY WATCH.

SO, APART FROM SHOVELING MERDE DE LA VACHE, WHAT'S TO DO OUT HERE IN THE STICKS? GOT AN XBOX? PS4?

NAW, GAMIN' AIN' MAH JAM, SON. HICK-HOP 'N' REBELCORE 4EVR!

AND POOP SHOVELING.

Y'THINK I LIKE THET? I LIKE BEATS. NOT MAKE YER PEE RED BEETS. BEATS BEATS. Y'ALL HEAR ME? INSTEAD: MANURE MORNIN' NOON 'N' NIGHT!

HEY, BORING IDIOTS...

SWEET FUNNEL O' DEATH, THA'S AN F3 OR F4 TWISTER!

THIS IS LIKE THE LAME PART OF WIZARD OF OZ!

HELTER SKELTER! I MEAN SHELTER YONDER!

WHERE THERE'S A GAME CONSOLE, RIGHT? OR A HANDHELD? SEGA ARCADE? NINTENDO 3DS?

NO! GAMING! NUTHIN'!

WE'RE ALL GONNA DIE!

OF BOREDOM!

AND SO...

...COULDN'T LEAVE WELL ENOUGH ALONE, COULD YOU?

YOU'RE BLAMING THIS ON ME? A TORNADO?

JUST GET IN THE CAR, YOU THREE.

NICE A Y'ALL
T'LET US VISIT YUH,
UNCLE ALDRIN,
WHAT WITH MAH
HOME BEIN' IN
UTTER RUINS
'N' SUCH.

YEAH, YEAH.
MIGHTY CONVENIENT
YOUR FOLKS WERE ELSE-
WHERE COMPLETELY
UNMOLESTED BY
THE 'NADO.

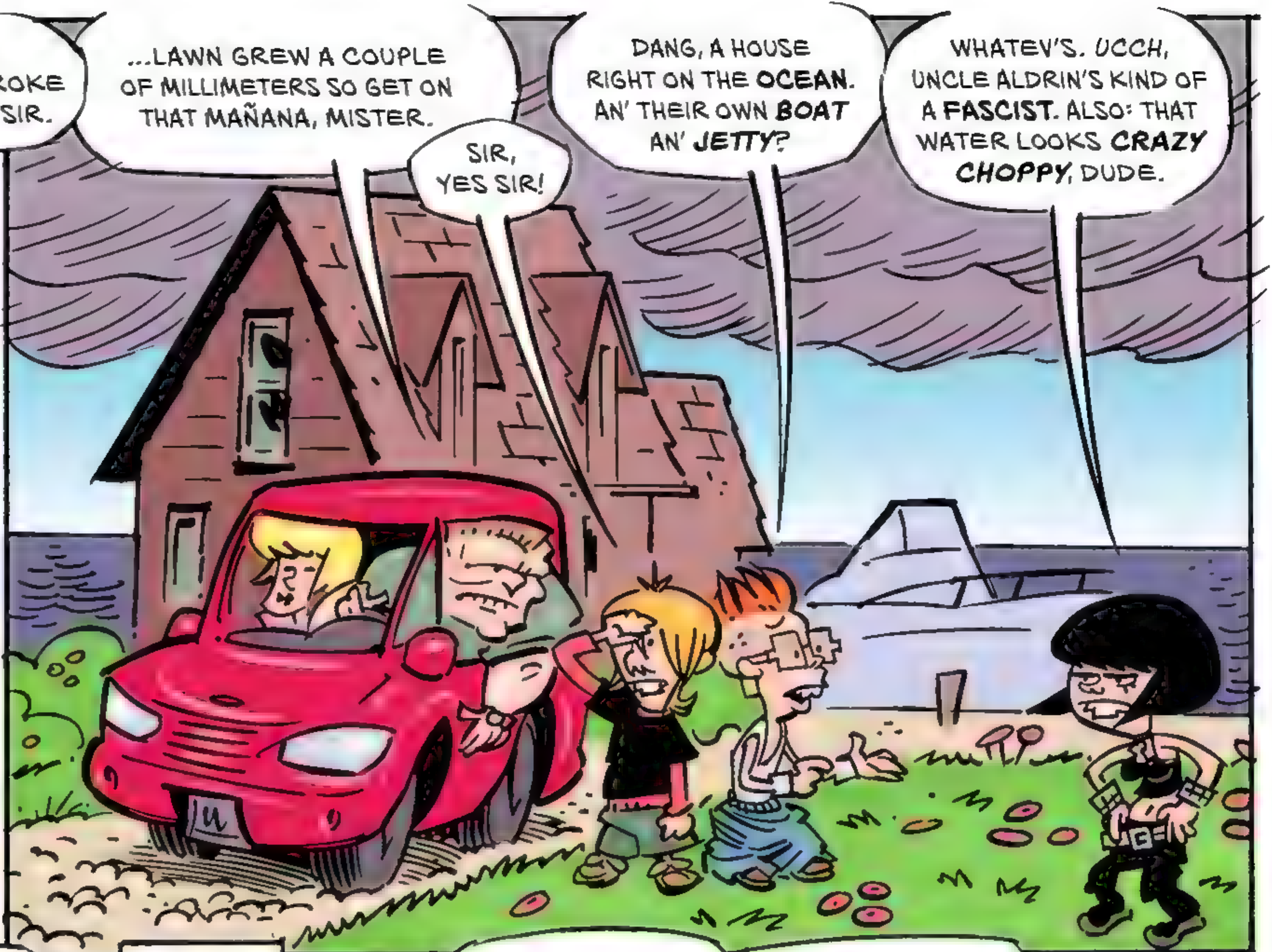
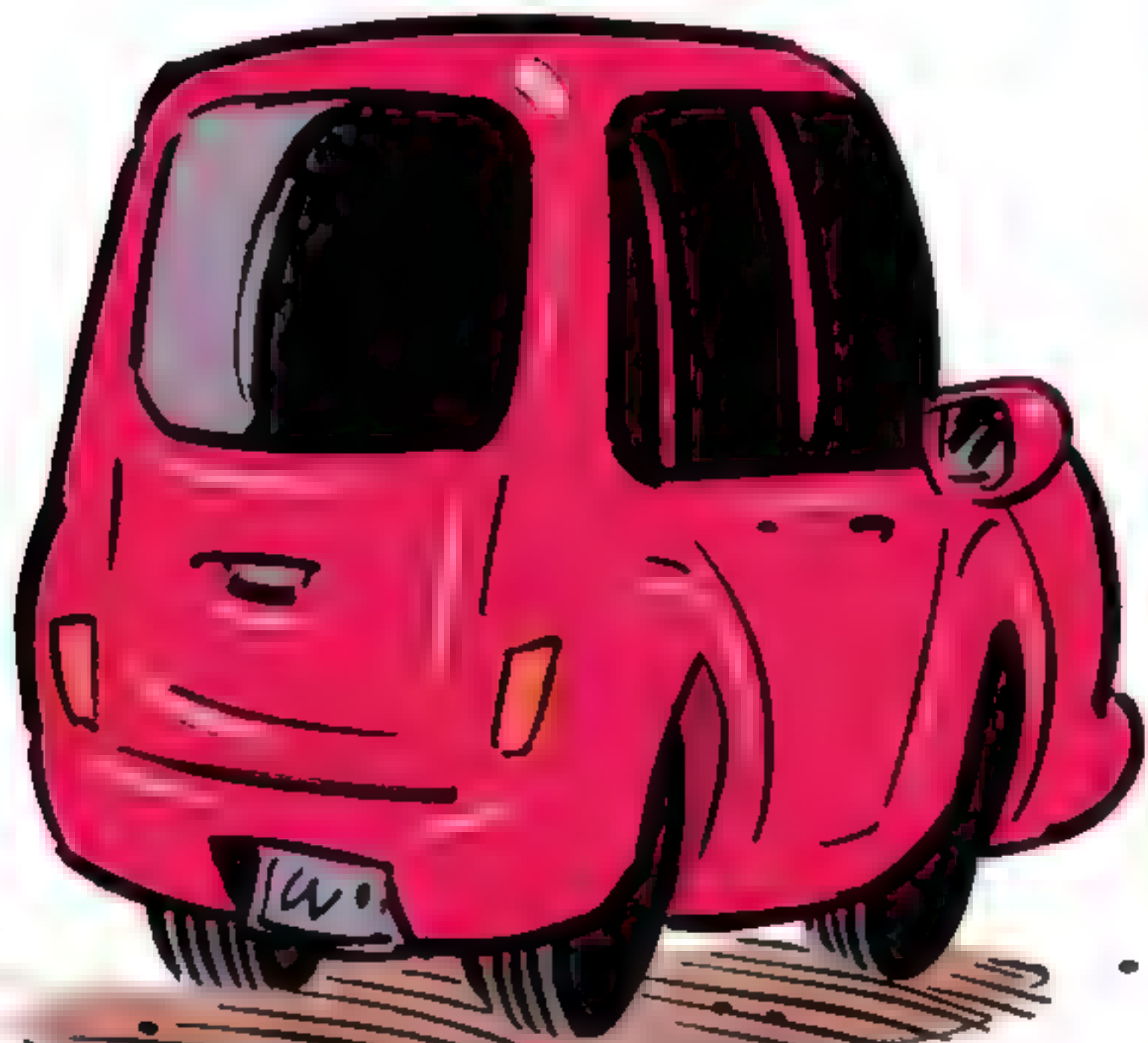
THAT
WAS A STROKE
O' LUCK, SIR.

...LAWN GREW A COUPLE
OF MILLIMETERS SO GET ON
THAT MAÑANA, MISTER.

DANG, A HOUSE
RIGHT ON THE OCEAN.
AN' THEIR OWN BOAT
AN' JETTY?

WHATEV'S. UCCH,
UNCLE ALDRIN'S KIND OF
A FASCIST. ALSO: THAT
WATER LOOKS CRAZY
CHOPPY, DUDE.

SIR,
YES SIR!



ARE SWINGERS LIKE
ELKS OR KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS?
MUST BE IMPORTANT THE WAY
YOUR MOM AND MY DAD KEEP
RUSHING OFF TO JOIN 'EM.

SORRY, I DON'T
SPEAK IDIOT-ESE. SO,
LIKE, WHAT'S TO DO IN
BORING-URBIA?

SHORTLY...

UGH, BECAUSE WE
TOTALLY WANTED TO
PASSIVELY WATCH YOU
PLAY A SINGLE-
PLAYER FPS.

I APPRECIATE
THE INCLUSIVITY O' THAT
COMMENT, CHLOE.

SHUCKS. KINDA
MISSIN' TH' RUSSET AN'
MAHOGANY-TINTED COW
POO AN' PEARLESCENT
HORSE AN' BLUEBOTTLE
FLIES O' HOME.



YOUR BURSTS
OF S.A.T. VOCAB
AND FLORID
POESY FLUMMOX
ME, DUDE.

FLOAT
YER
BOAT?

EW, ARE YOU
FLIRTING? WE'RE,
LIKE, COUSINS.
YOU COUNTRY TYPES:
LIKE LANNISTERS
ONLY WITH WORSE
TEETH.

ENOUGH
SPECTATING, I
WANNA WATCH
TEEVEE.

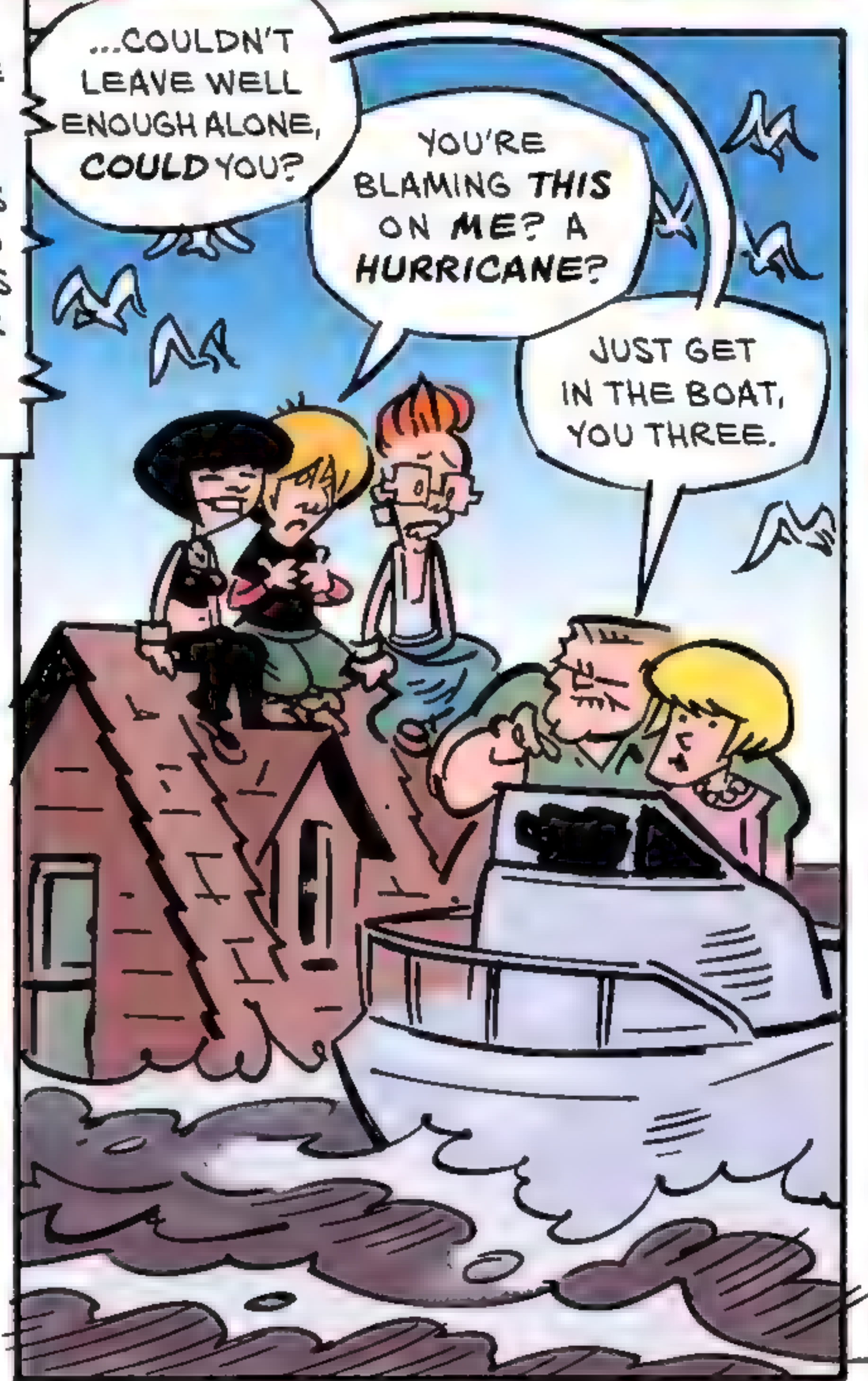
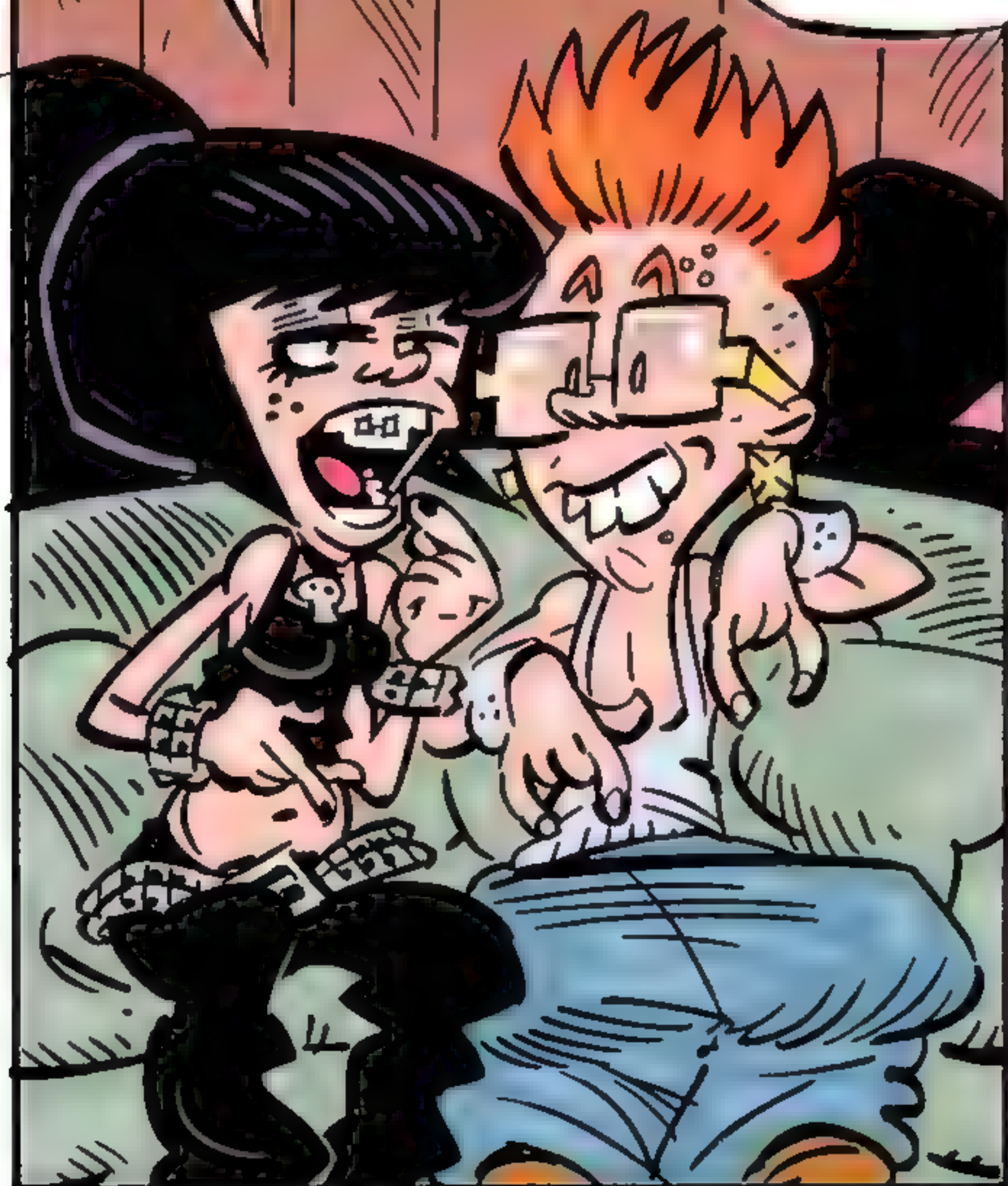
HEY, I
WAS ABOUT TO
BEAT--

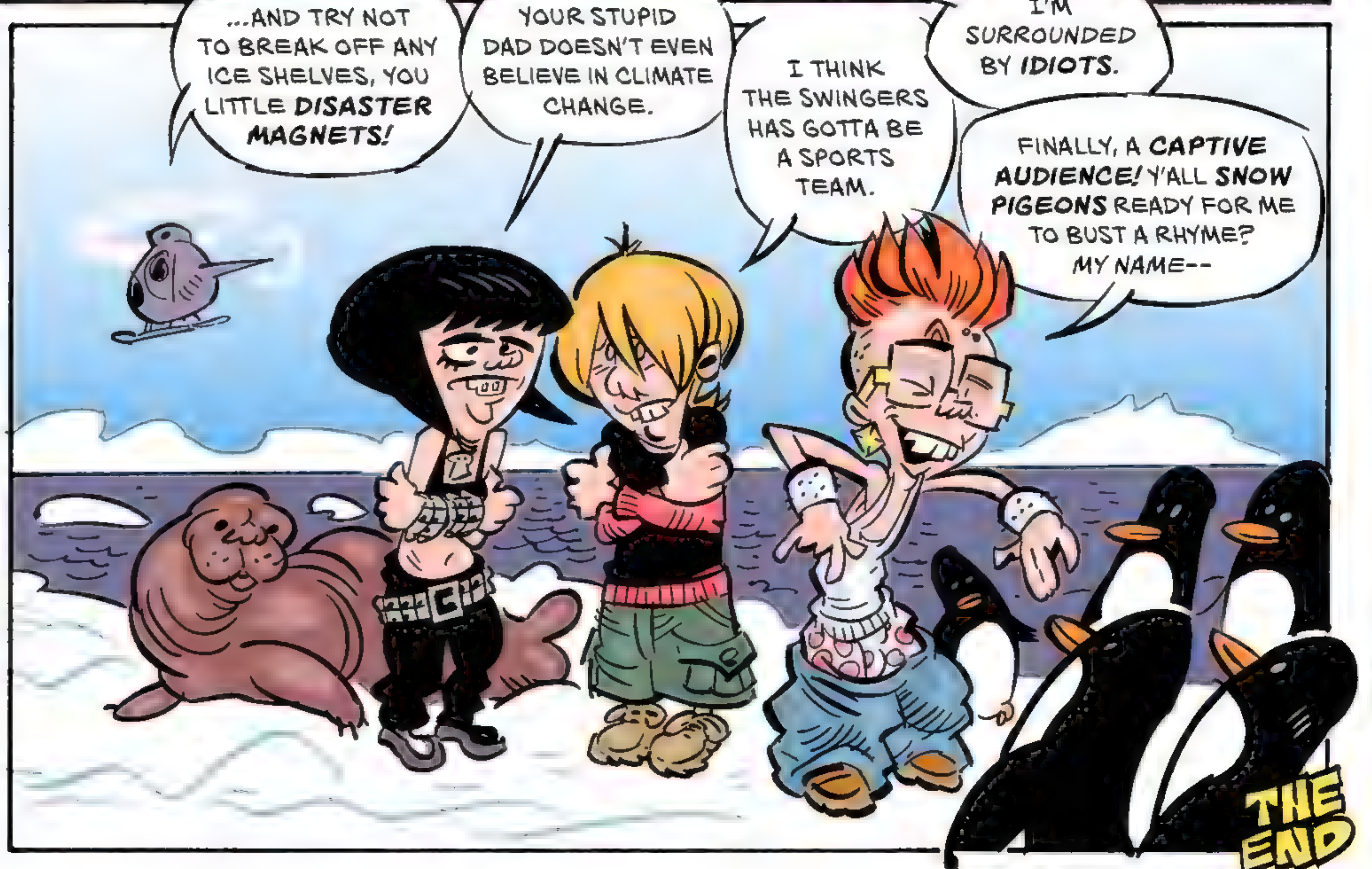
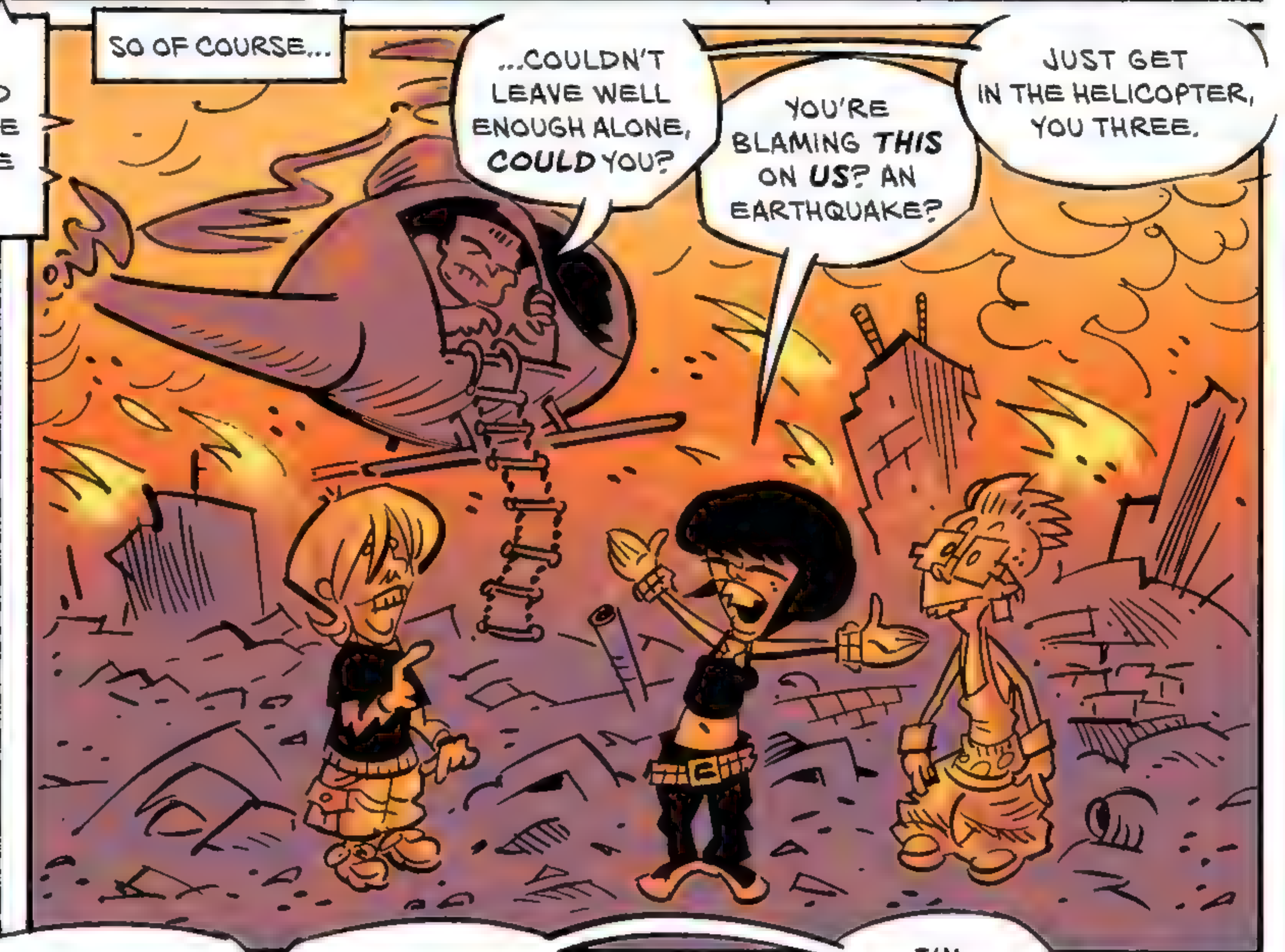
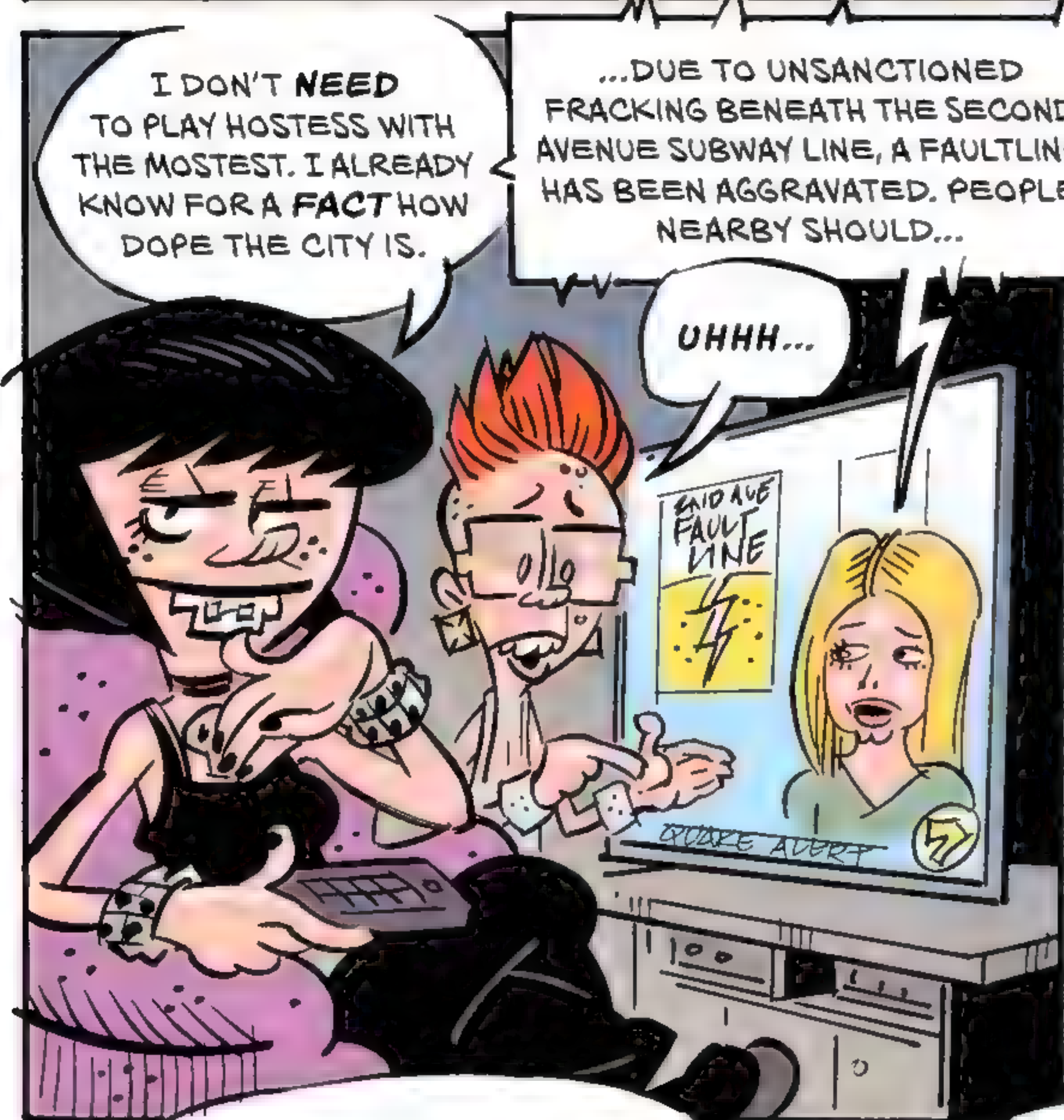
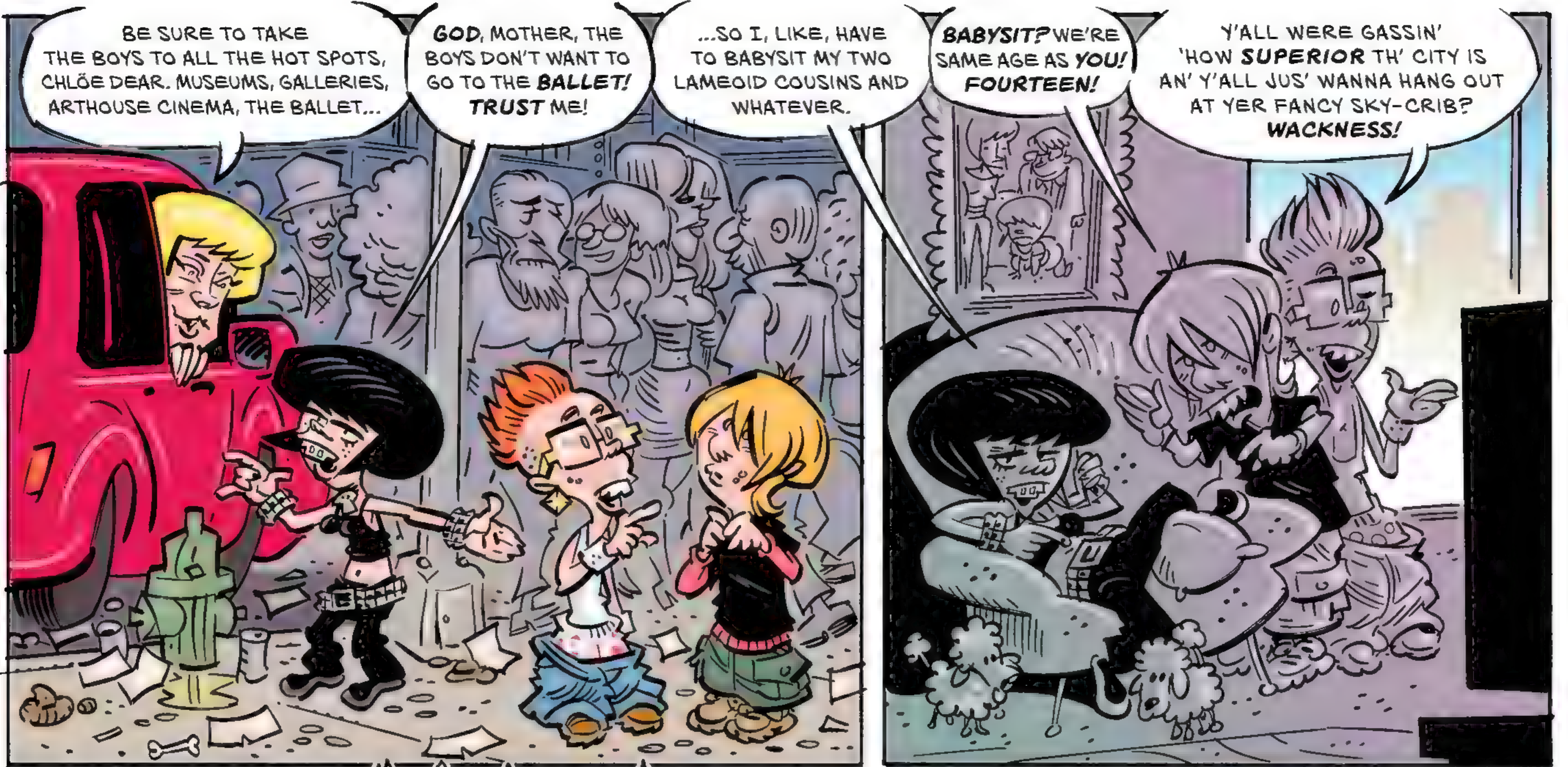
--URGE ALL
VIEWERS ON THE
COAST TO TAKE
SHELTER AS A
NOR'EASTER HAS
BLOSSOMED INTO
A NO-RESTER AS
IN "NO REST FOR
ANYONE IN ITS
PATH!"

...COULDN'T
LEAVE WELL
ENOUGH ALONE,
COULD YOU?

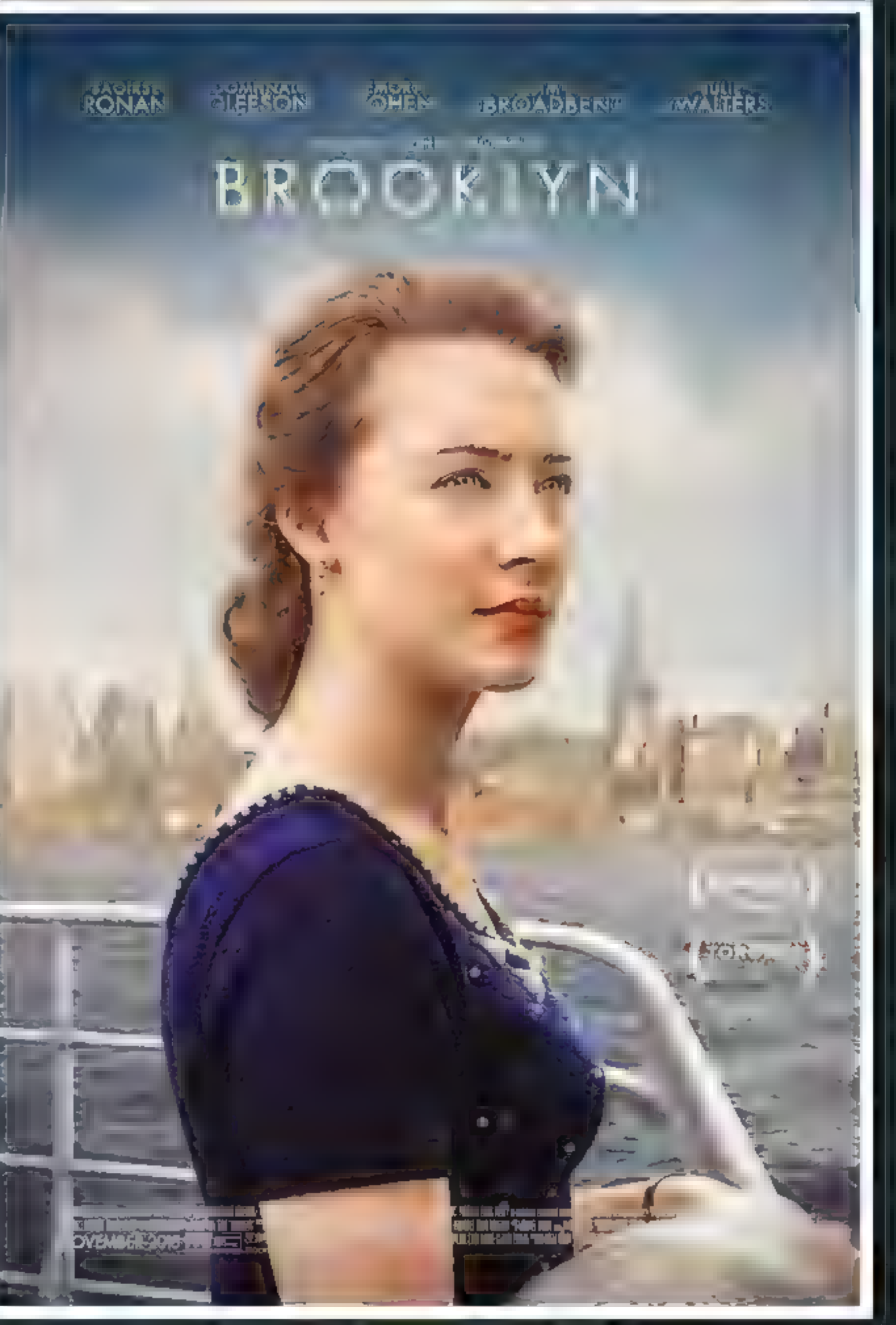
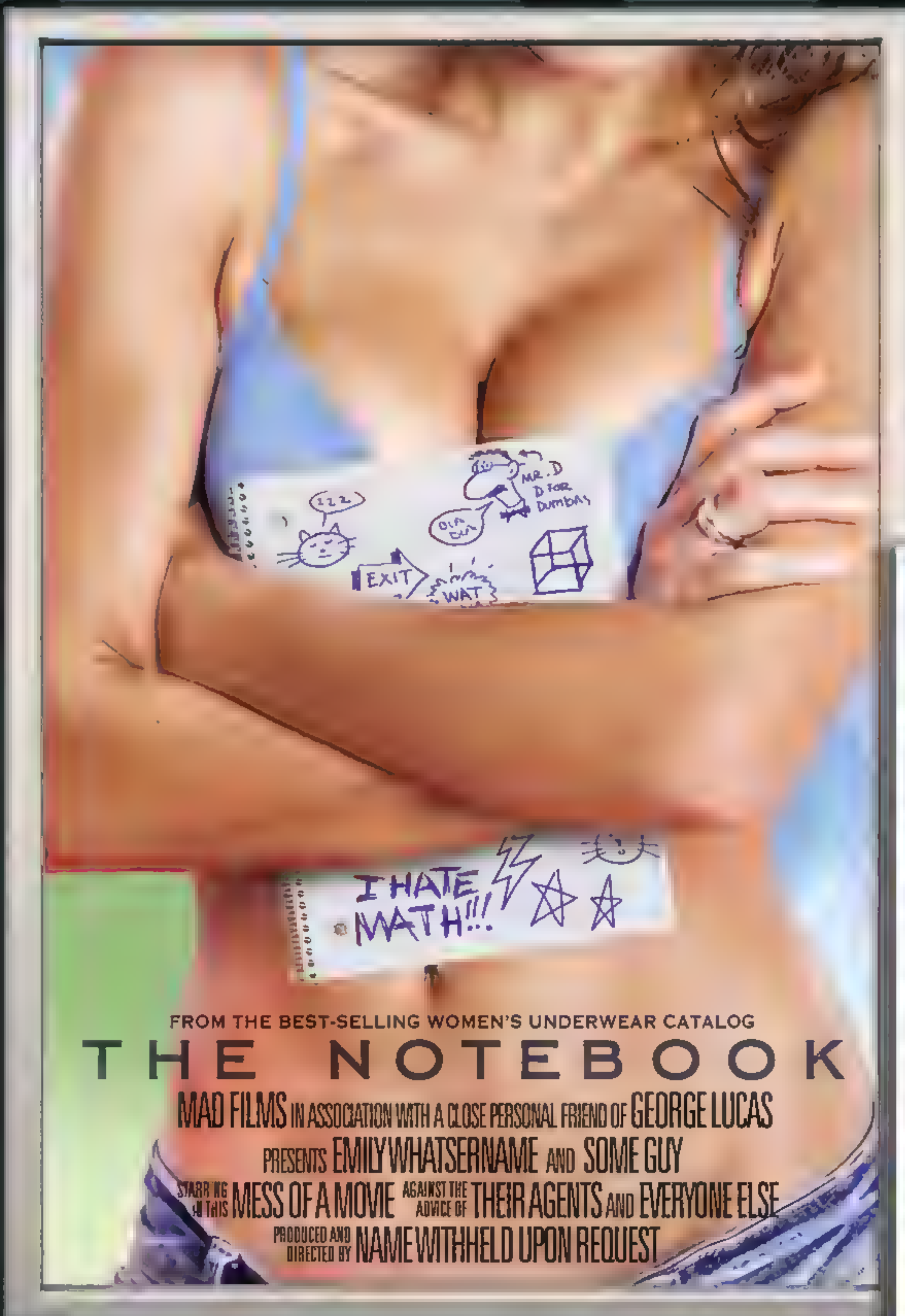
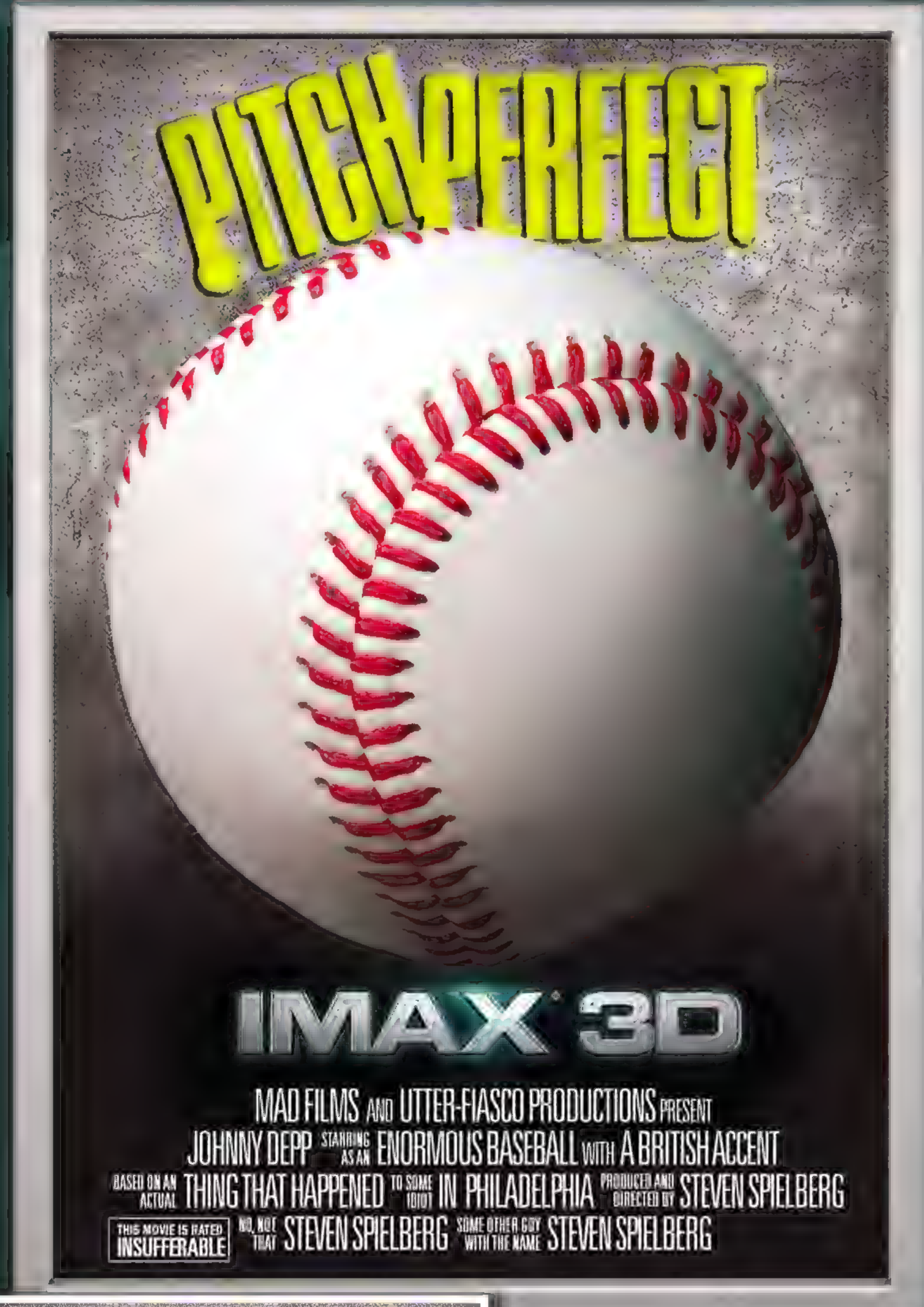
YOU'RE
BLAMING THIS
ON ME? A
HURRICANE?


JUST GET
IN THE BOAT,
YOU THREE.

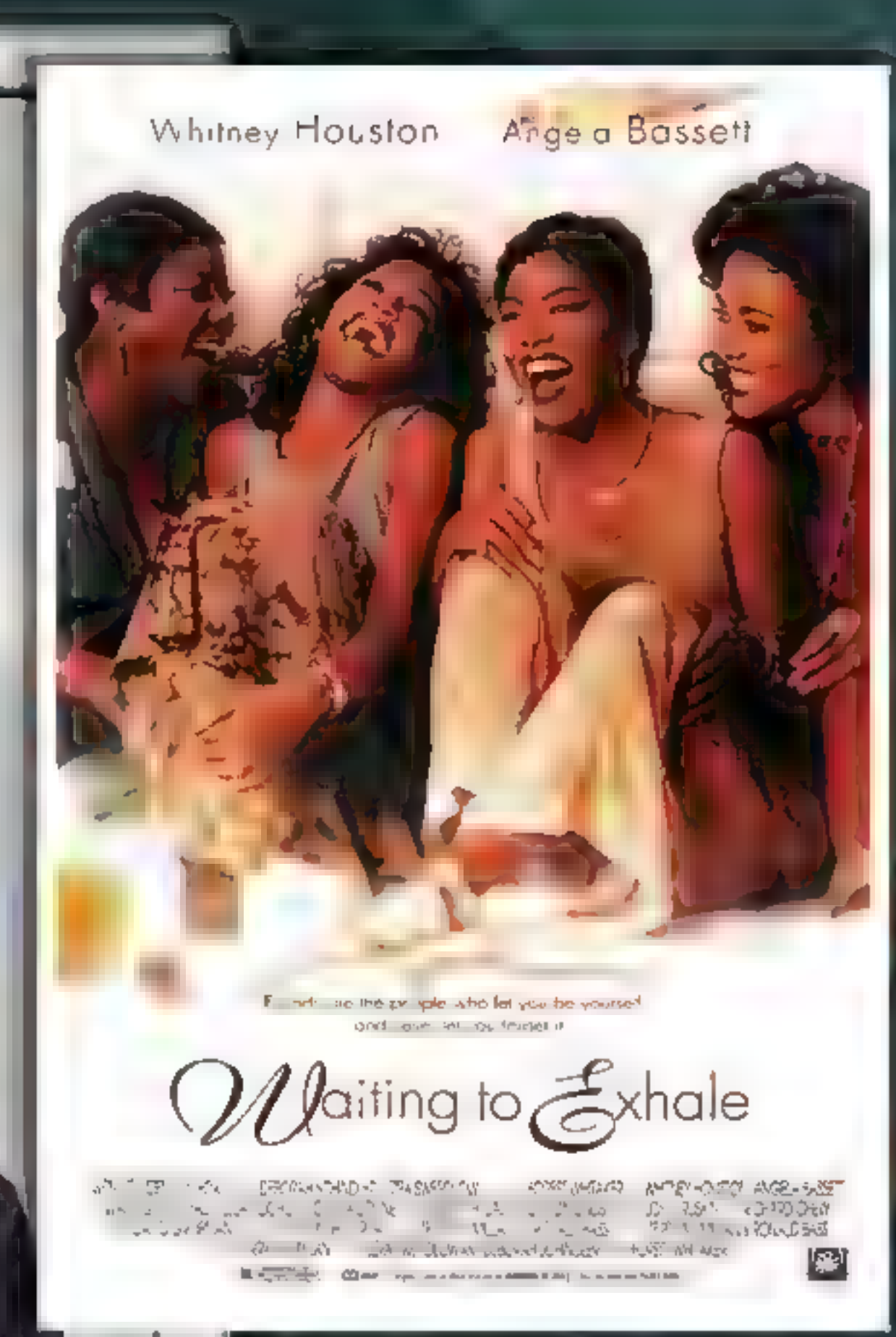
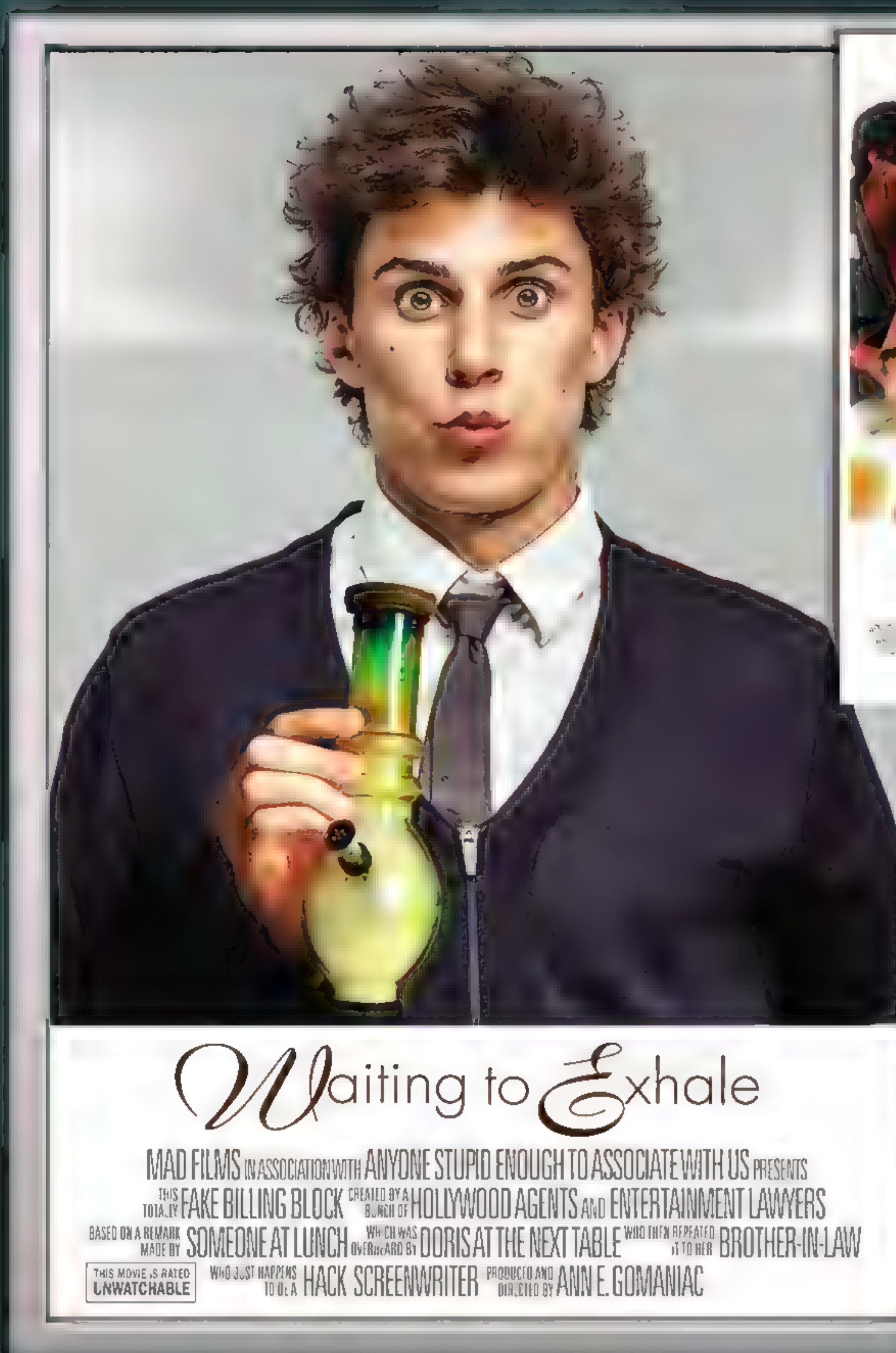




The 18-to-25-year-old male: No demographic is considered higher in dollar value yet held in lower esteem. So movie marketers make every attempt to find something within a flick (or often something not in it) that can be packaged and sold to these dipsticks—uh, young men. With this in mind, we give you a sneak preview of...



 "A first issue is like getting a back tattoo. It involves lots of ink, tears, and hair-splitting."



AND THAT'S
HOW OUR
MARKETING
STRATEGY
PUTS MORE
ASSES
IN SEATS!

ADDITIONAL PHOTOS
VIA SHUTTERSTOCK.COM
© ARTEMISPHOTO • DEAN DROBOT
FXQUADRO • GLEBSSTOCK
IKOSTUDIO ROMARIOIEN • SERPEBLU

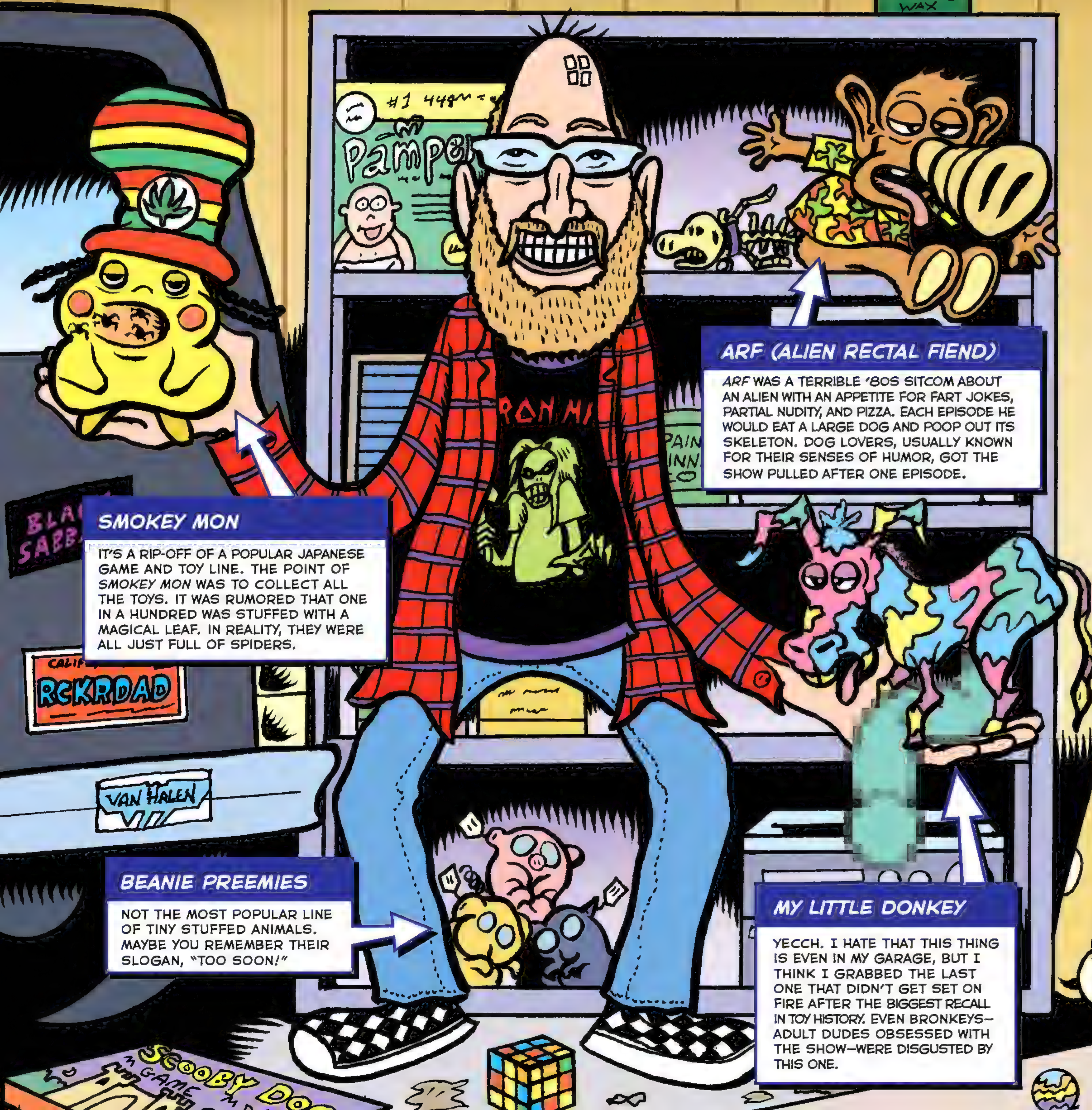
HEY, EVERYBODY, I'M THAT ONE DUDE FROM THOSE FOUR GOOD THINGS YOU SAW. I LIKE MOVIES AND STUFF WHEN I'M NOT BEING STUPID ON TV. LIKE A HUNDRED OTHER PEOPLE, I'M EXCITED TO WATCH *READY PLAYER ONE*, ALTHOUGH I'M NOT SURE WHY—SPIELBERG'S ONLY GOOD MOVIES HAVE SHARKS, ALIENS, DINOSAURS, OR INDIANA JONES IN THEM. THE TRAILERS HAVE NERDS YOUNG AND VERY OLD EXCITED BECAUSE THEY'RE PACKED WITH REFERENCES AND CHARACTERS FROM SOME OF THE MOST POPULAR VIDEO GAMES, MOVIES, AND TV SHOWS OF THE LAST 30 YEARS. BUT I THOUGHT I'D SHOW YOU SOME OF THE...

POP CULTURE THAT DIDN'T MAKE IT INTO...

READY PLAYER ONE

WRITER BRIAN POSEHN ARTIST PETER BAGGE

PHOTOS



SMOKEY MON

IT'S A RIP-OFF OF A POPULAR JAPANESE GAME AND TOY LINE. THE POINT OF SMOKEY MON WAS TO COLLECT ALL THE TOYS. IT WAS RUMORED THAT ONE IN A HUNDRED WAS STUFFED WITH A MAGICAL LEAF. IN REALITY, THEY WERE ALL JUST FULL OF SPIDERS.

BEANIE PREEMIES

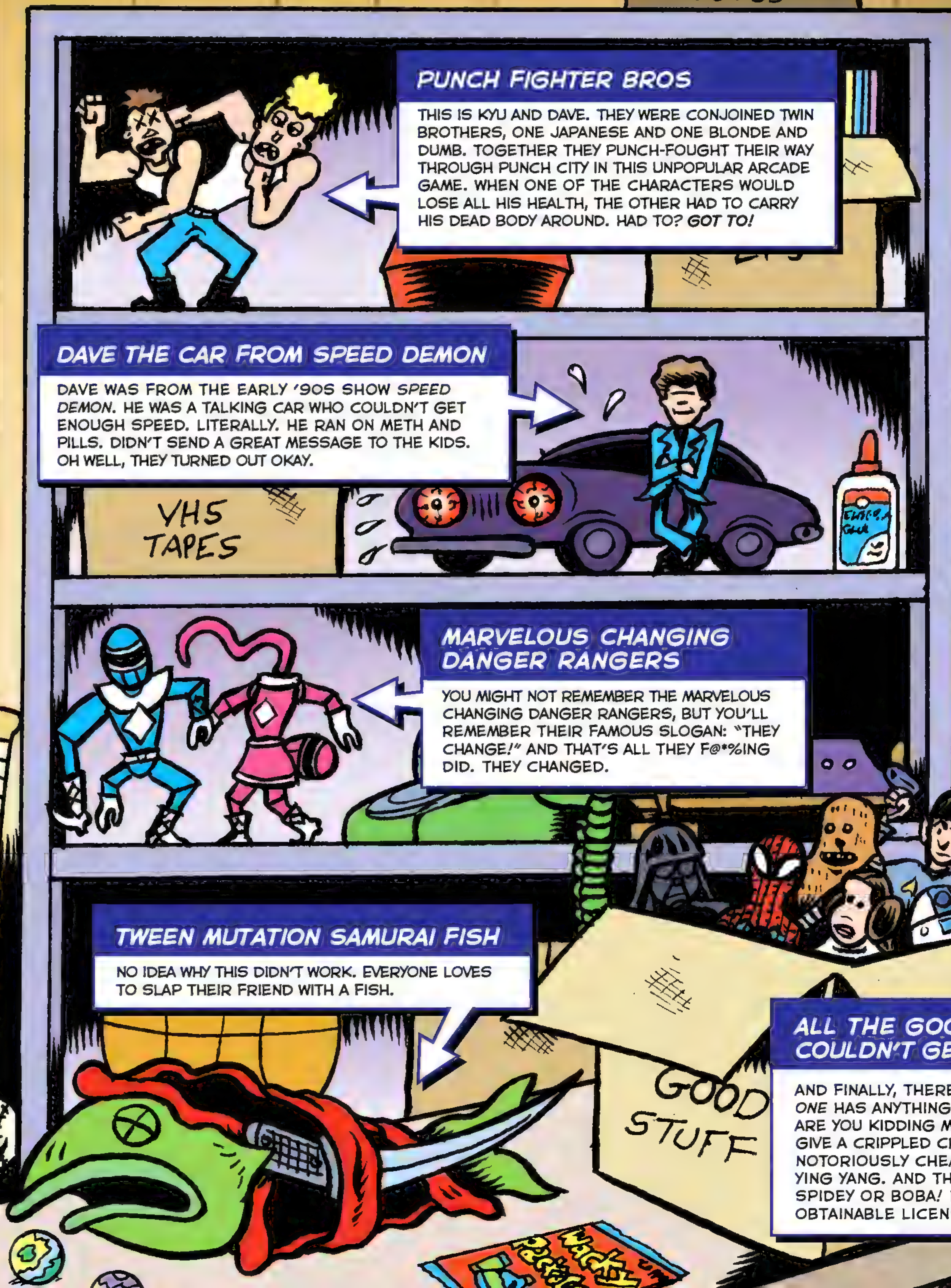
NOT THE MOST POPULAR LINE OF TINY STUFFED ANIMALS. MAYBE YOU REMEMBER THEIR SLOGAN, "TOO SOON!"

ARF (ALIEN RECTAL FIEND)

ARF WAS A TERRIBLE '80S SITCOM ABOUT AN ALIEN WITH AN APPETITE FOR FART JOKES, PARTIAL NUDITY, AND PIZZA. EACH EPISODE HE WOULD EAT A LARGE DOG AND POOP OUT ITS SKELETON. DOG LOVERS, USUALLY KNOWN FOR THEIR SENSES OF HUMOR, GOT THE SHOW PULLED AFTER ONE EPISODE.

MY LITTLE DONKEY

YECCH. I HATE THAT THIS THING IS EVEN IN MY GARAGE, BUT I THINK I GRABBED THE LAST ONE THAT DIDN'T GET SET ON FIRE AFTER THE BIGGEST RECALL IN TOY HISTORY. EVEN BRONKEYS—ADULT DUDES OBSESSED WITH THE SHOW—WERE DISGUSTED BY THIS ONE.



PUNCH FIGHTER BROS

THIS IS KYU AND DAVE. THEY WERE CONJOINED TWIN BROTHERS, ONE JAPANESE AND ONE BLONDE AND DUMB. TOGETHER THEY PUNCH-FOUGHT THEIR WAY THROUGH PUNCH CITY IN THIS UNPOPULAR ARCADE GAME. WHEN ONE OF THE CHARACTERS WOULD LOSE ALL HIS HEALTH, THE OTHER HAD TO CARRY HIS DEAD BODY AROUND. HAD TO? GOT TO!

DAVE THE CAR FROM SPEED DEMON

DAVE WAS FROM THE EARLY '90S SHOW *SPEED DEMON*. HE WAS A TALKING CAR WHO COULDN'T GET ENOUGH SPEED. LITERALLY, HE RAN ON METH AND PILLS. DIDN'T SEND A GREAT MESSAGE TO THE KIDS. OH WELL, THEY TURNED OUT OKAY.

MARVELOUS CHANGING DANGER RANGERS

YOU MIGHT NOT REMEMBER THE MARVELOUS CHANGING DANGER RANGERS, BUT YOU'LL REMEMBER THEIR FAMOUS SLOGAN: "THEY CHANGE!" AND THAT'S ALL THEY F@%ING DID. THEY CHANGED.

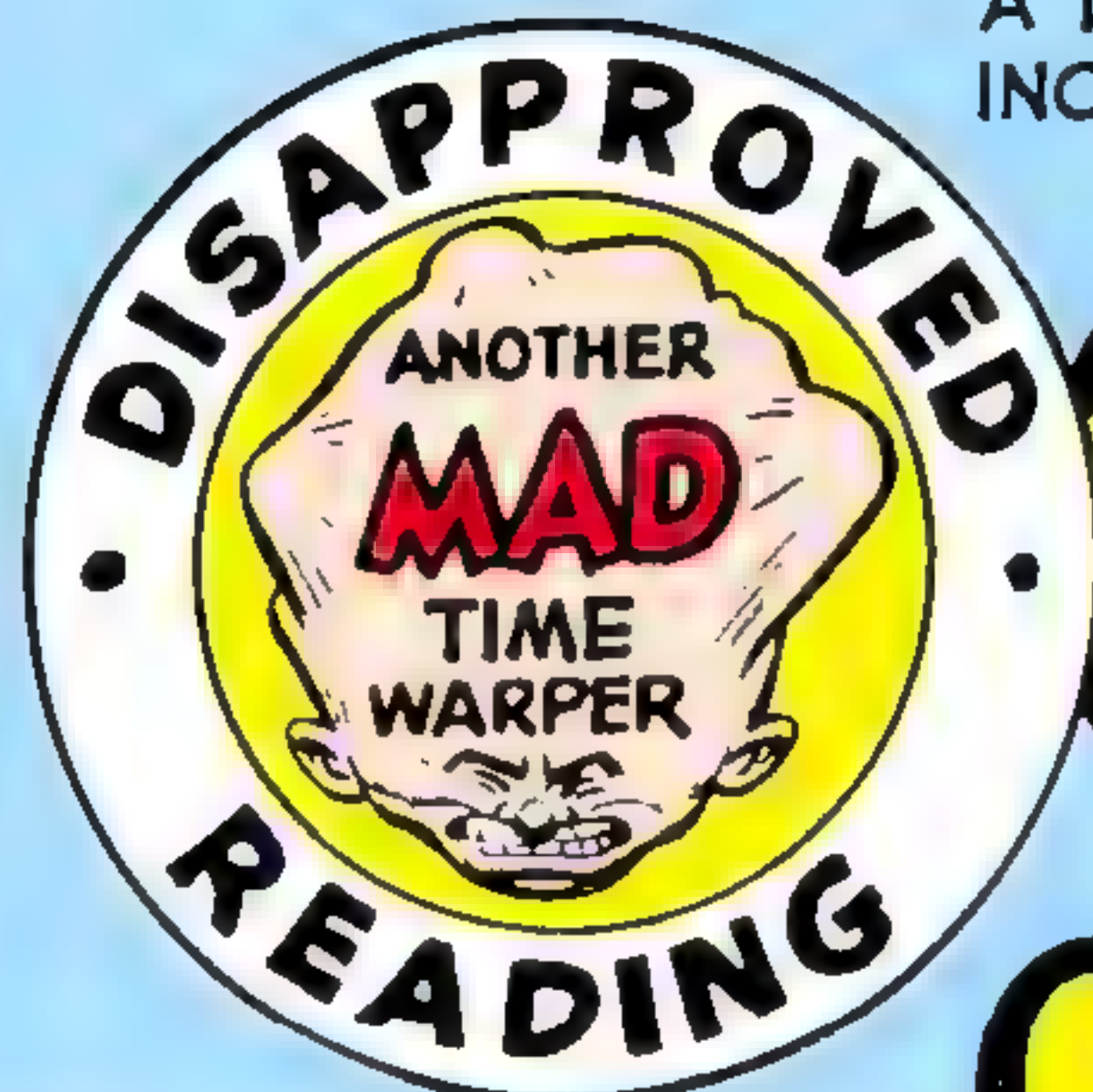
TWEEN MUTATION SAMURAI FISH

NO IDEA WHY THIS DIDN'T WORK. EVERYONE LOVES TO SLAP THEIR FRIEND WITH A FISH.

ALL THE GOOD STUFF THEY COULDN'T GET LICENSES FOR

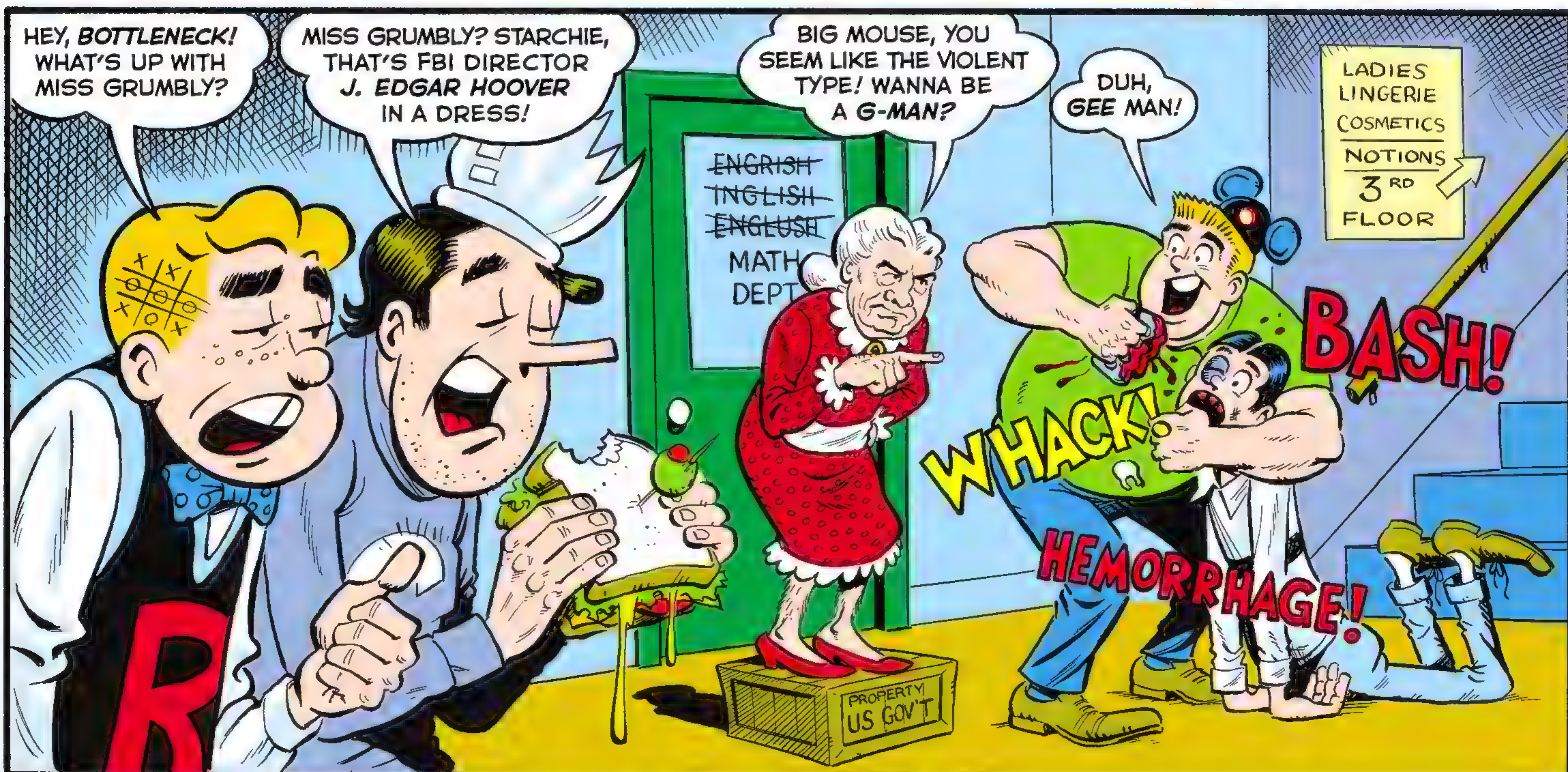
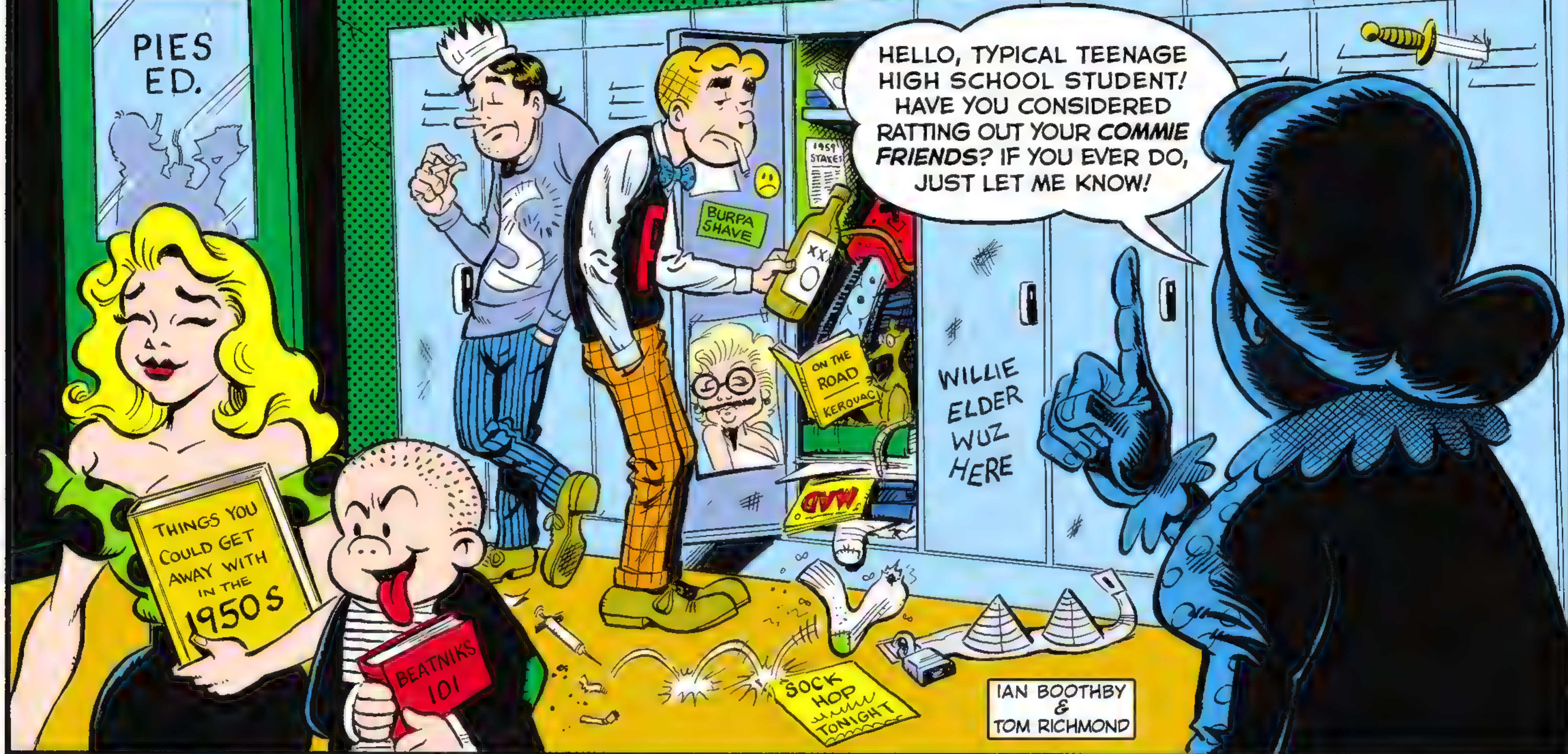
AND FINALLY, THERE IS NO WAY *READY PLAYER ONE* HAS ANYTHING FROM MARVEL OR DISNEY. ARE YOU KIDDING ME? THOSE GUYS WOULDN'T GIVE A CRIPPLED CRAB A CRUTCH. AND THEY'RE NOTORIOUSLY CHEAP AND LAWYERED UP THE YING YANG. AND THE YAZOO. SO WE GETS NO SPIDEY OR BOBA! ENJOY ALL THE EASILY OBTAINABLE LICENSES!

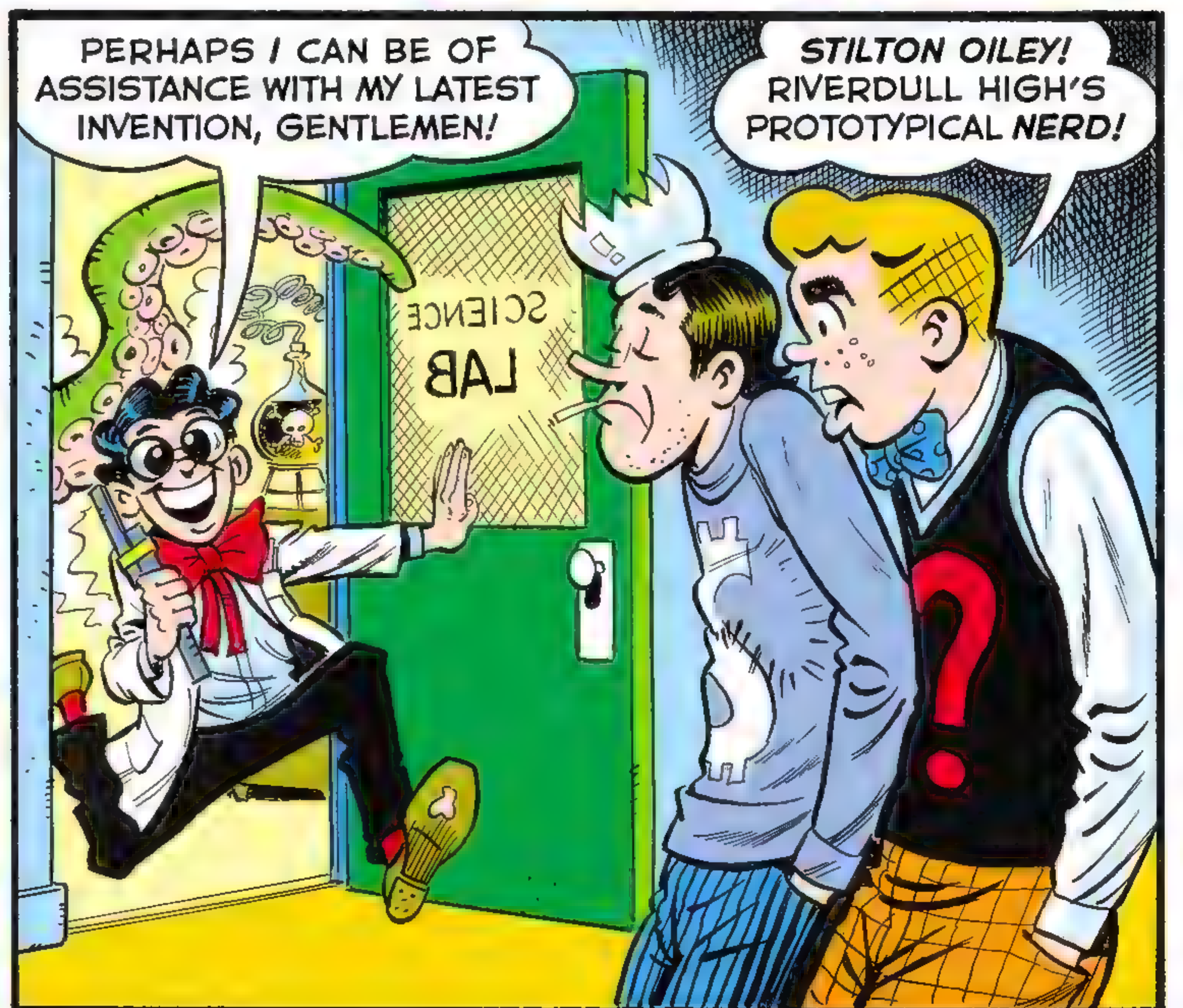
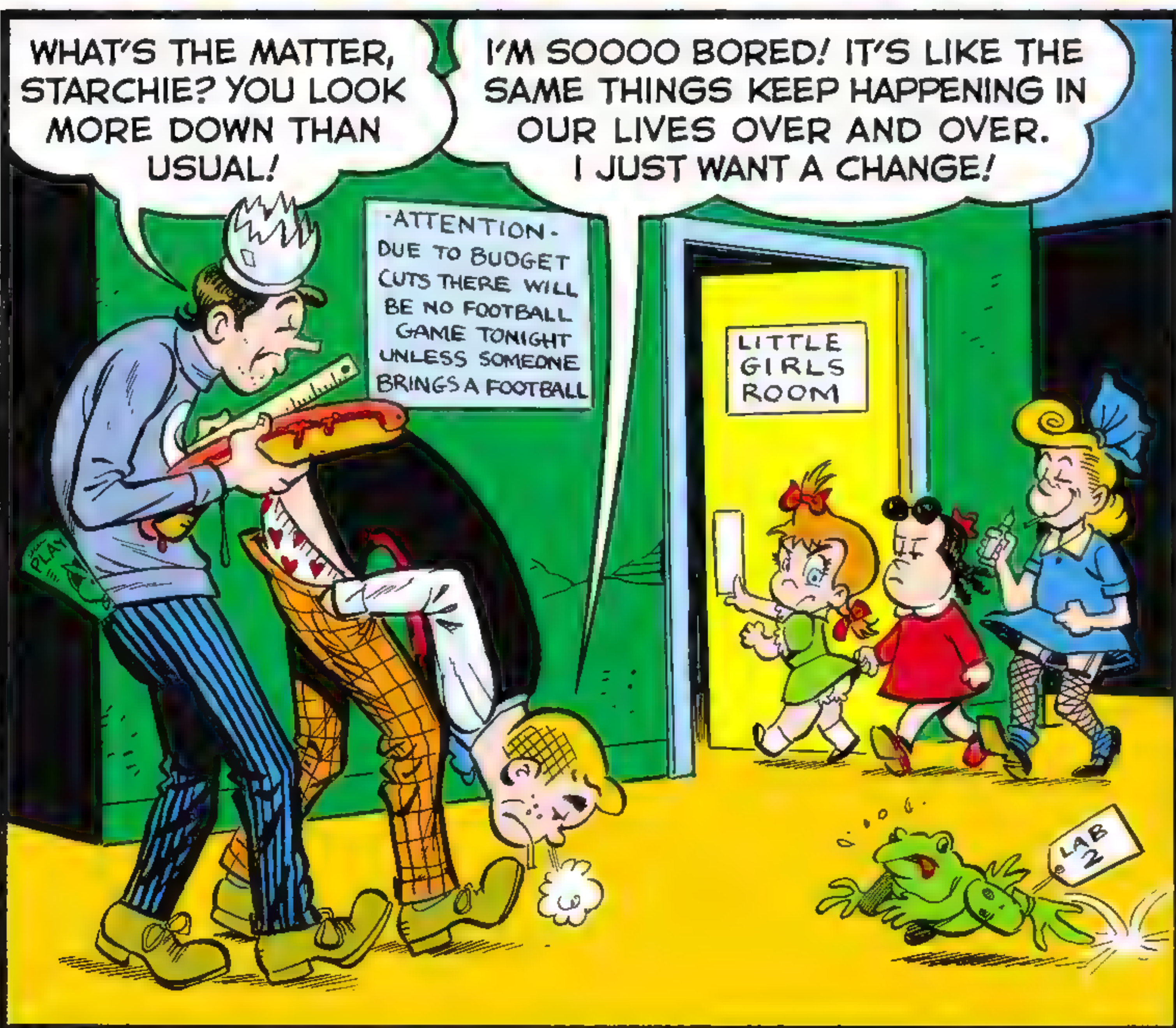
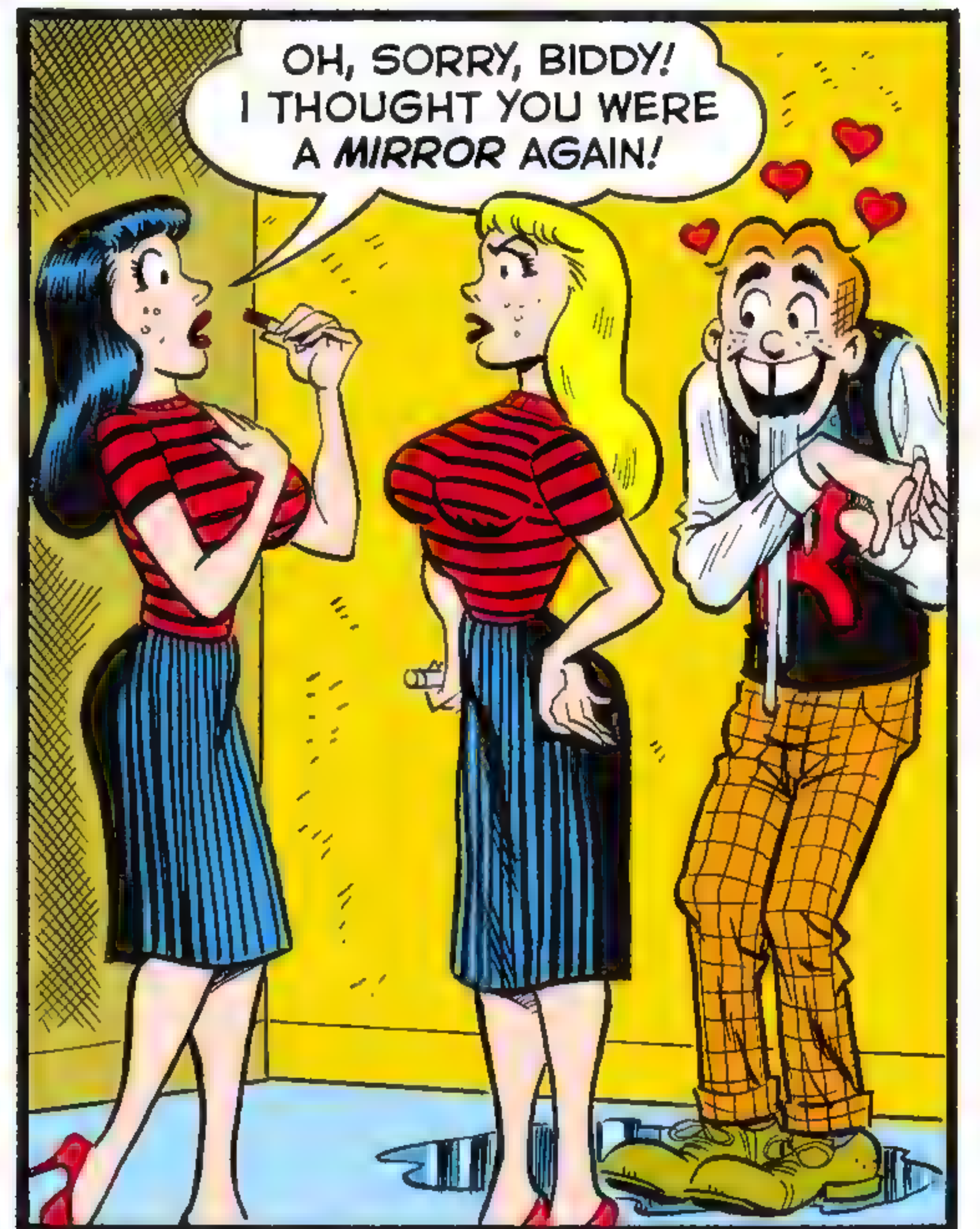
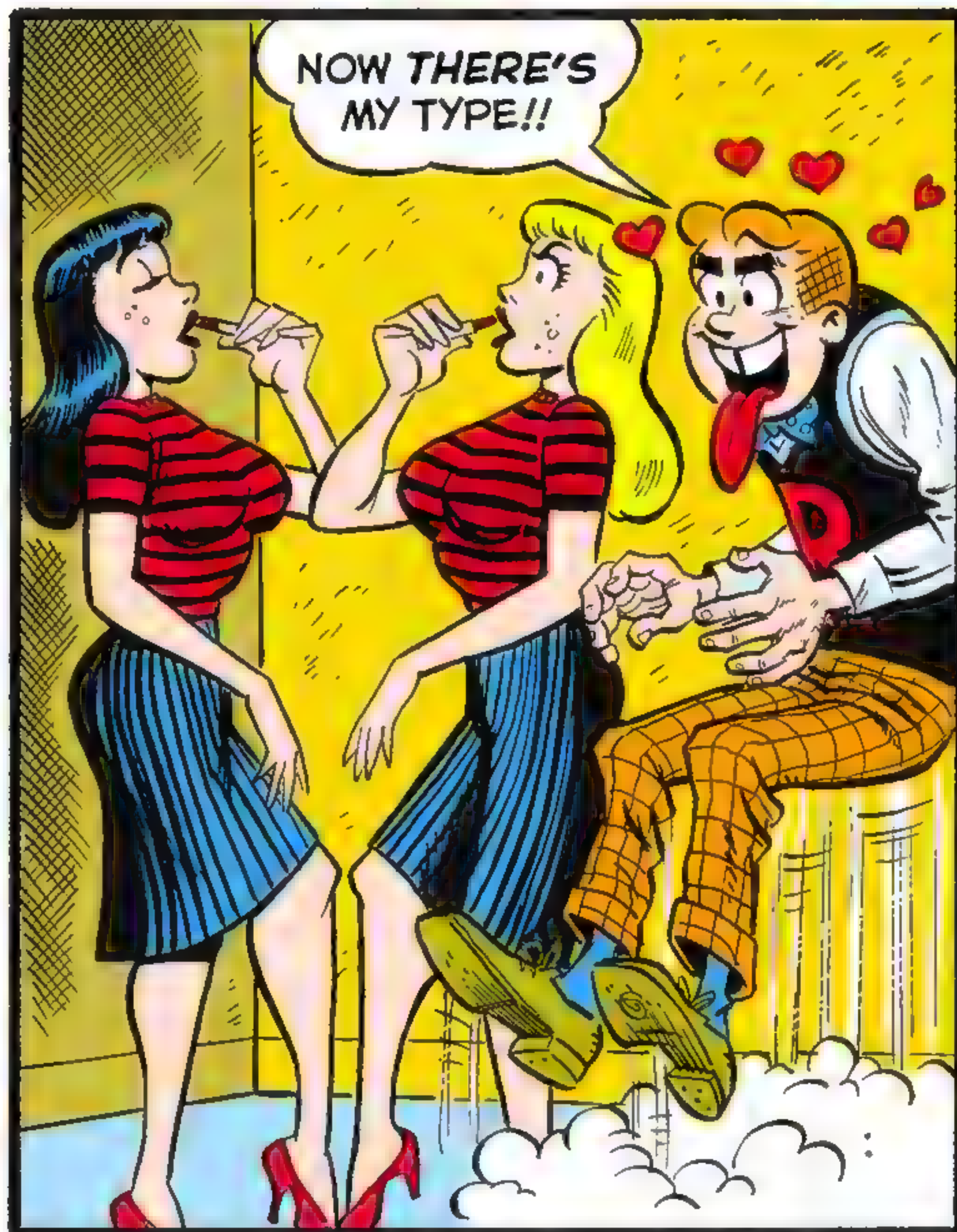
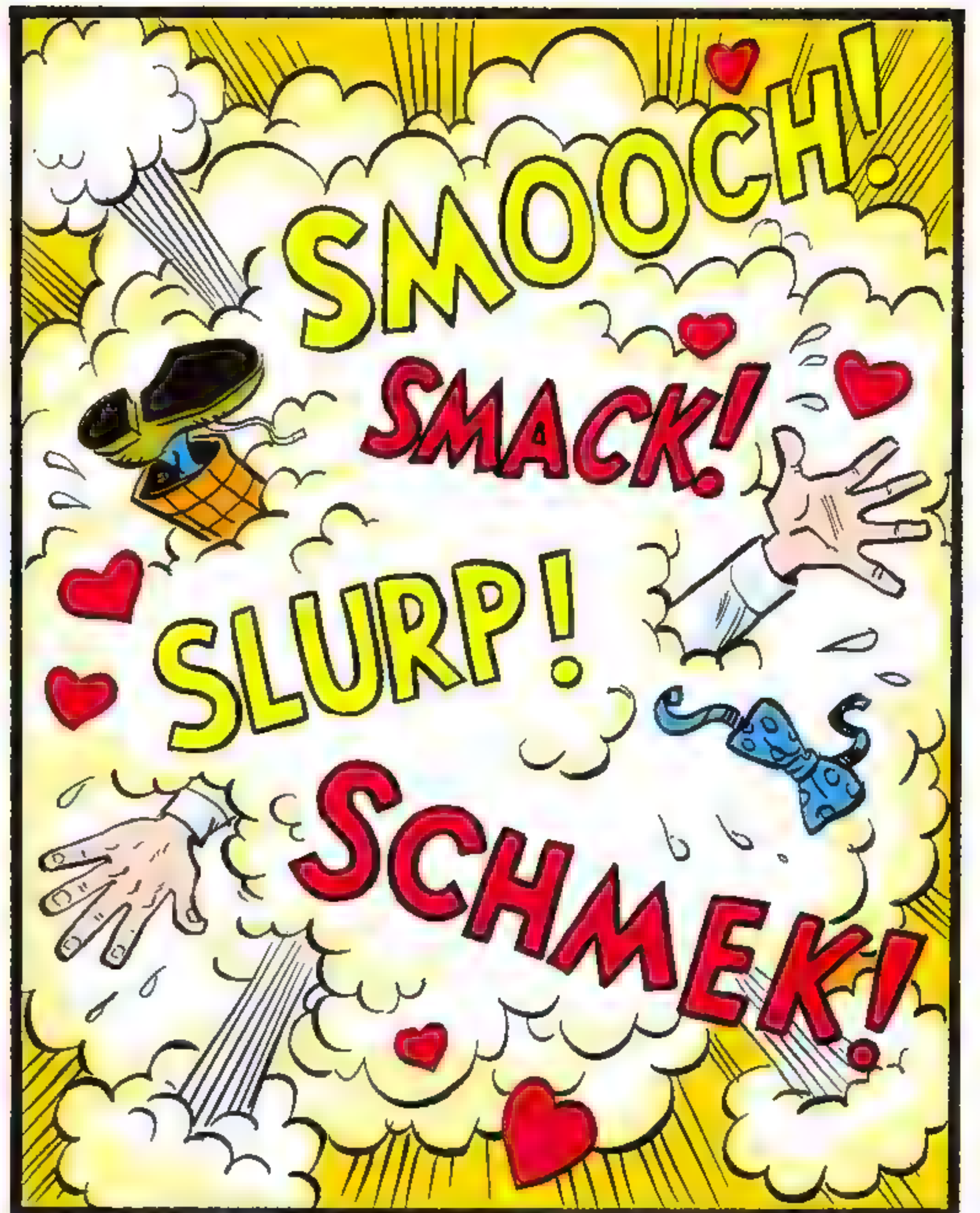
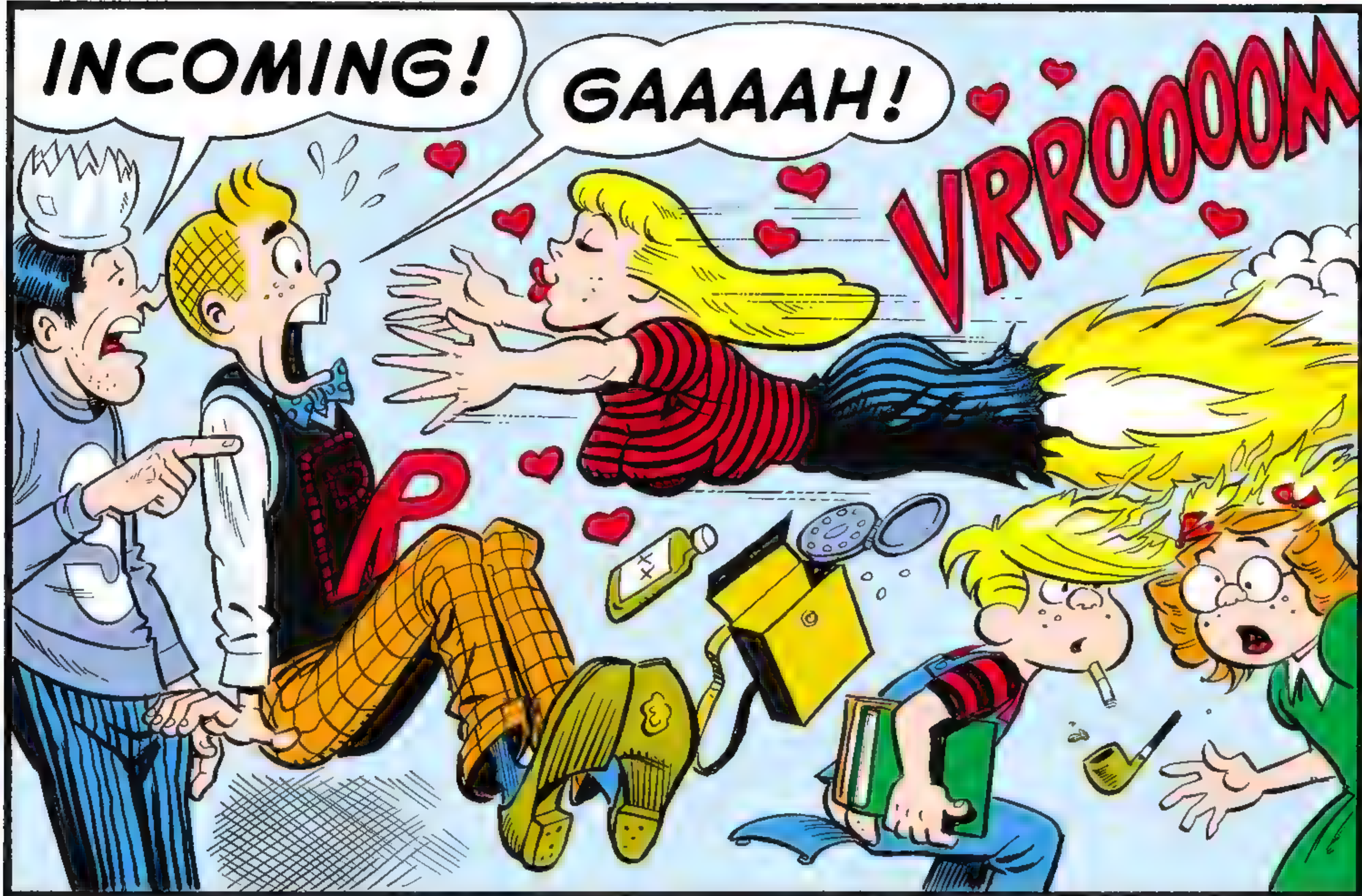
RETURN WITH US NOW TO THE 1950s, AN INNOCENT ALL-AMERICAN ERA CHOCK-FULL OF WHOLESOME, CAREFREE TEENAGE FUN! A TIME OF SOCK HOPS, SODA SHOPS, AND DOO-WOPS! BUT IN STARK CONTRAST TO THE VIRTUOUS, INOFFENSIVE MIRTH OF THE ATOMIC AGE, WE HAVE...

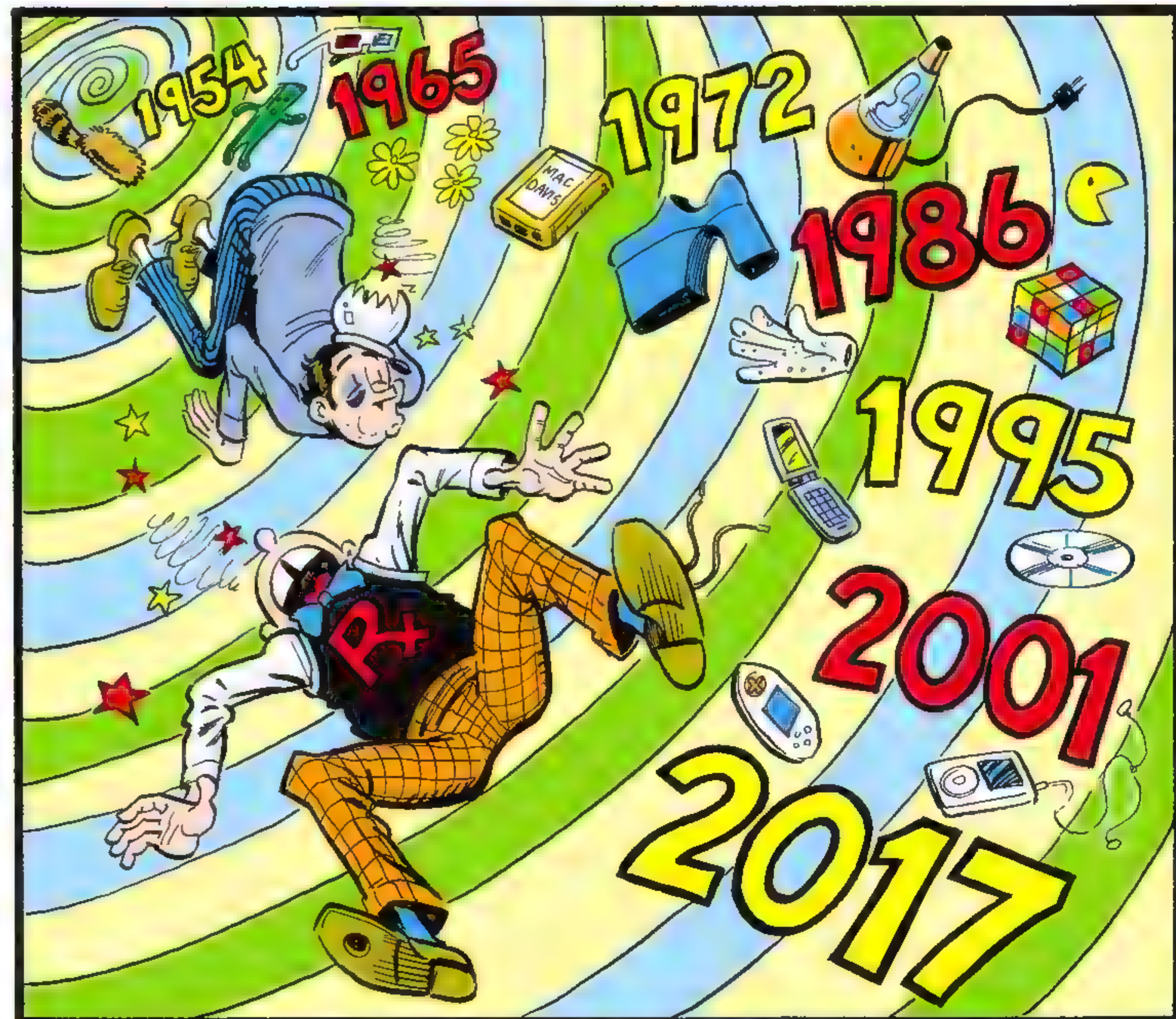
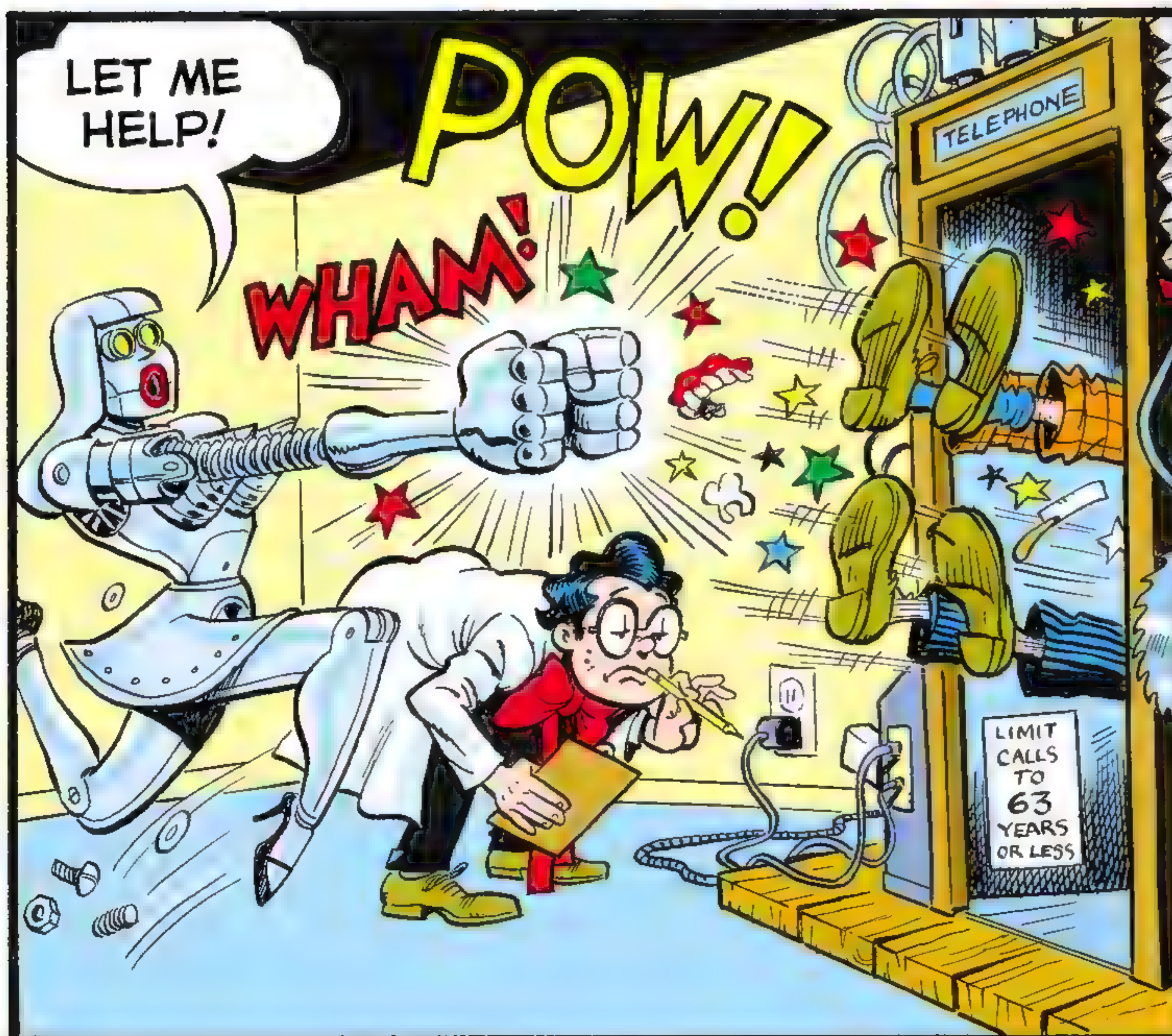
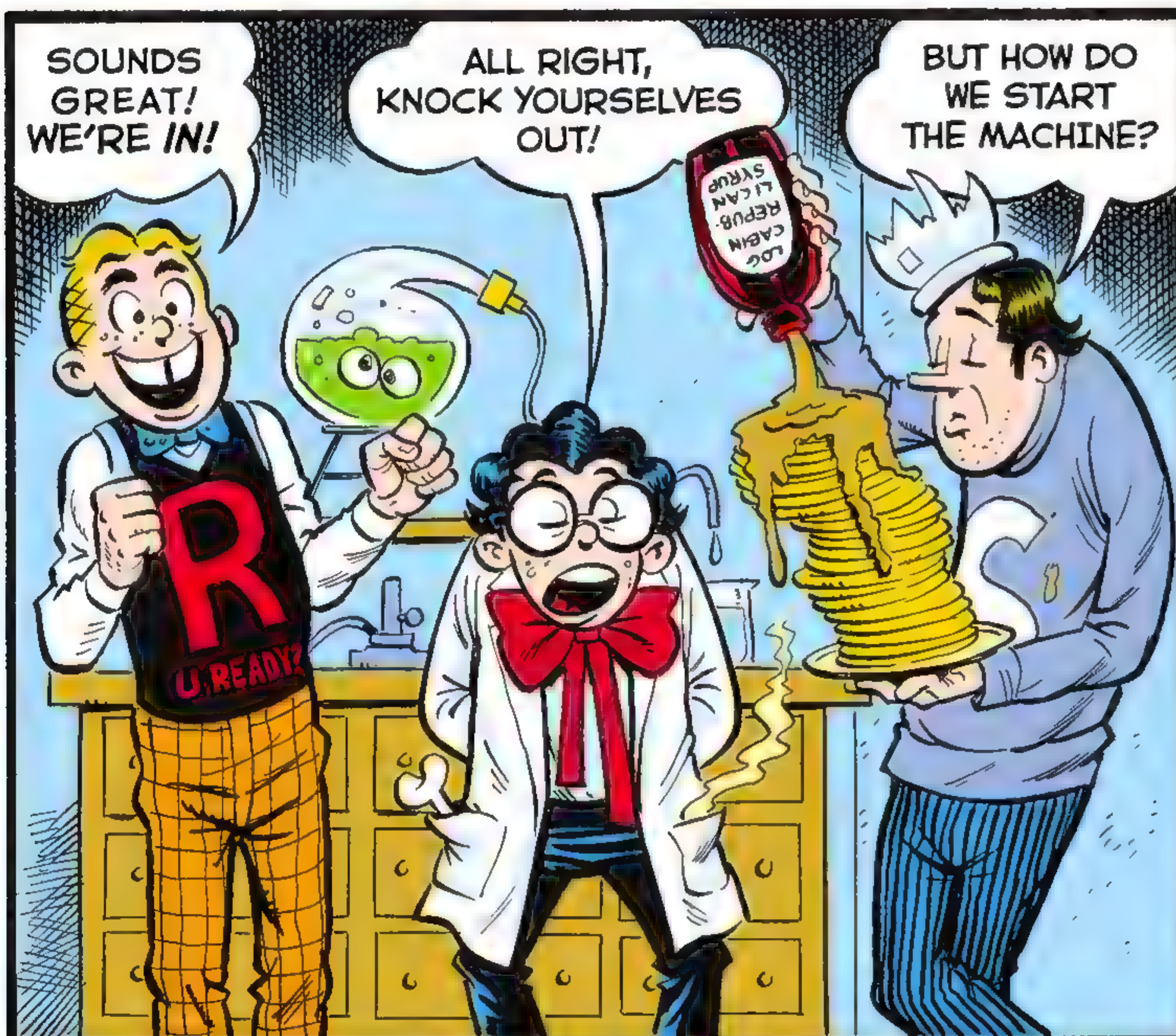
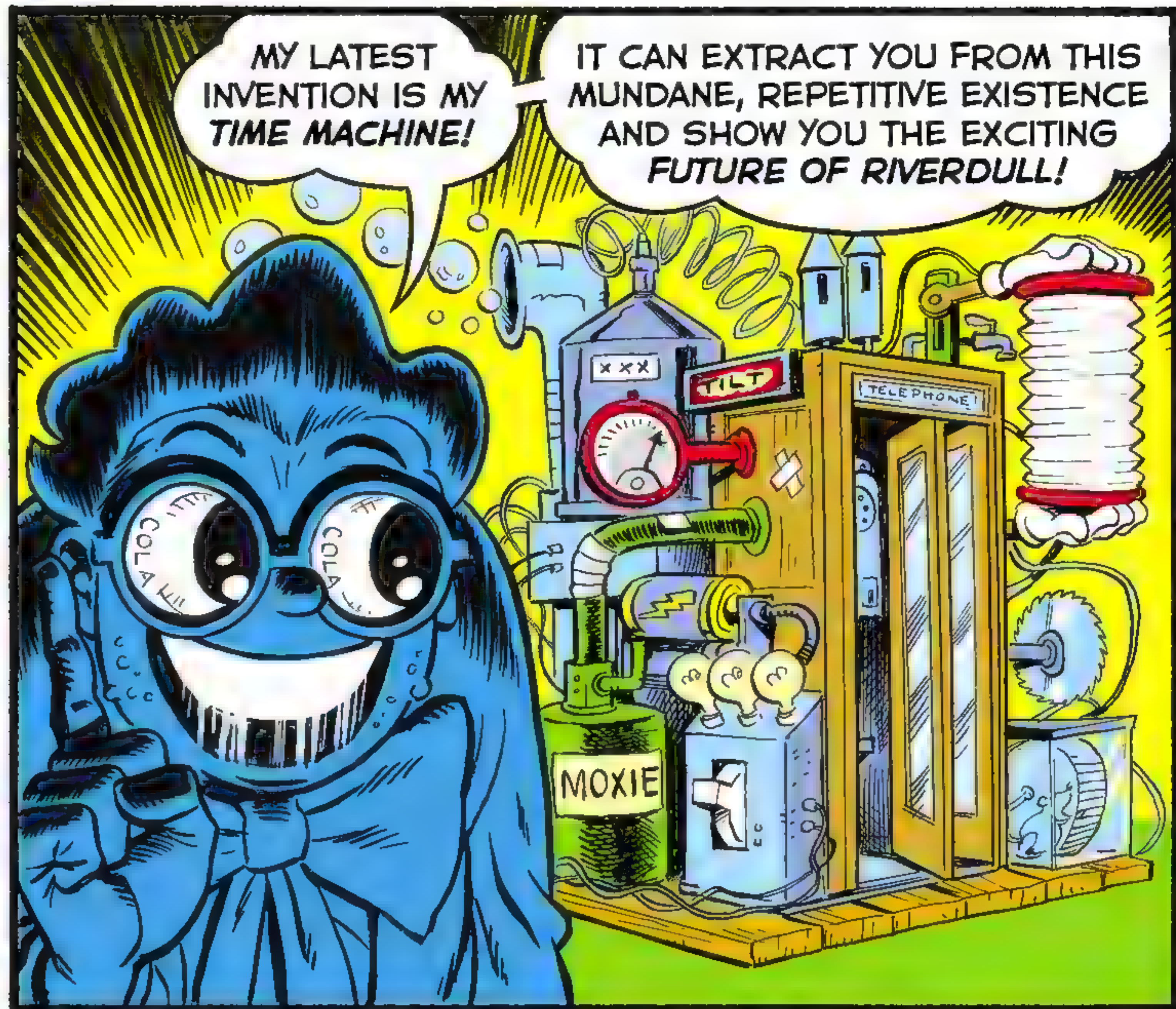
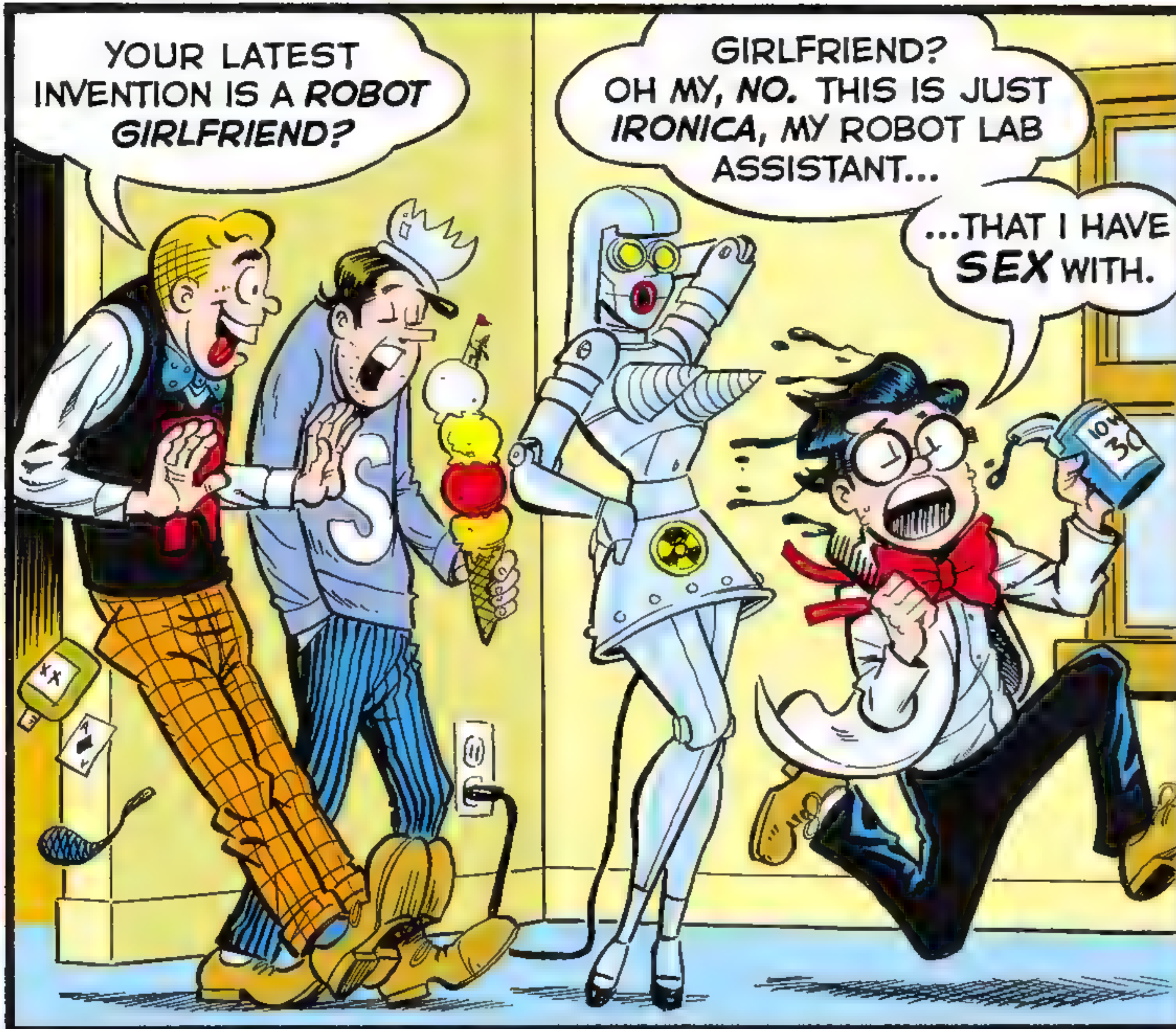


Starchie

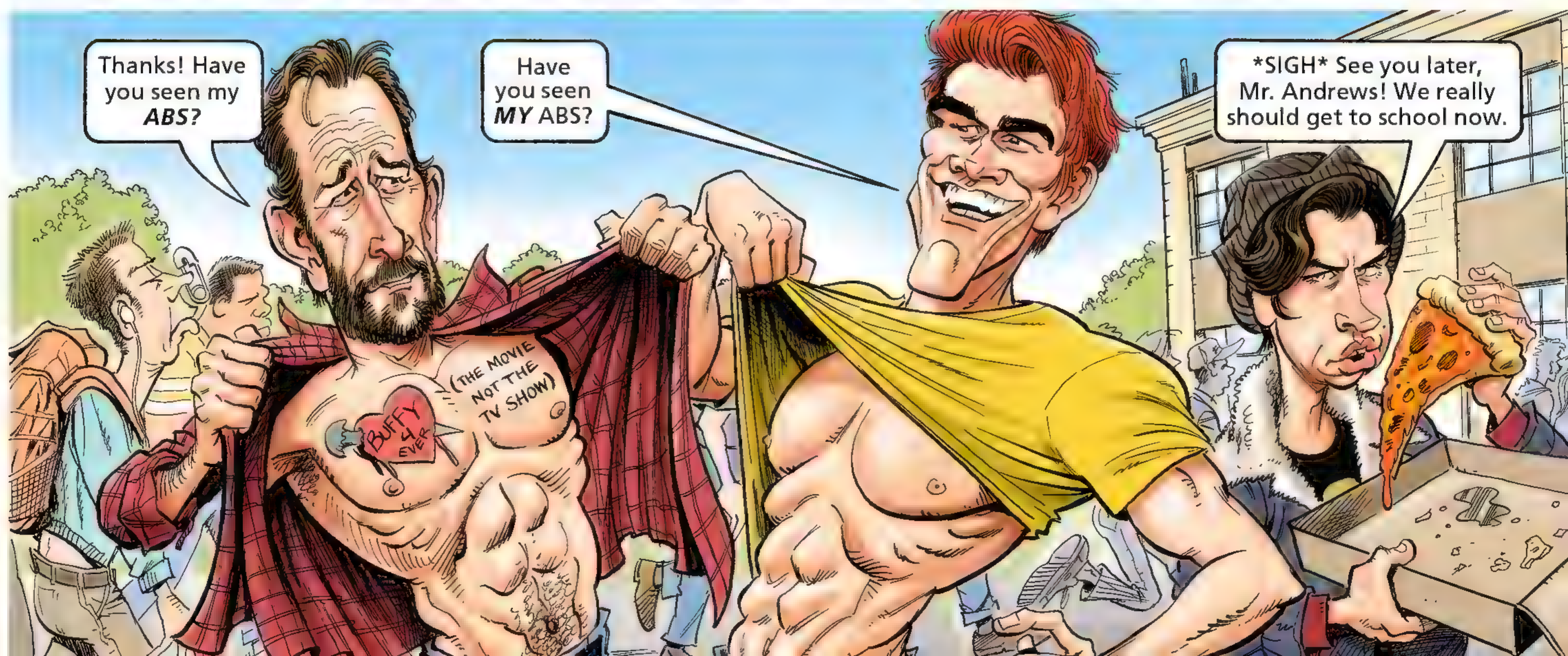
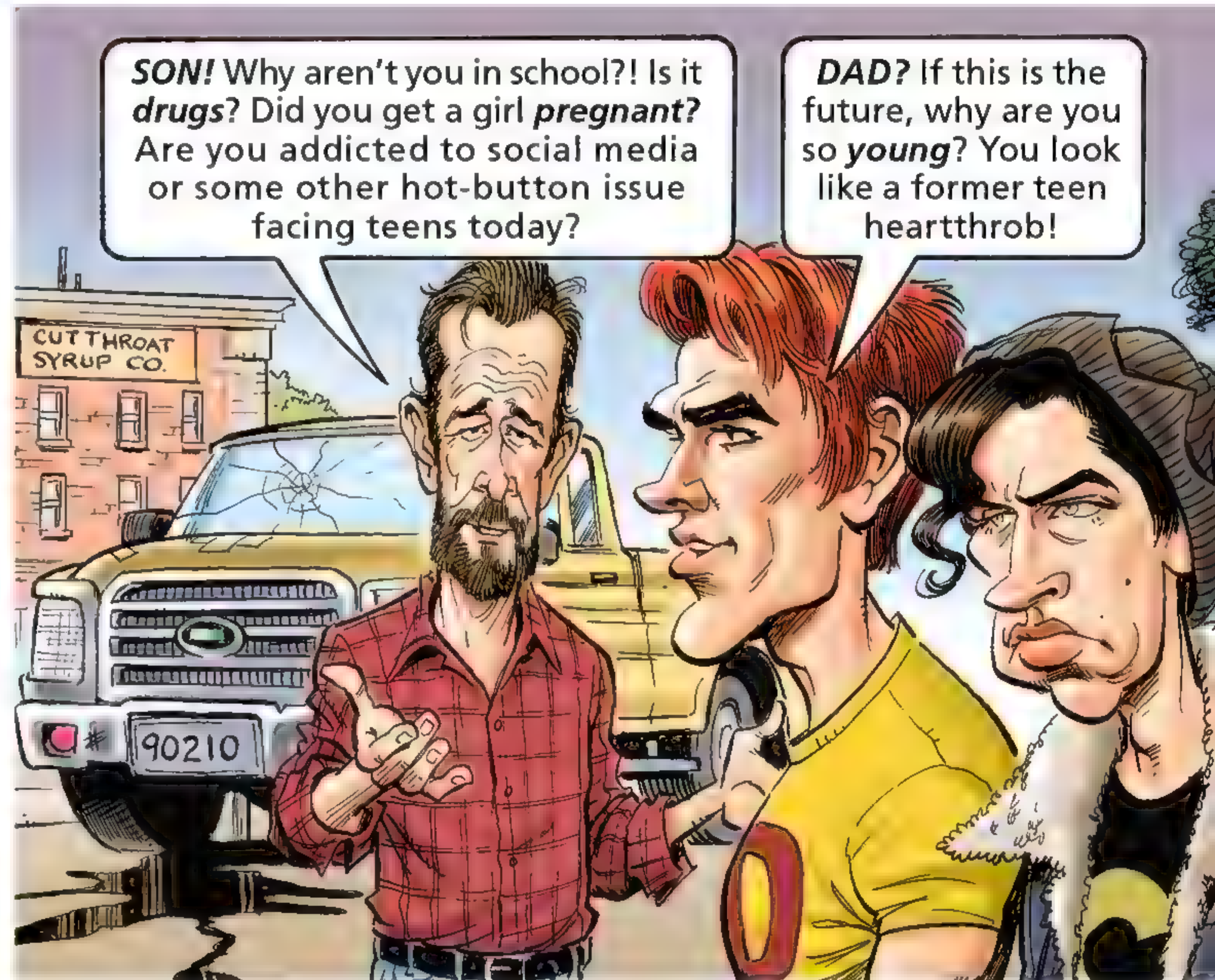
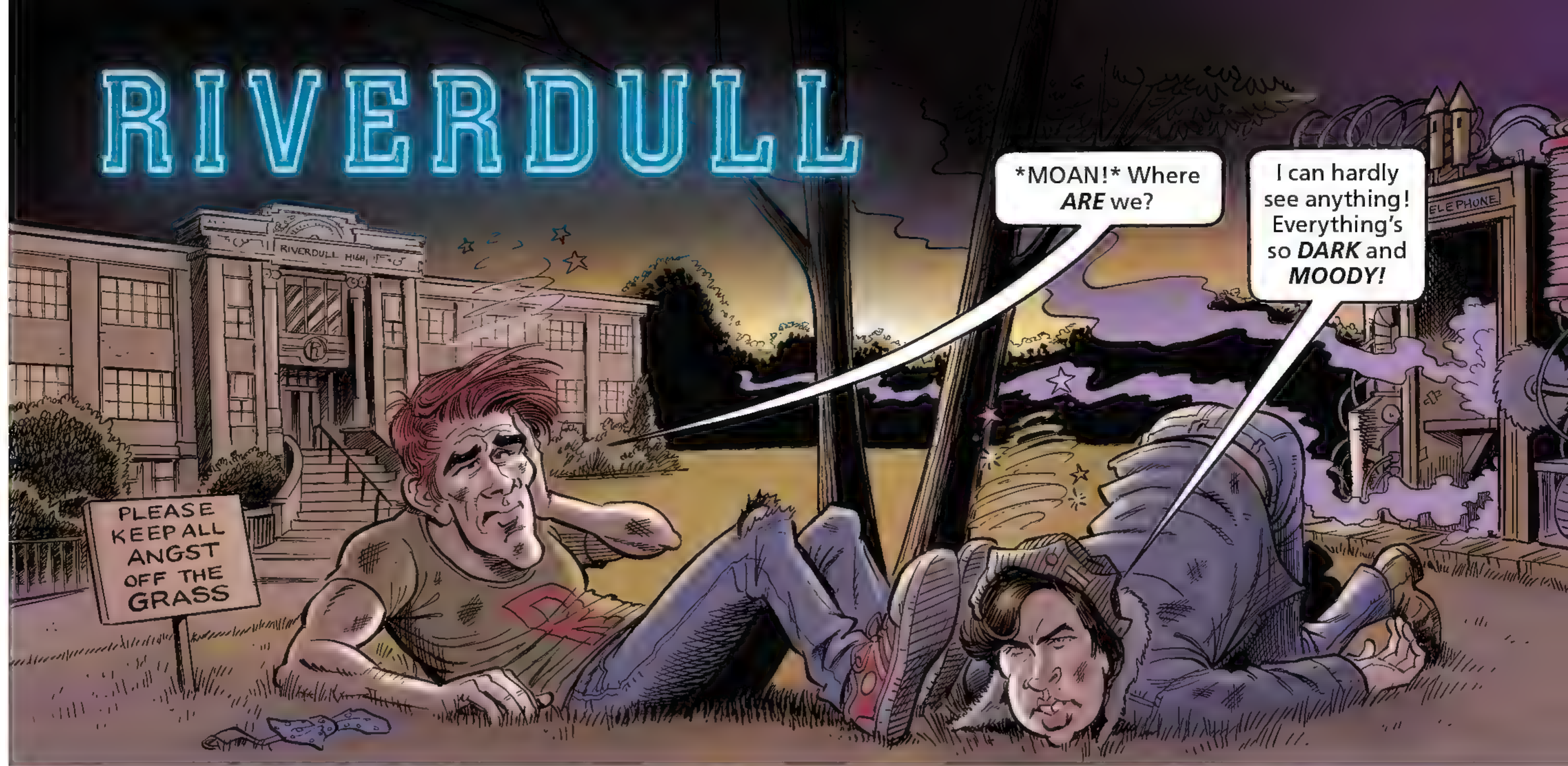
RECONSTITUTED

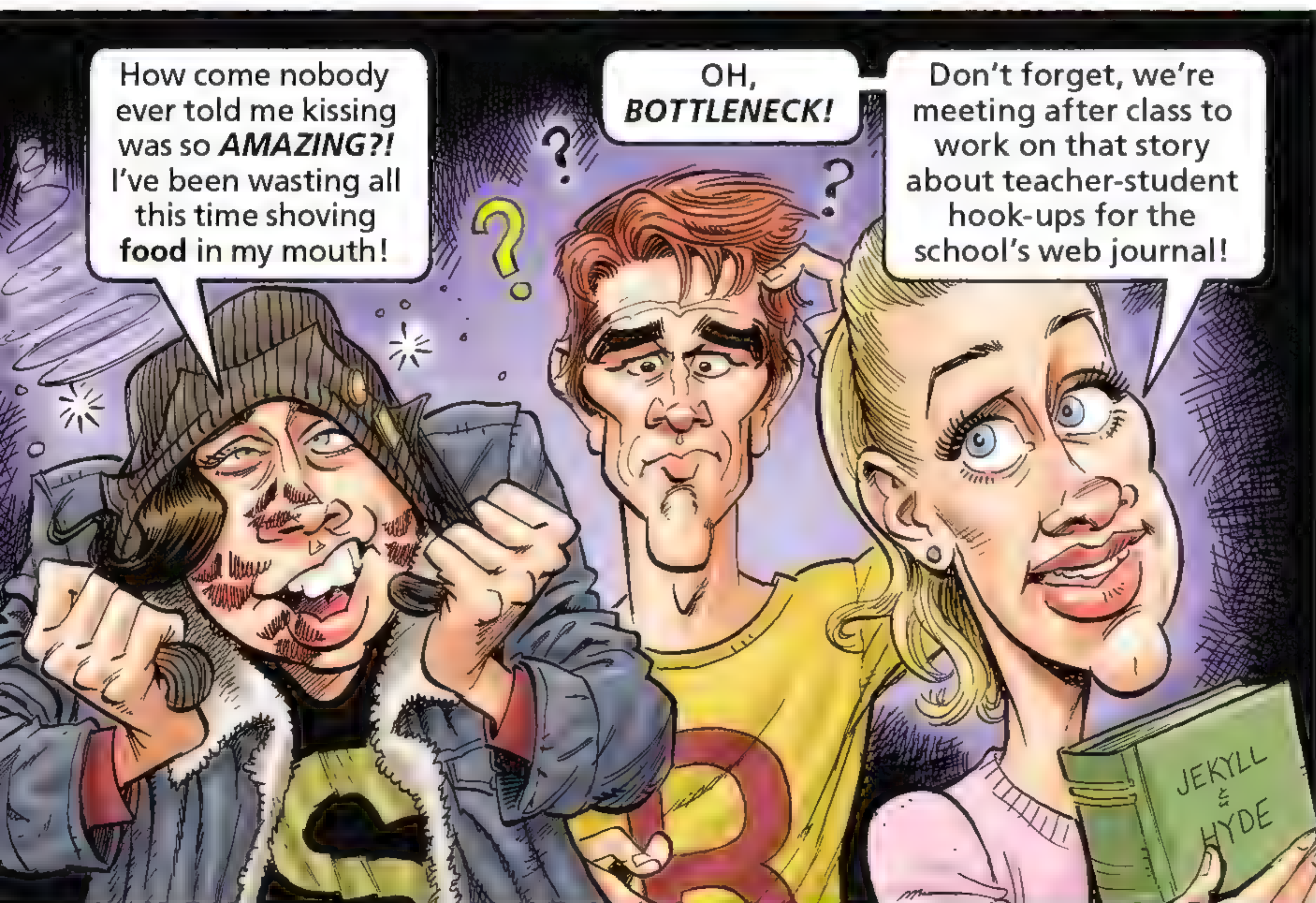
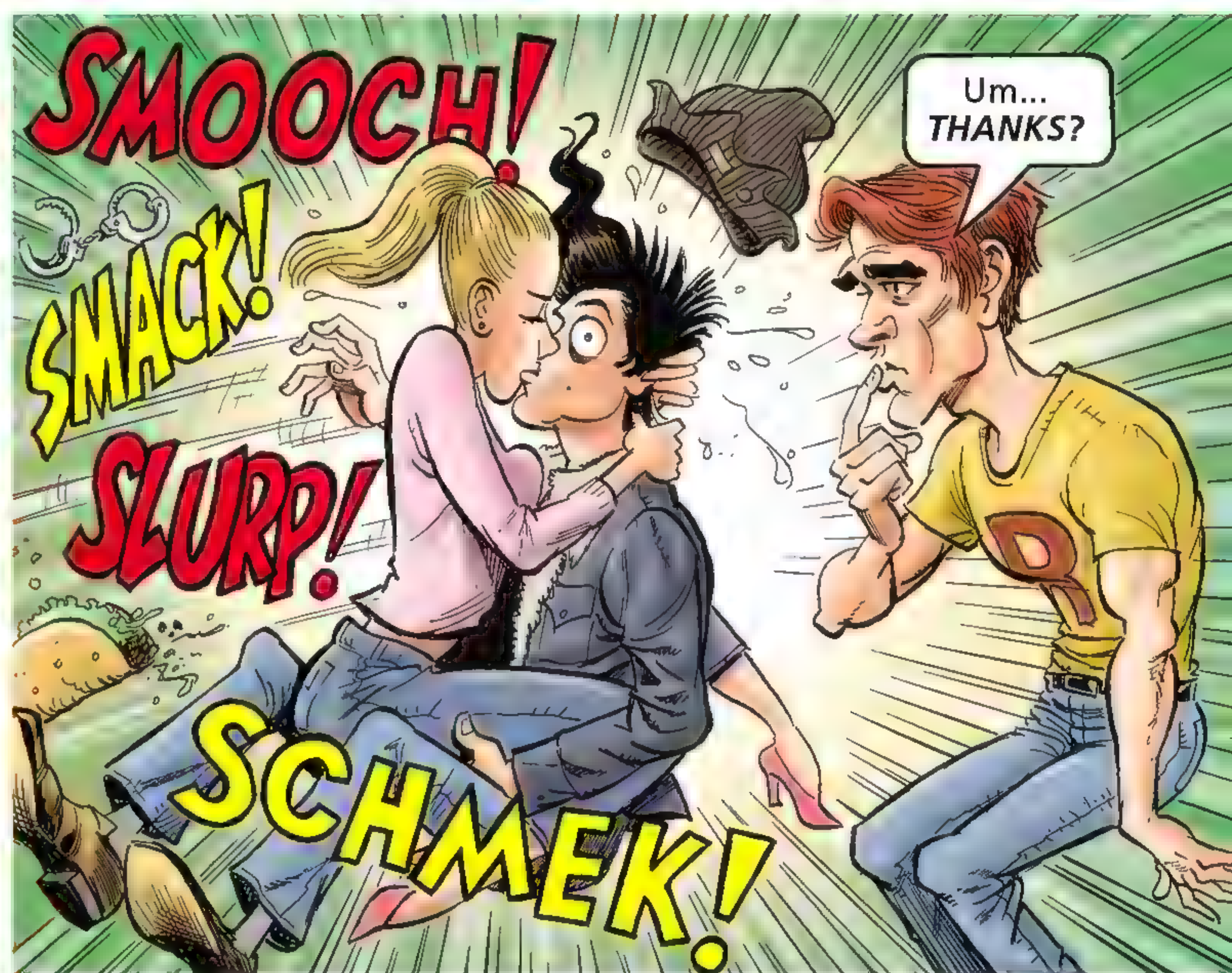
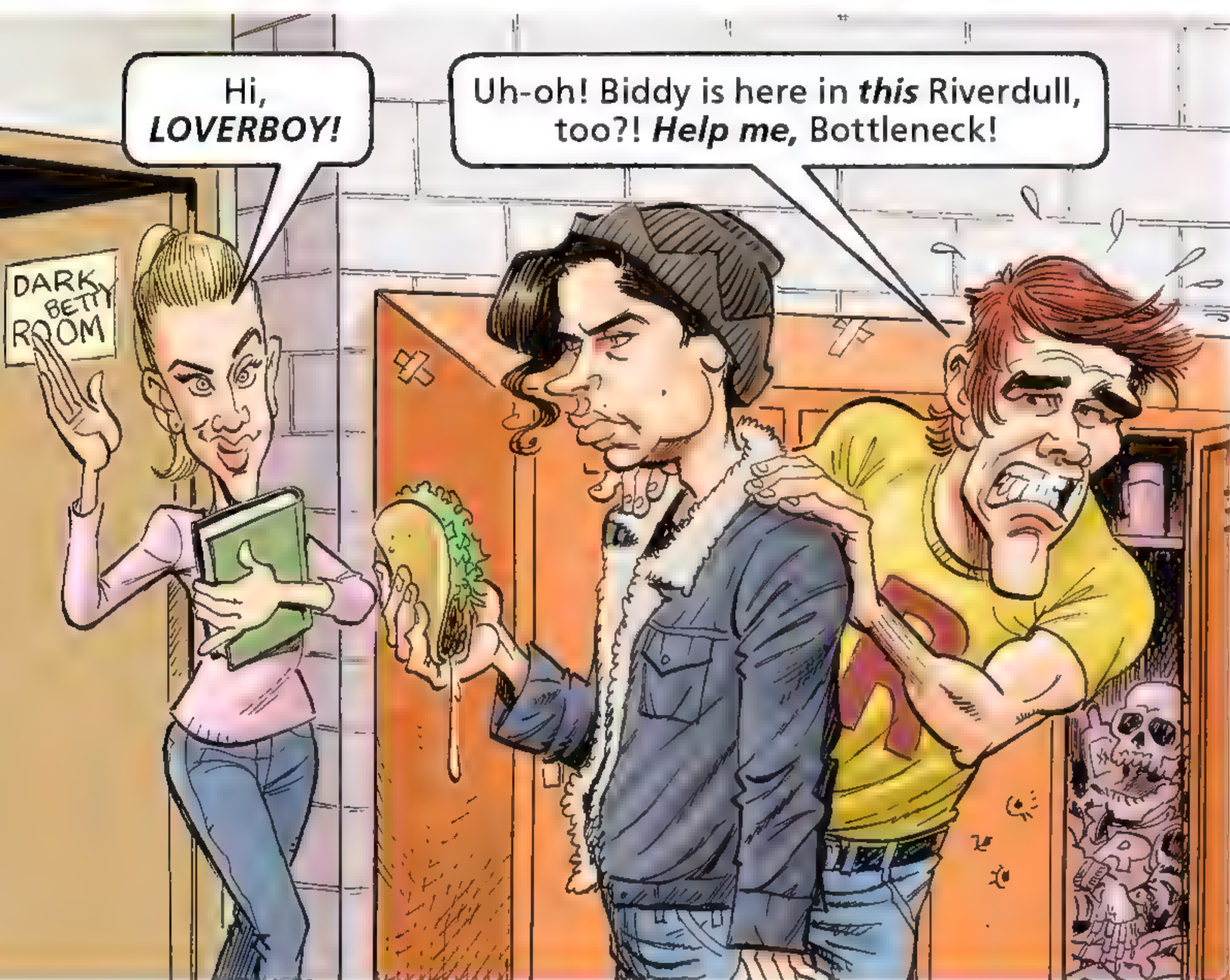


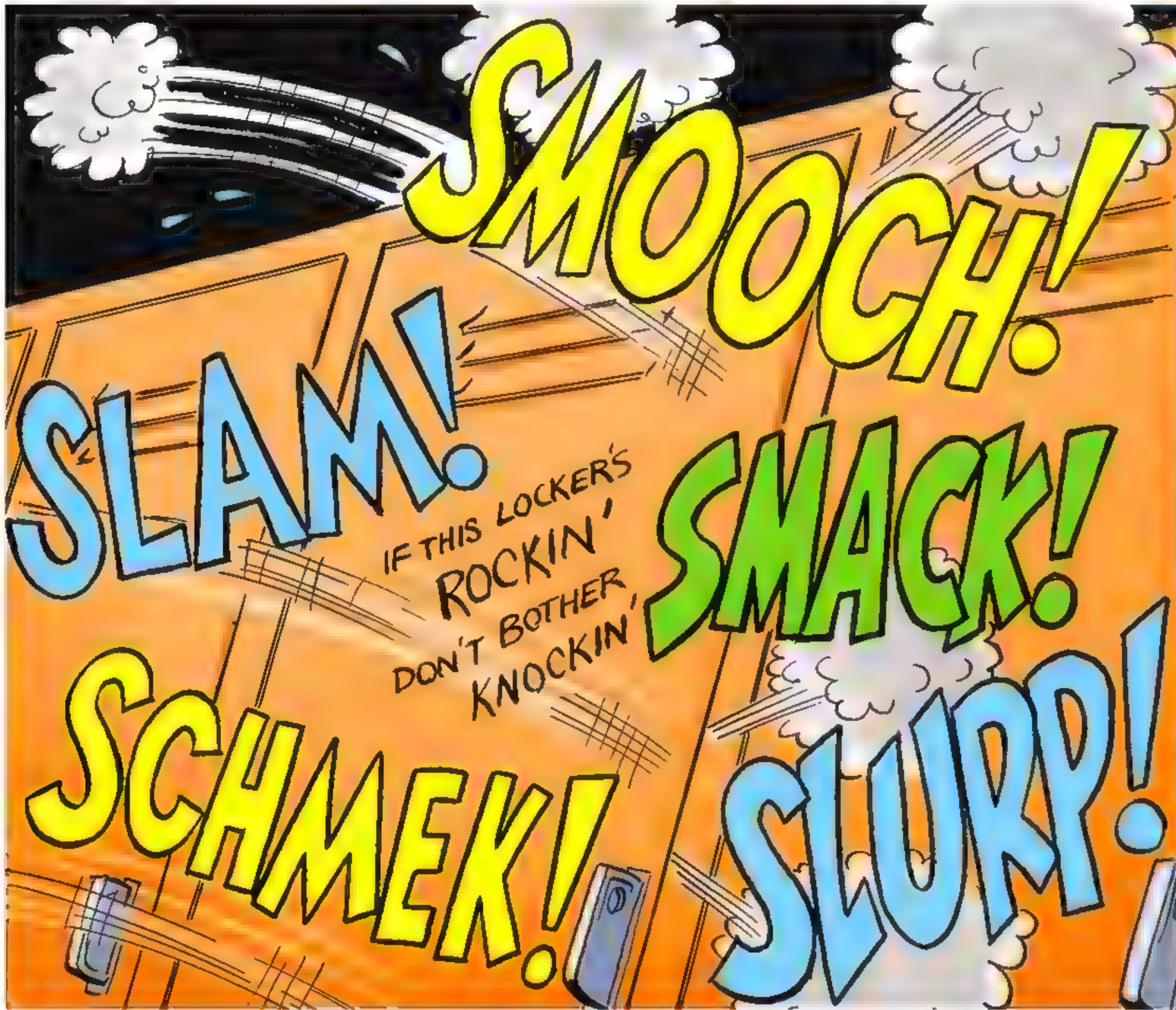
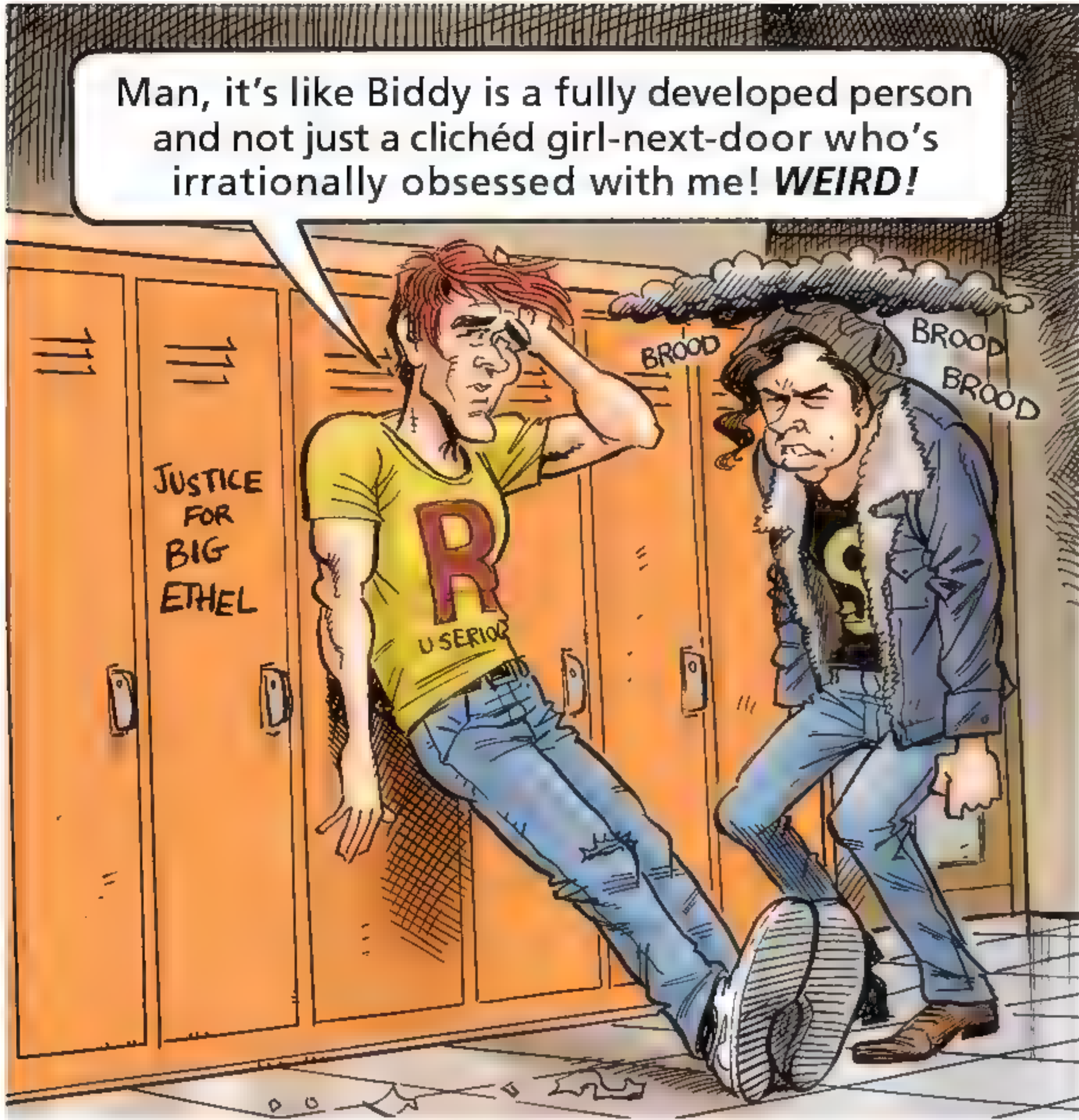


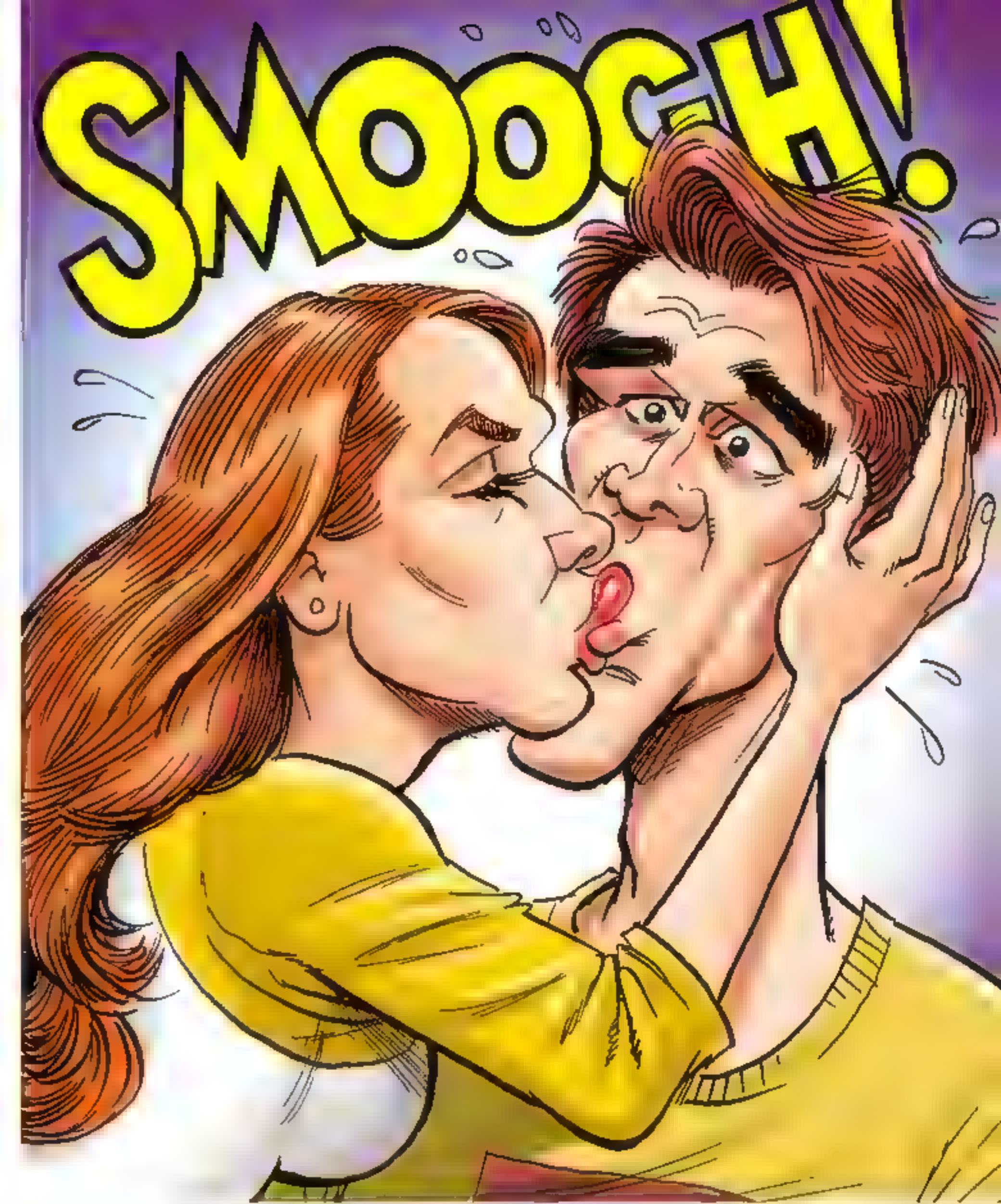


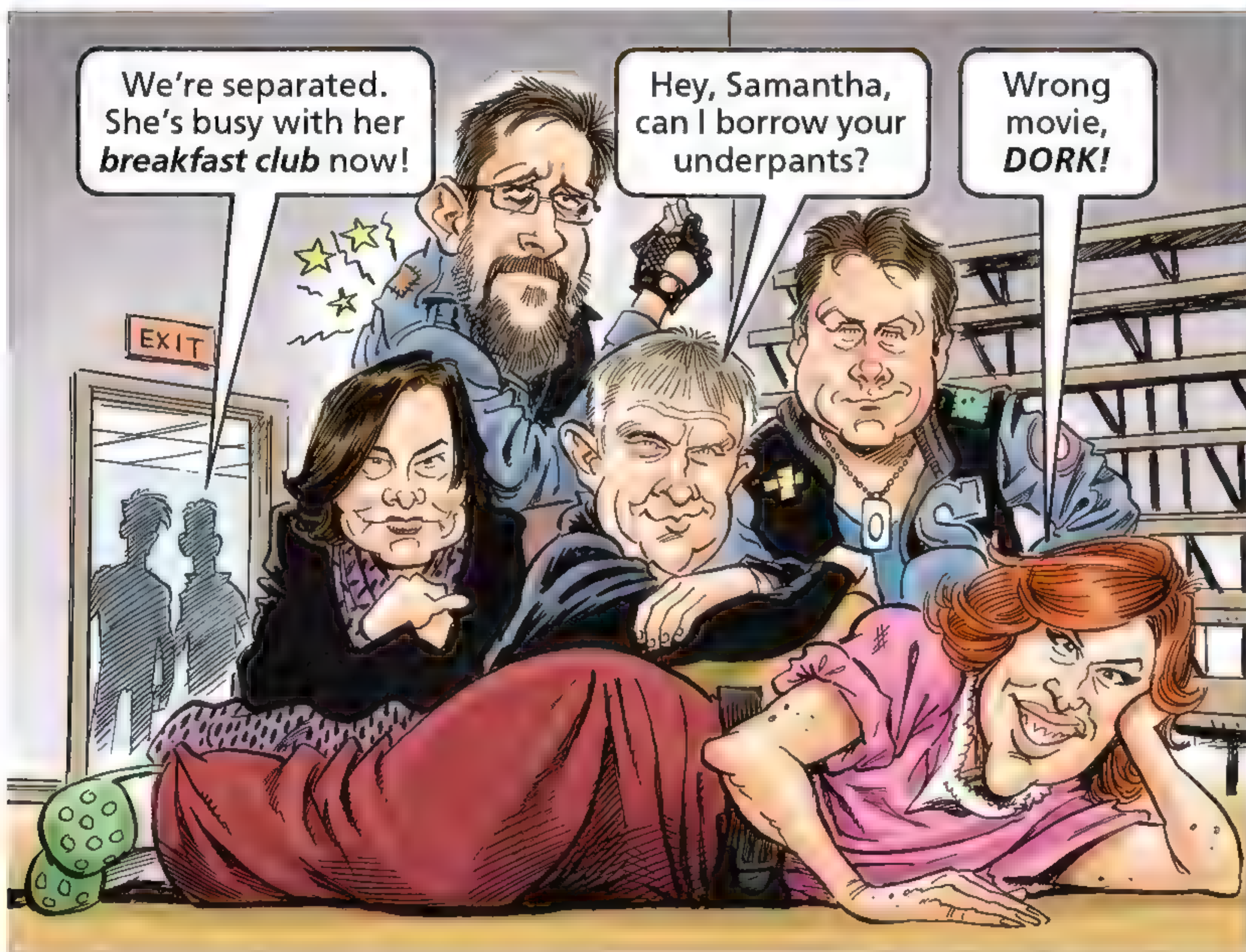
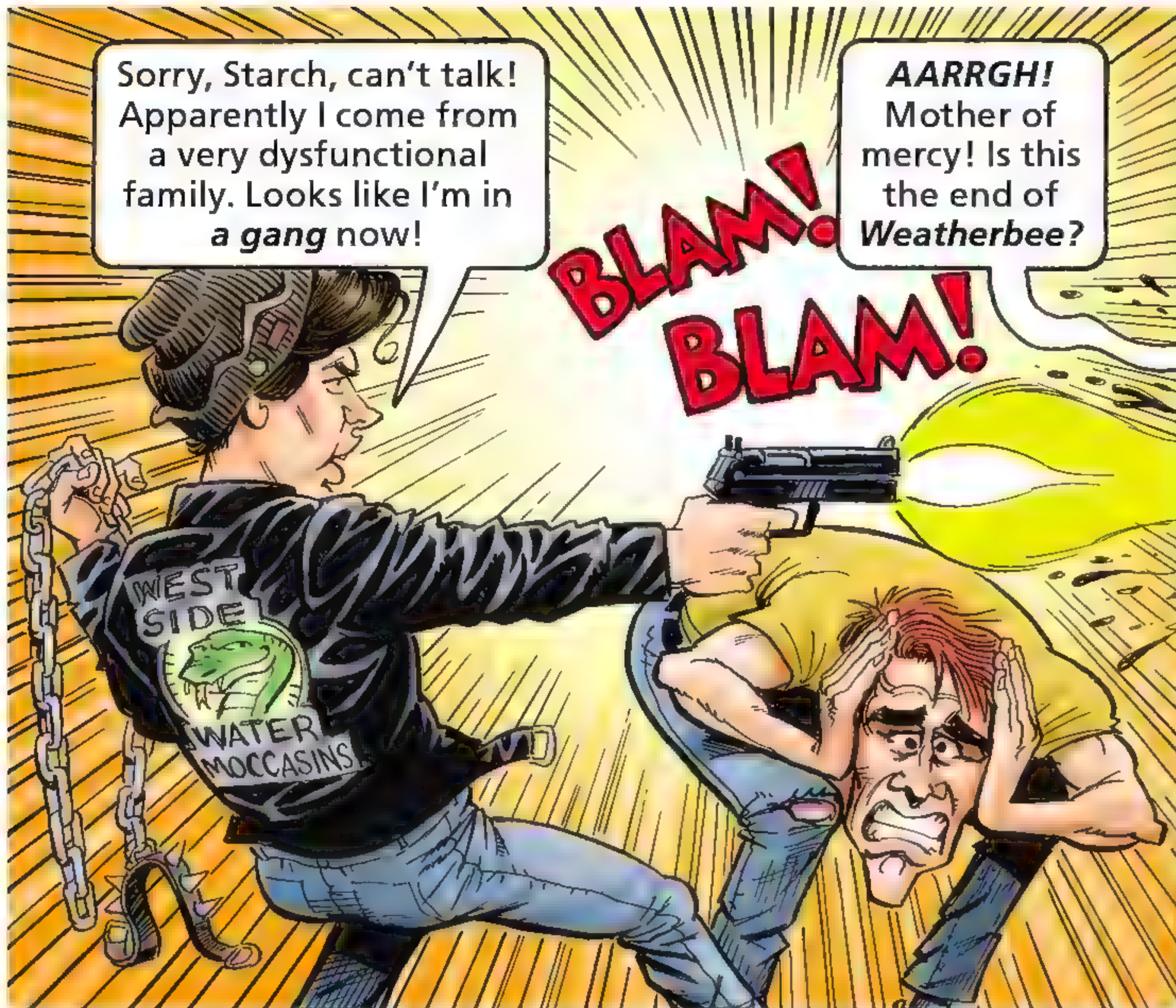
RIVERDULL

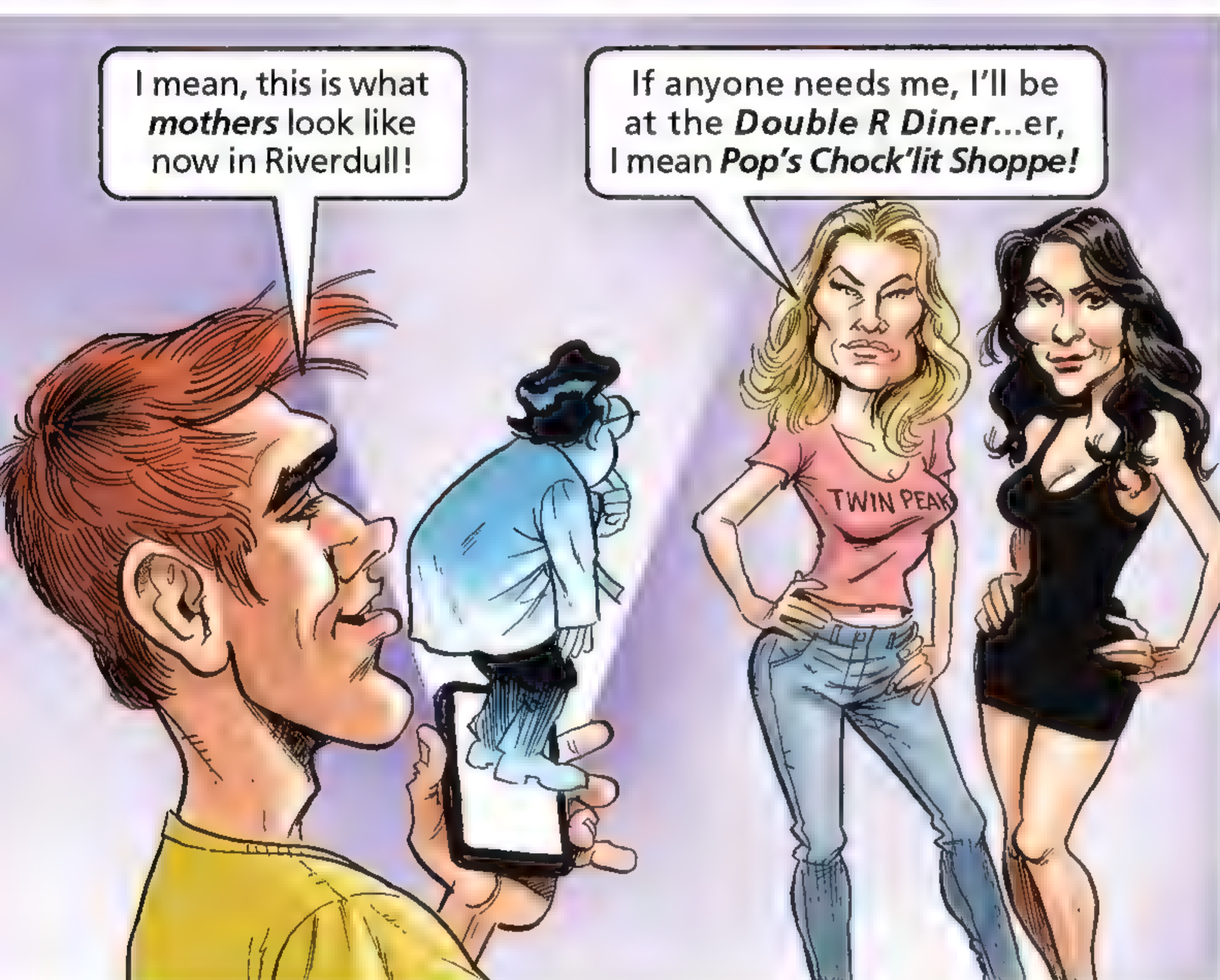














TOO TRUE TO BE GOOD DEPT.

MOVIES WE'D LIKE TO SEE (ON THE CUTTING ROOM FLOOR)

FROM THE PEOPLE WHO BROUGHT YOU "ACTIVE SHOOTER" AS A DAILY OCCURRENCE

HIS EASY ACCESS
IS OUR HARD LUCK

THOUGHTS AND PRAYERS ETC. PRESENTS

GUNMAN

LOCKED, LOADED, AND LEGALLY PURCHASED

COMING TO A THEATER NEAR YOU

OR MAYBE YOUR OFFICE OR YOUR SCHOOL OR YOUR CHURCH OR A CONCERT OR A MALL...

2ND AMENDMENT
FILMS

Download Free AR-15 GUNFIRE Ringtone

R **REALLY?!!**
ANY MUTJOB CAN GET THEIR HANDS ON
A SEMI-AUTOMATIC RIFLE BECAUSE...
...THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE TO GUN DOWN
OTHER PEOPLE SHALL NOT BE INFRINGED

WRITER & ARTIST MARY TRAINOR

PEARLS OF WISDOM A **YOUNG TRUMP** MAY HAVE OVERHEARD



"A penny saved is my penny. Who cares if it's earned? Give me your penny."

"I can't fix you, but a doctor can fix that tail."

"Please don't tell my son that I'm an immigrant. He'll start shrieking."

"Abandoning your children at Coney Island for a few days builds character."

"I hope Donald grows up to be a wonderful person, or at least a person."

"Donald? I never breastfed him. I chewed up raw steaks and spit them into his mouth."

"When lil' Donnie misbehaves, I tell him his ratings are down."

"I've never actually made love to my husband. He impregnated me with his raw rage."

"Jesus believed in philanthropy, and we all know how that worked out for him."

WRITER DAN TELFER ARTIST ALEJANDRO IRIVAS

THE WORST THINGS WE GOT IN OUR EASTER BASKETS

Cadbury Mystery-Cream Eggs

What sort of cream did some cad bury in these eggs? That's a mystery we don't intend to solve!

Hair Hare

This toy bunny seemed cuddly—until we realized he was made from hairbrush remnants.

K-Y Jelly Beans

Turned out we weren't supposed to put these in our mouths.

Hershey's Rabbit Pellets

The most unsavory-looking Hershey's-related thing since the Squirts.

Peeps-Show Erotic Candy

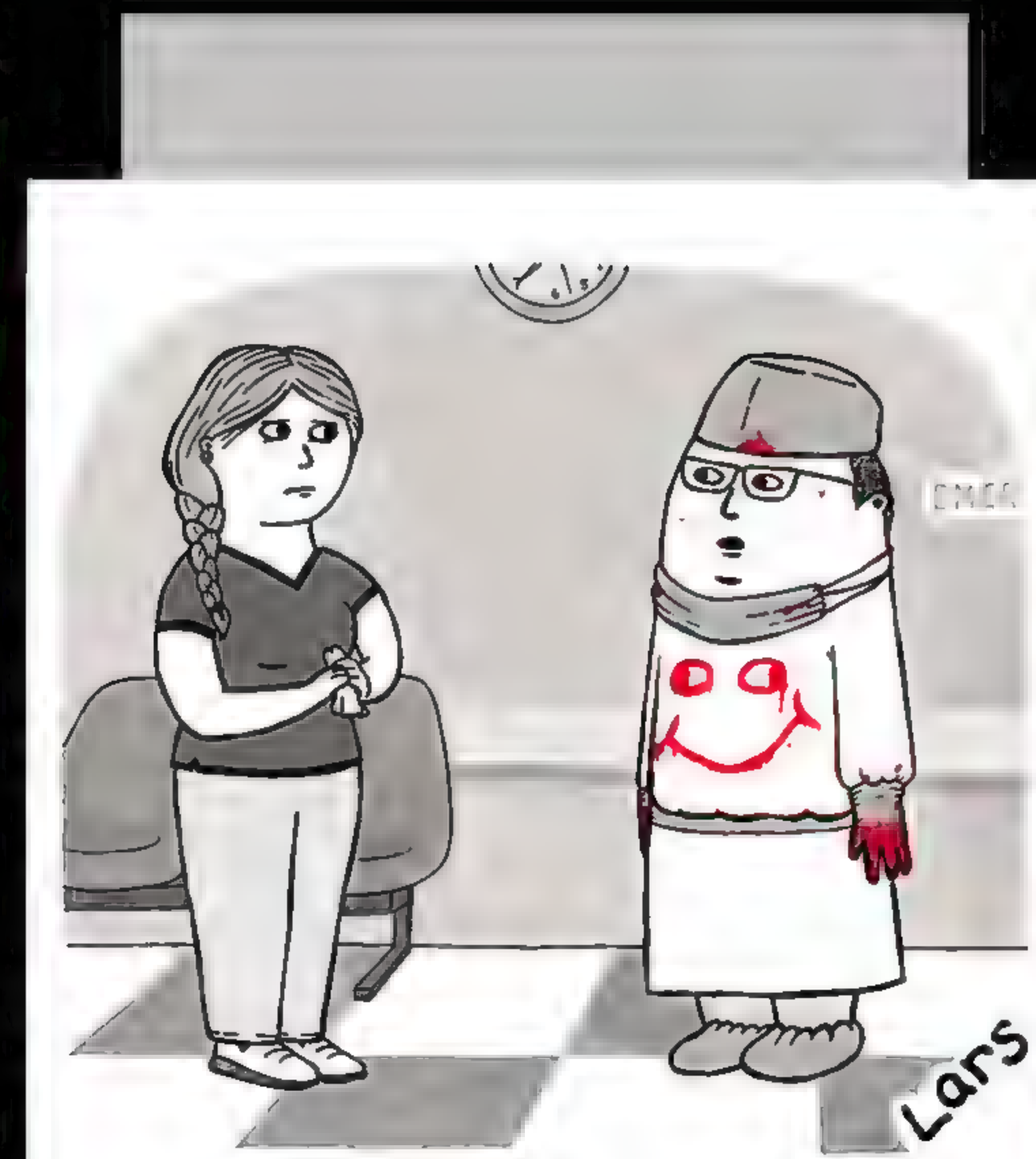
These chicks taste sweet, but their racy poses seared our eyes even through the cellophane.

Medical-Grade Easter Grass

Instead of the pretty pastel plastic kind, we got dull clumps of ganja. Though we reluctantly consumed it all immediately, the grass gave us the munchies and made us eat the other crap in this basket.



ARTIST MICHAEL C. FALK
WRITER PAULA SEVENBERGEN



"We did all we could... and some things we probably shouldn't."

WRITER & ARTIST LARS KENSETH



WRITER & ARTIST PETER KUPER

NEW STATE MARIJUANA LAWS



WRITER KENNY KEIL

CALIFORNIA

Due to extreme drought conditions, bong water can only be changed out once a month.

WASHINGTON

Recreational cannabis is completely customizable and available in tall, grande, and venti sizes.

TEXAS

Buying and selling marijuana is prohibited but, thanks to a gun show loophole, can be given away for free with the purchase of an assault rifle.

MISSOURI

Having marijuana is a Class 1 felony, thanks to the lobbying power of Big Meth.

ALASKA

It's legal for those suffering from moose attacks or moose attack-related anxieties.

ARKANSAS

Intent to distribute is still considered a Class 4 felony, right up there with burglary, vehicular manslaughter, and teaching evolution.

DELAWARE

Possession is a crime punishable by up to 15 years in Delaware.

NEW FRONTIERS OF GENTRIFICATION

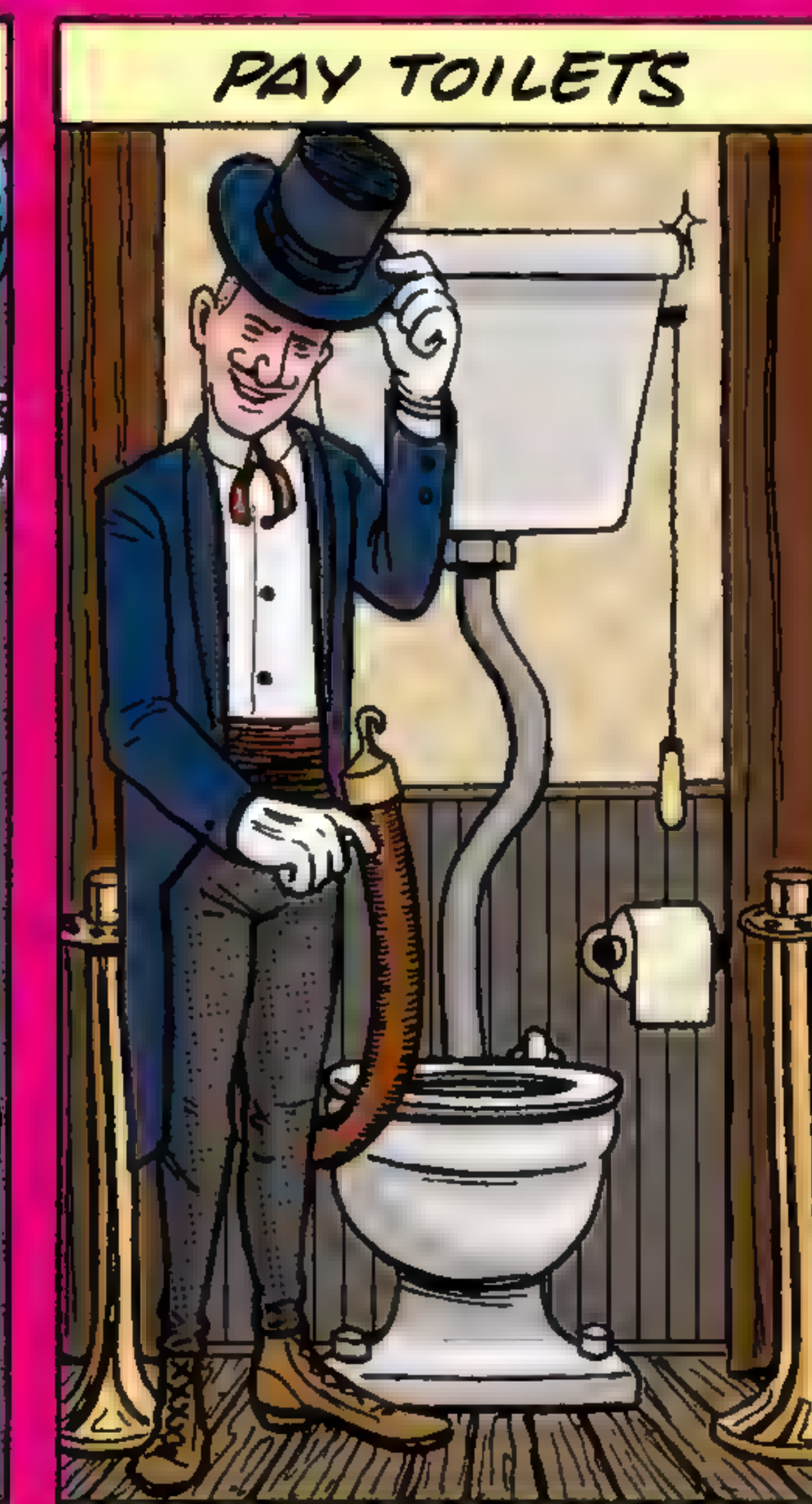
ARTISANAL EVERYTHING? BRING IT ON! WE CAN'T WAIT TO BE PRICED OUT OF EXISTENCE!



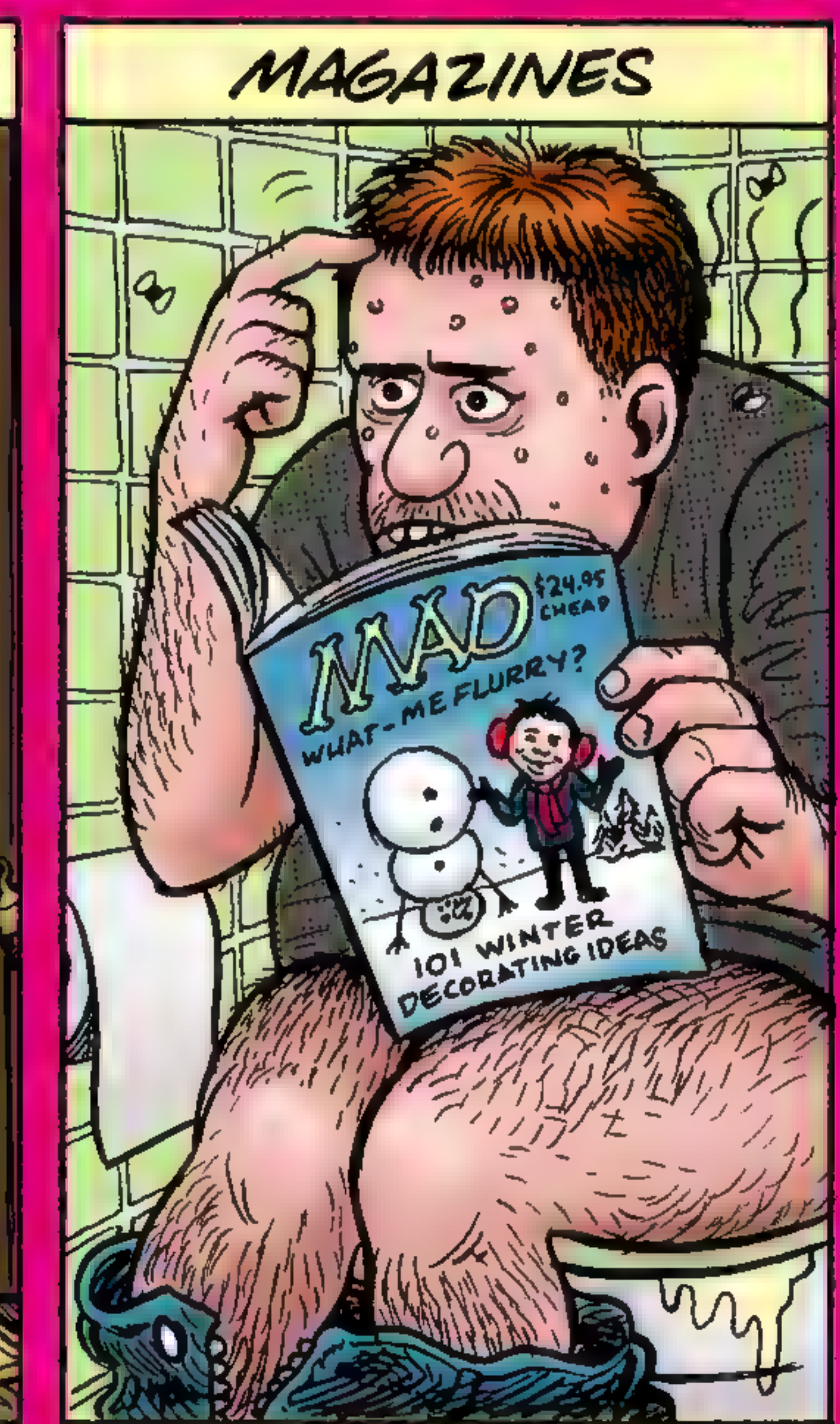
THE SAME NUTRITIONALLY DEFICIENT GARBAGE YOU'VE COME TO EXPECT, BUT DORITOS ARE IRONICALLY \$8.



BLUEBIRDS CARRY YOUR DESTINATION-WEDDING INVITE TO YOUR EX-BOYFRIEND'S STUDIO APARTMENT.



THEY COST \$14 TO USE, BUT THE TOILET PAPER IS VEGAN.



THE NEXT ISSUE OF MAD WILL BE "CURATED" BY A 23-YEAR-OLD LIFESTYLE BLOGGER NAMED BRYNN.

WRITER MEGAN KOESTER ARTIST JOHNNY SAMPSON



WRITER & ARTIST JASON CHATFIELD



WRITER & ARTIST JOHNNY SAMPSON



THAT 'MAKE AMERICA GREAT AGAIN' THING SO FAR

WRITER & ARTIST BOB ECKSTEIN



"IT'S HARD NOT TO ASSUME A KID JUST GOT ABDUCTED, HUH?"

WRITER & ARTIST CHRIS FAIRBANKS

PORN ADS FOR WOMEN

WRITER ALISON STEVENSON

ME ALONE

WRITER ALLIE GOERTZ ARTIST NICOLE GEORGES
COLORIST DOUG THOMSON





BETTER OFF BONKERS

I've been reading MAD for nearly 70 years.

Back then comics were 5 cents and MAD was 10. Throughout school, 4 years in the Air Force, and 37 years in the Baltimore City Fire Department, I've had schoolmates, fellow workers, and family hint that I may have mental problems. I've been wondering if my reading MAD may have influenced these conclusions. Have any of your other readers ever had similar thoughts?

Bob Hatoff, Rosedale, MD

Hats Off to You, Bob—We like the way you think. For some reason, the best psych wards all ban MAD from their premises (probably because it would cure all their patients and they'd be out of business). Next time your family calls you crazy, tell them how crazy you'd be without MAD!

—Alex Taffer,
MAD Intern and Chief Letter Answerer

A FUN LITTLE INTERNATIONAL HEALTH CRISIS

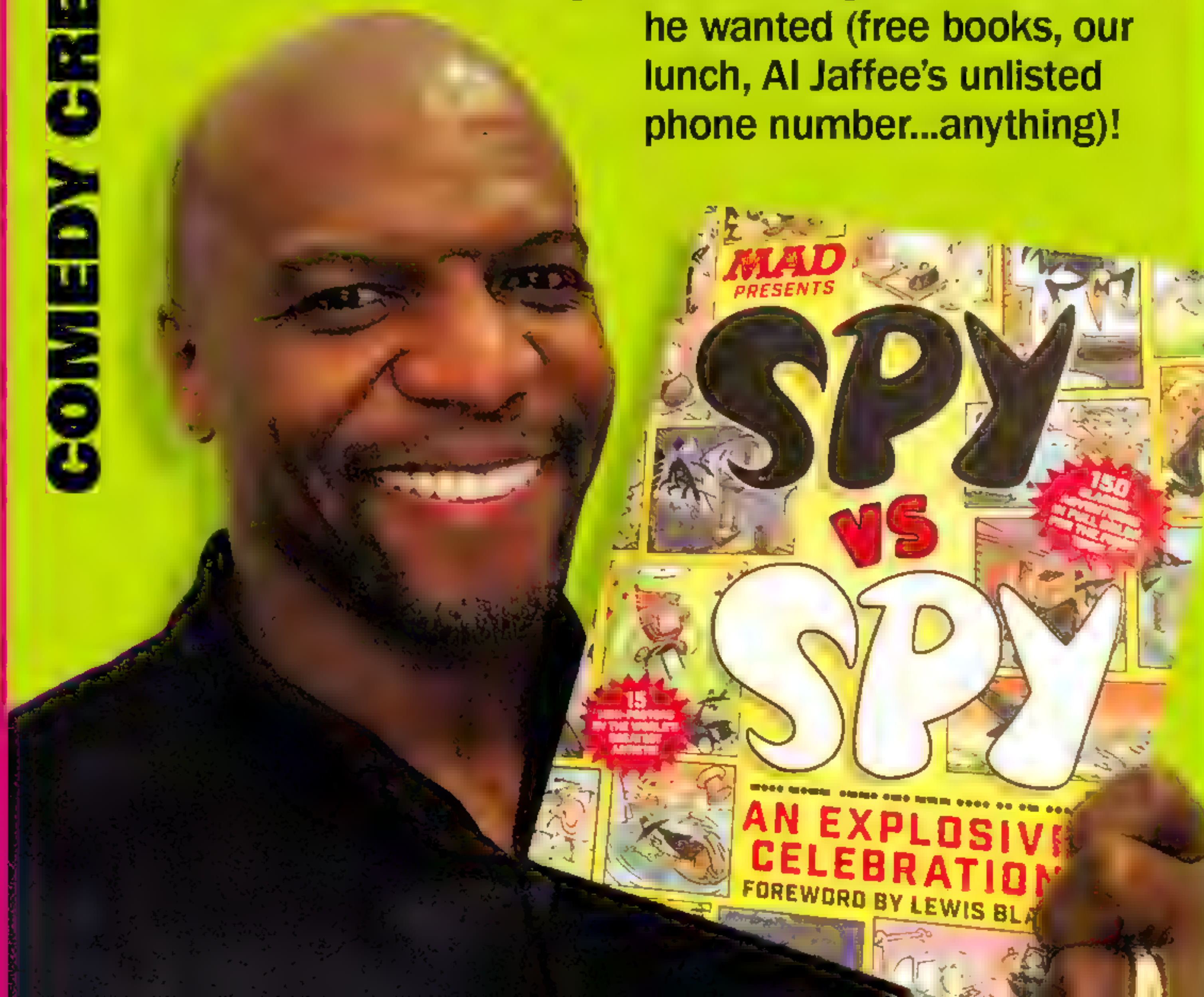
I had not read your magazine since the early '90s. A few years back, while cleaning out a storage room at work, I came across an issue hiding behind a stack of file boxes. After reading it from back to front (that's how we read here in Canada!), I could not understand how as a youth I could enjoy such a piece of crap. I have bought every issue since then and feel my brain might be imploding. I am under the belief that, like KFC, there is some sort of addictive masochistic drug in your product. I therefore have sent a sealed copy to Health Canada for their inspection in the hope that they ban its import.

**Wayne Donovan,
Ottawa, Ontario, Canada**

Whistle-Blowin' Wayne—The only thing addictive in our magazine is the humor! That said, Health Canada recently ordered a bucketful of "original recipe MADs" and a side of mashed potatoes for "research." That's crazy. We stopped serving mashed potatoes years ago! Anyway, sorry about your brain! —AT

COMEDY CREWS

Brooklyn Nine-Nine's **Terry Crews** stopped by the MAD office recently! And because he had oodles of charm and intimidating muscles, we gave him whatever he wanted (free books, our lunch, Al Jaffee's unlisted phone number...anything!)



ALFRED LOOK-ALIKE OF THE ISSUE



Thank goodness for young reader

Derek Mahoney, a class president to replace our current crass president! Derek, is it safe to assume your "What—Me Worry?" slogan worked and you now rule the school? Better get busy fulfilling those campaign promises! Have you built that wall between your grade and the lower classes yet? And don't forget those annoying teachers! "LOCK THEM UP! LOCK THEM UP!"

TWO FOR THE AGED

In Issue 501, Oct. 2009, I had a letter published in MAD. You entitled it "One for the AGED." I was 75 and that was fun, even for someone my age. My nephew, who is now 41, told me he and his friends have tried to get a letter in MAD and none have managed it. This note is to report that I am still alive.

Bonnie Thoma, Yuba City, CA

Boasting Bonnie—Thanks for the update! We here at MAD firmly believe that spite and over-competitiveness extend one's lifespan, and we're happy to print this second letter so you can wave it in your nephew's face. To your upcoming 84th! —AT

BIGLY SHOES TO FILL

DONALD TRUMP'S SHOE BRAND
So, if Donald Trump had his own shoe brand, instead of converse, it would be Controverse, like controversy. And if you know, converse shoes are called Chuck Taylors. But his shoe brand, "Chuck Traitors."

Jackson Loudon,
Frankfort, KY.
Age: 7



Extremely Loudon and Incredibly Close—We think this is a great idea! Our president's many failed business ventures could have used someone who thinks outside the shoebox such as yourself! Imagine "Trump Stanks" instead of Trump Steaks (featuring rib-eyes full of real ribs and eyes!), "Trump Podka" instead of Trump Vodka (made with Tide Pods!), and *Celebrity at Dentist* instead of *Celebrity Apprentice* (a weekly hour of stars getting their teeth drilled without any painkillers)! Maybe if he'd been a more successful businessman, he wouldn't have had to run for president! —AT



NOT-SO-GOOD GRIEF

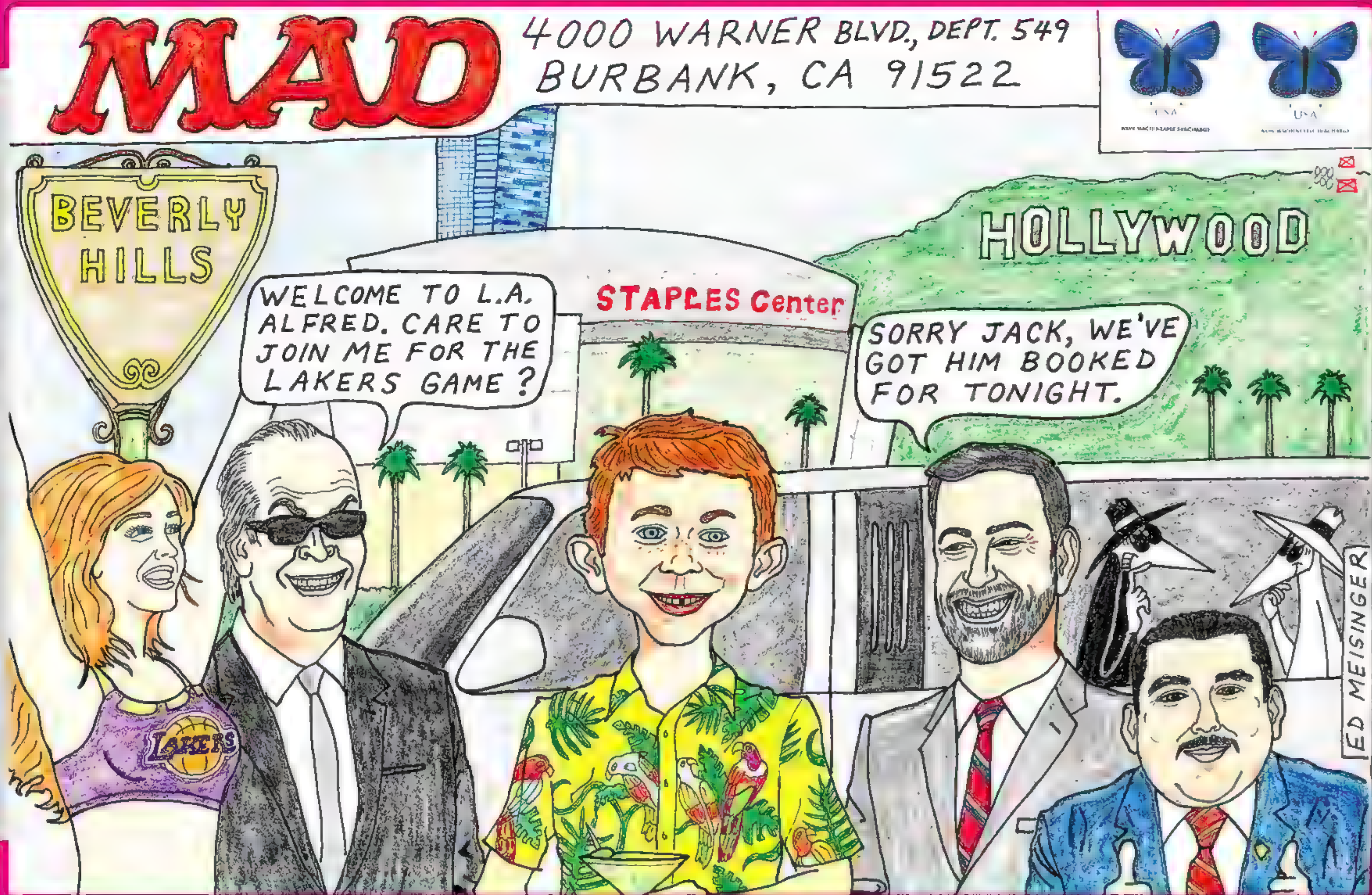
When I told a photography group that my interest in art had been influenced by the drawings of Charles Schulz and the artists of MAD Magazine,

they all laughed.

Do you think that I should conceal my love of *Peanuts*?

Tom Janzen, Maynard, MA

Jan-Zen Master—You're wise to surmise it was your love of Charlie Brown and not MAD that made people ridicule you. All those simple lines forming characters so cute you barely notice their underlying angst...how shifty! (And we're not saying that because we have *Peanuts* envy.) Flaunt only your MAD fandom to avoid future embarrassment. —AT



A MAD salute to **Ed Meisinger** of Mendota Heights, MN, who was willing to entrust the U.S. Postal Service with his beautifully illustrated envelope! Thanks for blowing through a whole deluxe box of Crayolas for us, Ed! A little tip on realism from us Los Angelenos: No Lakers cheerleader would ever get that close to Jack Nicholson.

Attached you will find a picture of four members of the Cannizzaro family: my grandfather Joe Jr., my father Joe III, Uncle George, and myself, Joey IV. You'll notice each is holding an issue of MAD from the decade when they were a kid. The purpose of this picture is to capture half of MAD's readership.

Joey Cannizzaro, Chicago, IL

Joey the Fourth—What a touching tribute this would be... if you hadn't said that a few average Joes (and a George) make up 50 percent of MAD's audience. We have more than eight readers, sir! But your photo is so adorbs (goofy jammies aside) that we'll let it slide. —AT



LIT-WIT

As Americans, we all have had to read a classic book during junior high or high school, and now it's my turn. My teacher told me to read a classic, and I was wondering if I could argue that MAD is one, since you guys started in the '50s. Could you write me a letter back that I can give my teacher telling her MAD is a classic? Thanks, and keep up your amazing satire!

Jared Hall, Halifax, MA

Study, Hall—As Americans, we've indeed experienced this classics-reading ritual you wish to escape. Don't worry, we've got you covered! Just show the following to your teacher:

Dear Privileged Educator of Jared Hall, Let's face it: Moby Dick is beneath this kid. Luckily, his literature of choice, MAD, also contains bits about a bloated mammal and maniacal obsession, and that's just the Trump stuff. There's plenty here that can prepare your student to be—like Dick's Ahab—a rebellious, ranting citizen.

You're welcome, Jared. —AT

SPECIAL THANKS

We're MADly indebted to John Ficarra, Sam Viviano, Charlie Kadau, Joe Raiola, Dave Croatto, Jacob Lambert, Ryan Flanders, and Patricia Dwyer for their wisdom and guidance, and for still taking our calls. We also want to thank ALL the MAD geniuses and Idiots who have gone before us. You raised the bar pretty high, so we'll raise a glass to you at the bar.

Each day we receive dozens of letters ranging from "barely legible" to "we should report this to the proper authorities." And though most are doomed to be fed into the MAD intern's shredder, occasionally we stumble upon a perfect candidate for...

THE MADIFESTO

Dear MAD,

Life didn't used to be so easy, if you ask me. Until stilts came along, honest jobs like apricot-picking, drywall repair, and swamp-walking were guaranteed death sentences. "Necessity is the mother of invention," they say, which I suppose makes me the father!

I invented stilts, is what I'm saying. I was hailed as a hero at first. You've never seen such happy, still-alive snake-feeders! Stilts were eventually taken for granted, which I suppose was to be expected. But nowadays, I've noticed a troubling trend: Stilts are being used to spit in the face of God Himself (I mean this figuratively—nobody has made a pair of stilts that tall).

This past Fourth of July, I saw a man in a parade dressed as Uncle Sam. You'd think that would be enough to get the crowd going, but apparently it's not, because get this: He was also on stilts! Children and adults marveled, not because this man was repairing a thatched roof or fording a swollen creek, but simply because he was "being tall." One nearby father shouted, "Look at the size of those pants!" and everybody laughed and laughed. I hurled my waffle cone at him for encouraging our Uncle's behavior.

Not a month later, I was at an amusement park and had the unexpected opportunity to fulfill a lifelong dream: meeting Sideswipe from the Transformers movie franchise! After reaching up for a high-five and telling him he was my favorite Autobot, I looked down and saw human calves, Sketchers, and—yes—stilts!! I called him a "fraud-o-bot" and ran away in tears, although the police report says different.

"The world spins faster and faster every day, and sooner or later Satan is going to slam on the brakes," I've been known to scream.

The last straw came when I took my troubled grandson to the circus to behold the constructive effects of animal imprisonment. I bought him a bag of circus peanuts and assured him that an institution known for shooting howler monkeys out of cannons would never misuse stilts. Alas, we'd barely settled into our seats when a circus peanut struck me in the temple, and I was left with no choice but to tackle and choke the only possible culprit: a clown on stilts.

My point is, life sure is easier with stilts, but at what cost? If buffoonery is king and honest stilt work is truly dead, I may just take one final walk into a deep hot swamp and leave my stilts at home.

Tragically,
T.T. Fulton

WRITER CASEY BOYD

ADDITIONAL PHOTOS VIA DREAMSTIME.COM
© AMERICAN SPIRIT • GILLY ALEXANDER

Sometimes it's not enough for us to have your fan mail—we also want your SOUL. Well, we finally figured out a way to take that from you: Just send us a true story about something STUPID you actually did, and acclaimed cartoonist **Mike Holmes** might make it into a comic strip! Introducing...

REAL, DUMB



This issue's story submitted by **Dan Telfer**.

Have a real, dumb story that happened to you? Want to share your shame with the world by having it illustrated in MAD? Write it up and send it to realdumb@madmagazine.com! If it's dumb enough, we'll make it into a comic!

All stories submitted to realdumb@madmagazine.com may be edited (including changing the names of people or places mentioned in the story), illustrated at MAD's discretion, and published in MAD's Real, Dumb feature or in any MAD publication in any format and will not be returned.

MAD

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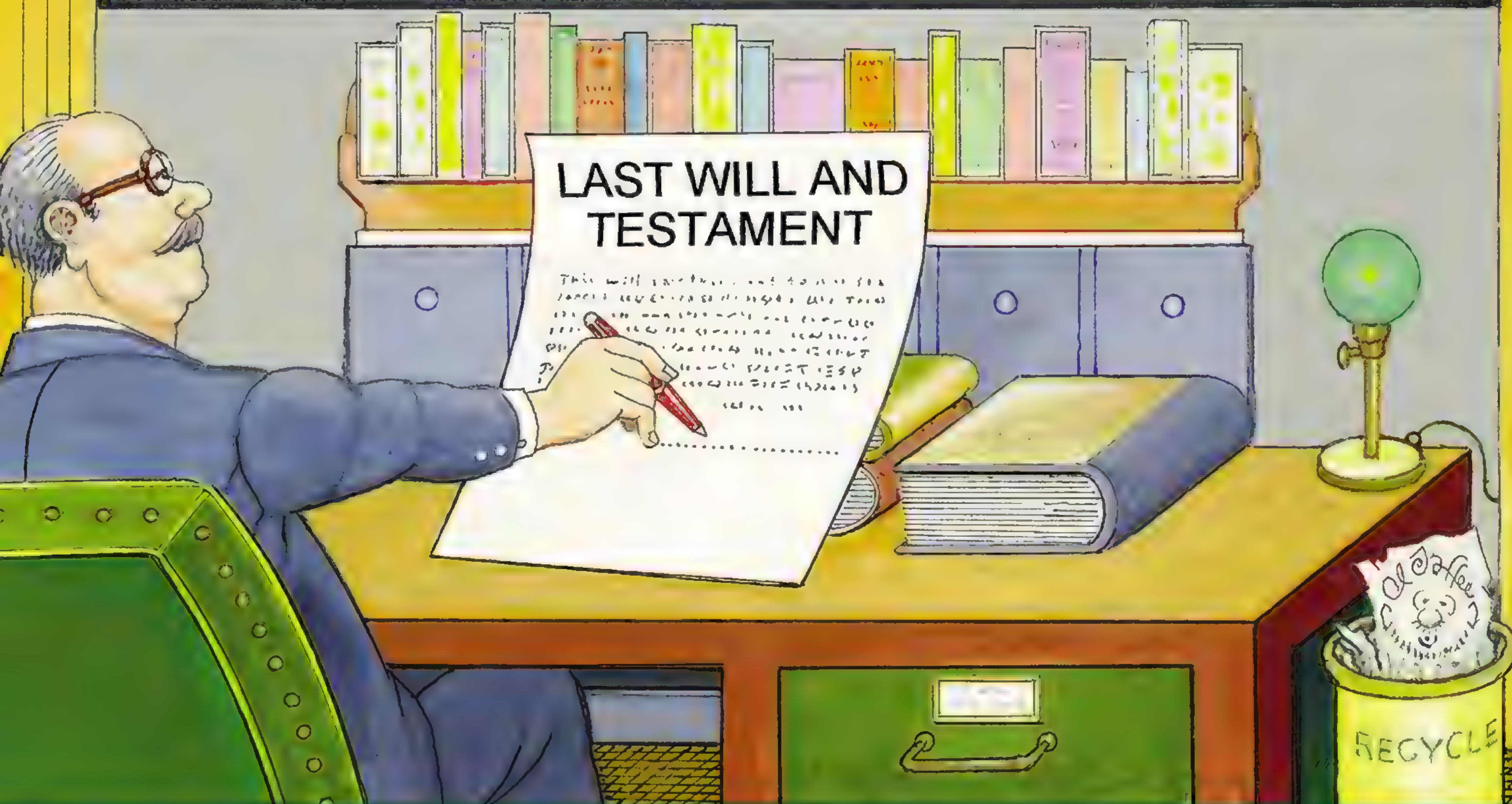
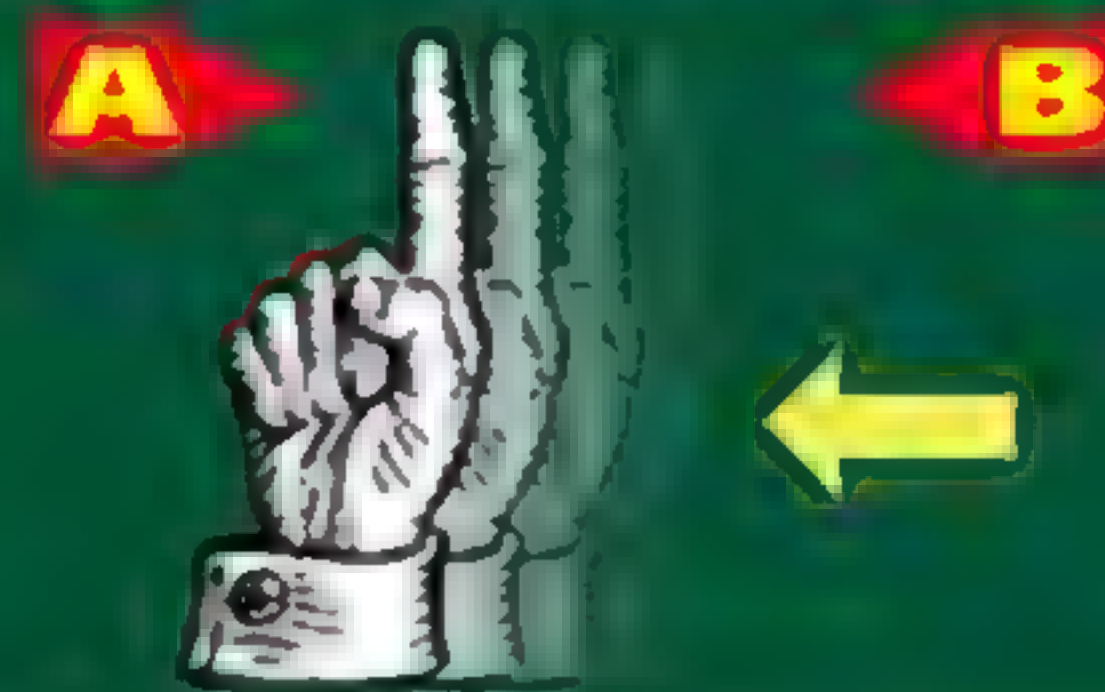
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WHAT IS THE LAST THING MANY AMERICANS DO BEFORE DYING?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS
MAD FOLD-IN

Die-hard procrastinators put off writing their wills to the last possible minute. Nowhere is it carved in stone what the correct timing of his death-defying act needs to be. To see what this grave subject can lead to, fold page in as shown.

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



THE WRITING OF A WILL HELPS LEGITIMATE HEIRS MAKE A PEACEFUL DISTRIBUTION OF ASSETS SO THAT SELF-SERVING GHOULS CAN'T TAKE STUFF AFTER YOU DIE.

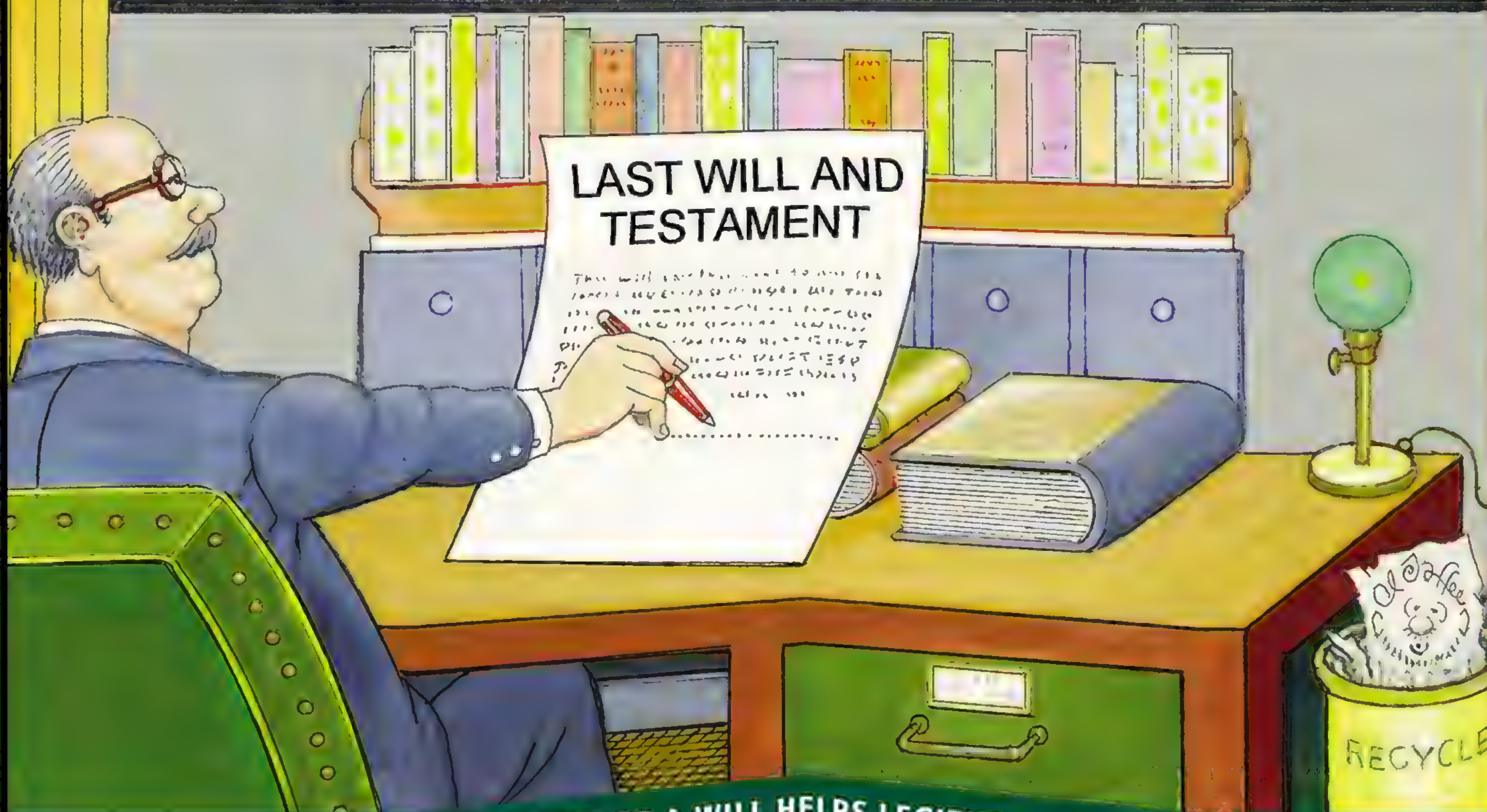
WRITER & ARTIST AL JAFFEE

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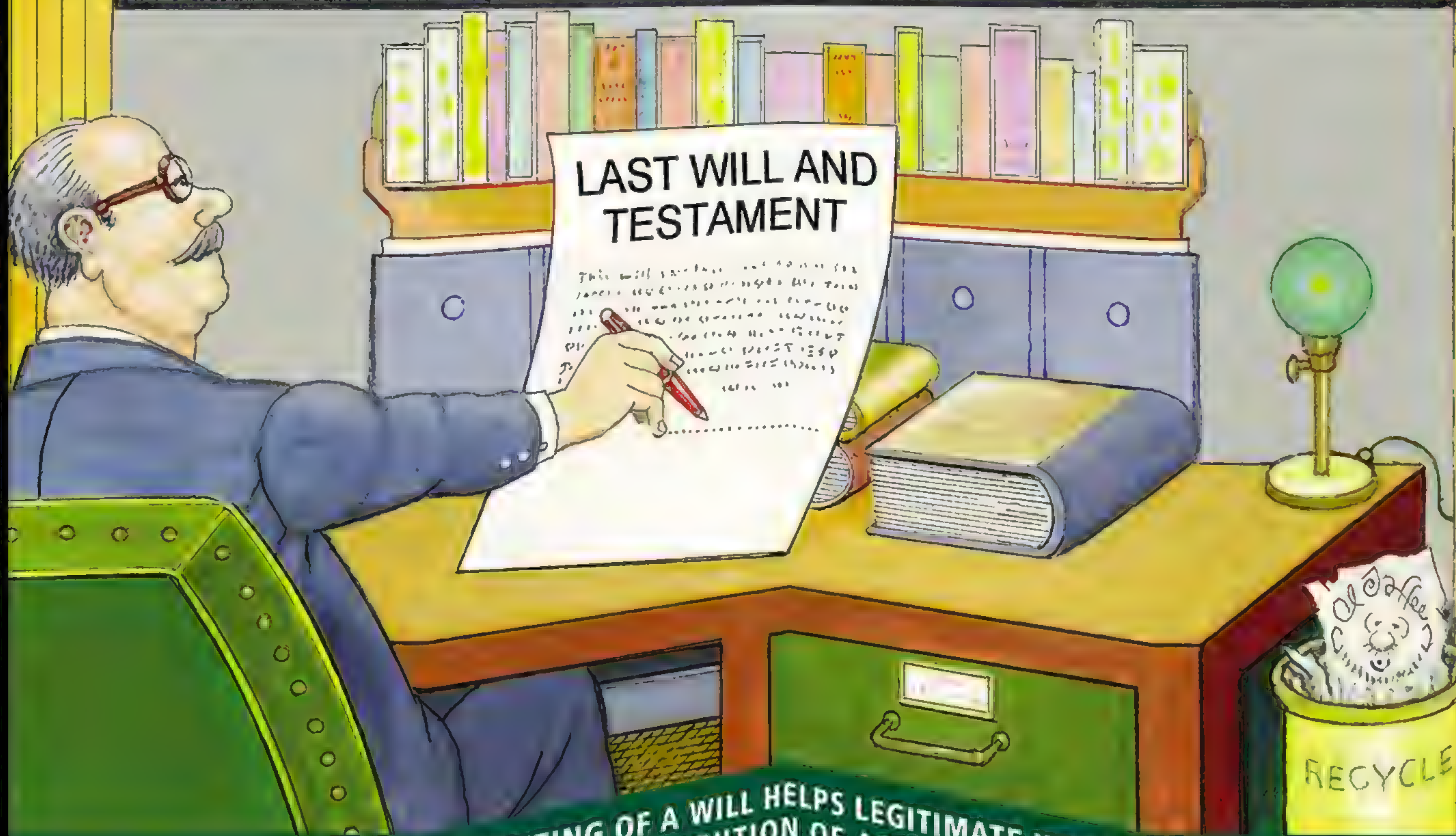
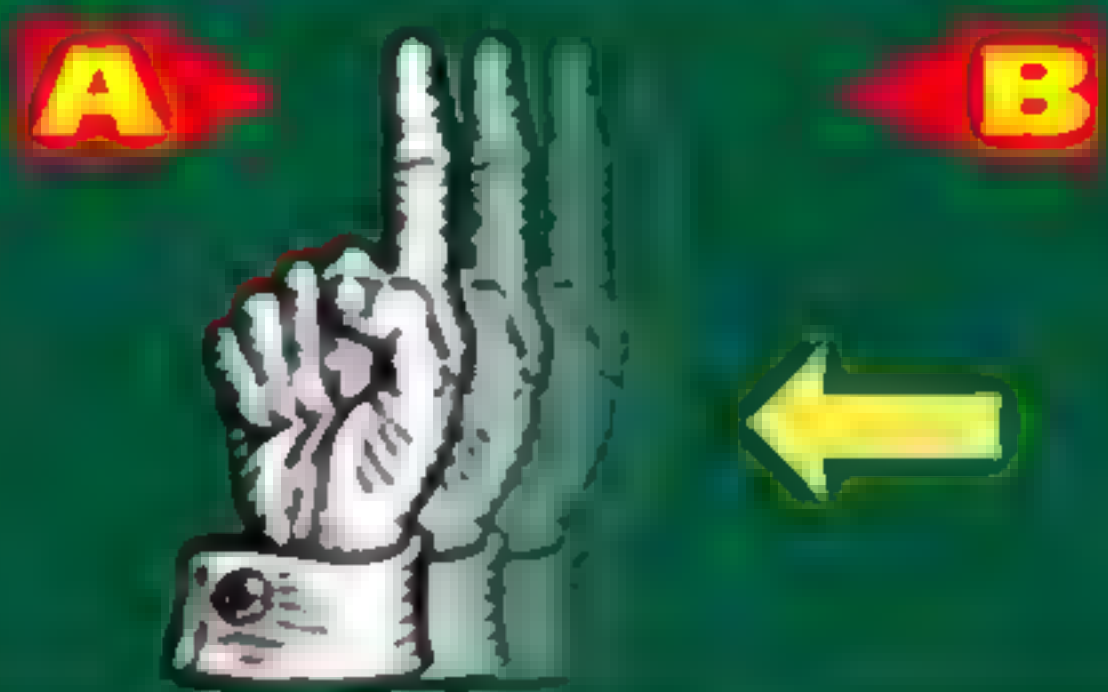
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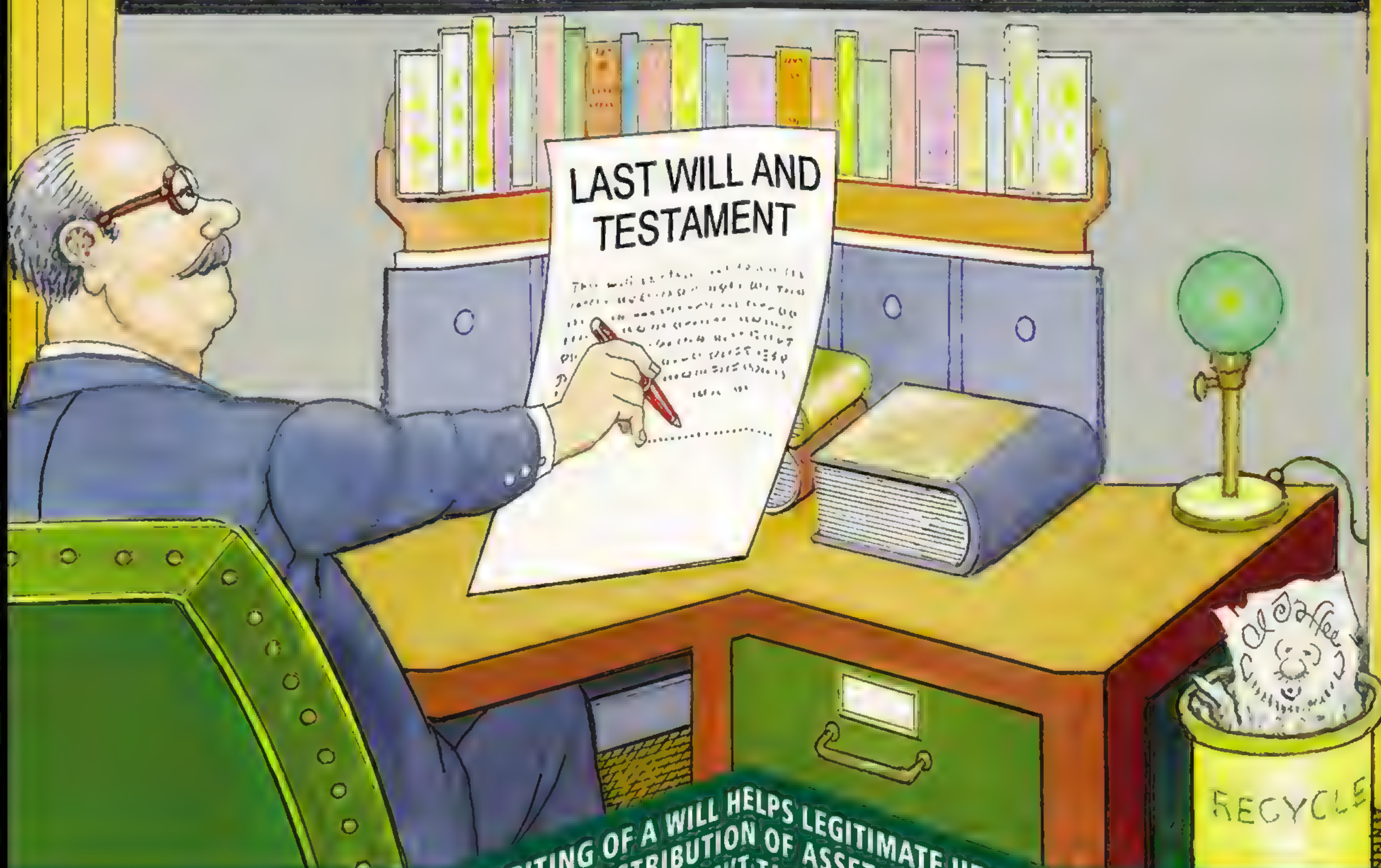
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SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD

A



B



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WRITER & ARTIST AL JAFFEE

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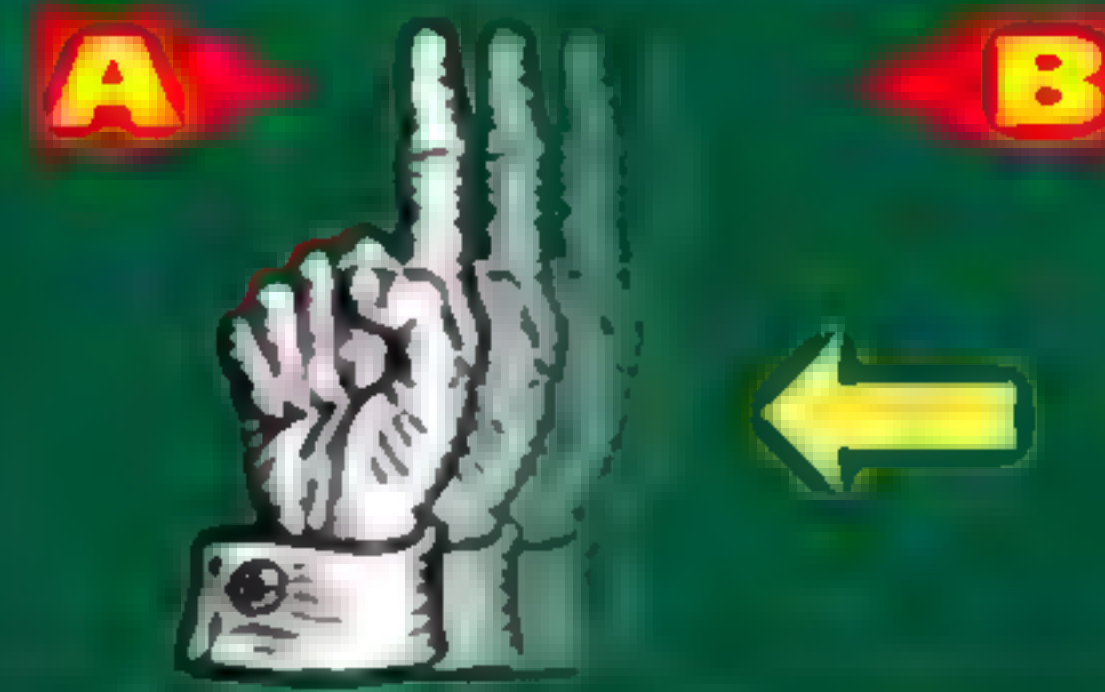
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WRITER & ARTIST AL JAFFEE

WHAT IS THE
LAST THING MANY
AMERICANS DO
BEFORE DYING?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS
MAD FOLD-IN
Dreadful procrastinators are off writing their wills to the
last possible minute. Now we've learned a little what the
correct timing of his death-writing act needs to be. To see
what this grave subject can lead to, fold page in as shown.

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



THE WRITING OF A WILL HELPS LEGITIMATE HEIRS MAKE
A PEACEFUL DISTRIBUTION OF ASSETS SO THAT
SERVING GHOSTS CAN'T TAKE STUFF AFTER YOU DIE.

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SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD

A

B



A B

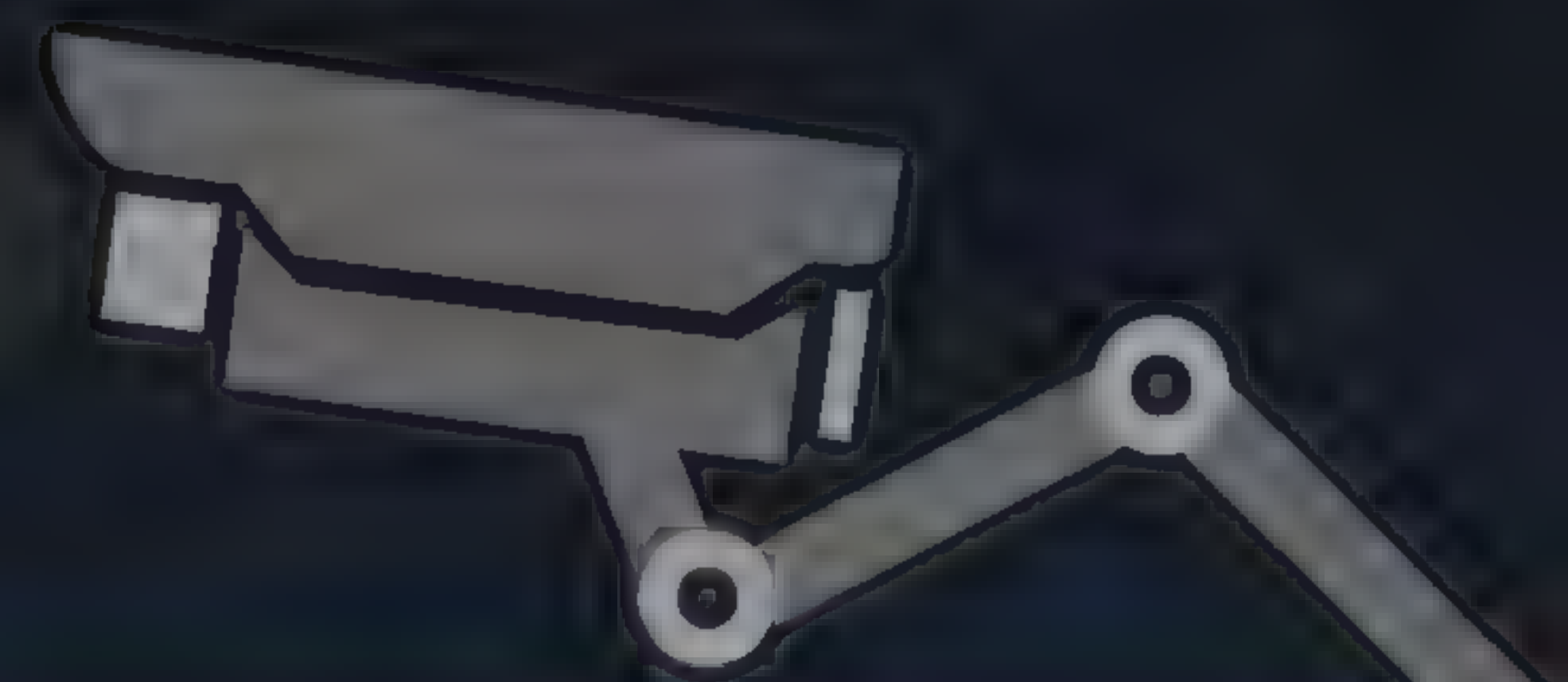


**TAKE
A
SELFIE.**

A B

MAD's GUIDE TO PROTECTING YOUR HOME

These days, people are spending thousands of dollars buying high-tech burglar alarms, Internet security cameras, and solar spotlights...but you don't need to! Just use any of these home safety tips. You'll be safe (hopefully) and save a bundle!



TIP 1

BLUFF THE BURGLARS WITH BOXES!



Collect all the empty boxes people throw out after they unpack their expensive security devices. Leave them on your front porch—it will look like you just bought all that stuff and installed it!

TIP 2

PUT UP FAKE SECURITY ALARM DECALS!



Warning! Make sure the decals really look authentic and don't have ads!

TIP 3

DON'T OWN A GOOD WATCHDOG? NO PROBLEM!



Attach an old piece of chain to a post near your front steps. Make sure the unsecured end of the chain is visible and post the pictured sign. Thieves will leave thinking your killer dog is on the loose! Extra security tip: Bend open the last link. Intruders will think the killer dog was big enough to break that chain! Feel free to add a couple of giant half-chewed bones!

TIP 4

MANNEQUINS ARE PEOPLE, TOO! (AT LEAST THEY CAN LOOK LIKE PEOPLE!)



Pick up some discarded mannequin parts from a store (one closing due to online buying). Place an arm or leg inside a window with a suitable amount of "blood" (red paint, ketchup, etc.) to show thieves that you don't allow anyone to enter, especially through the windows!

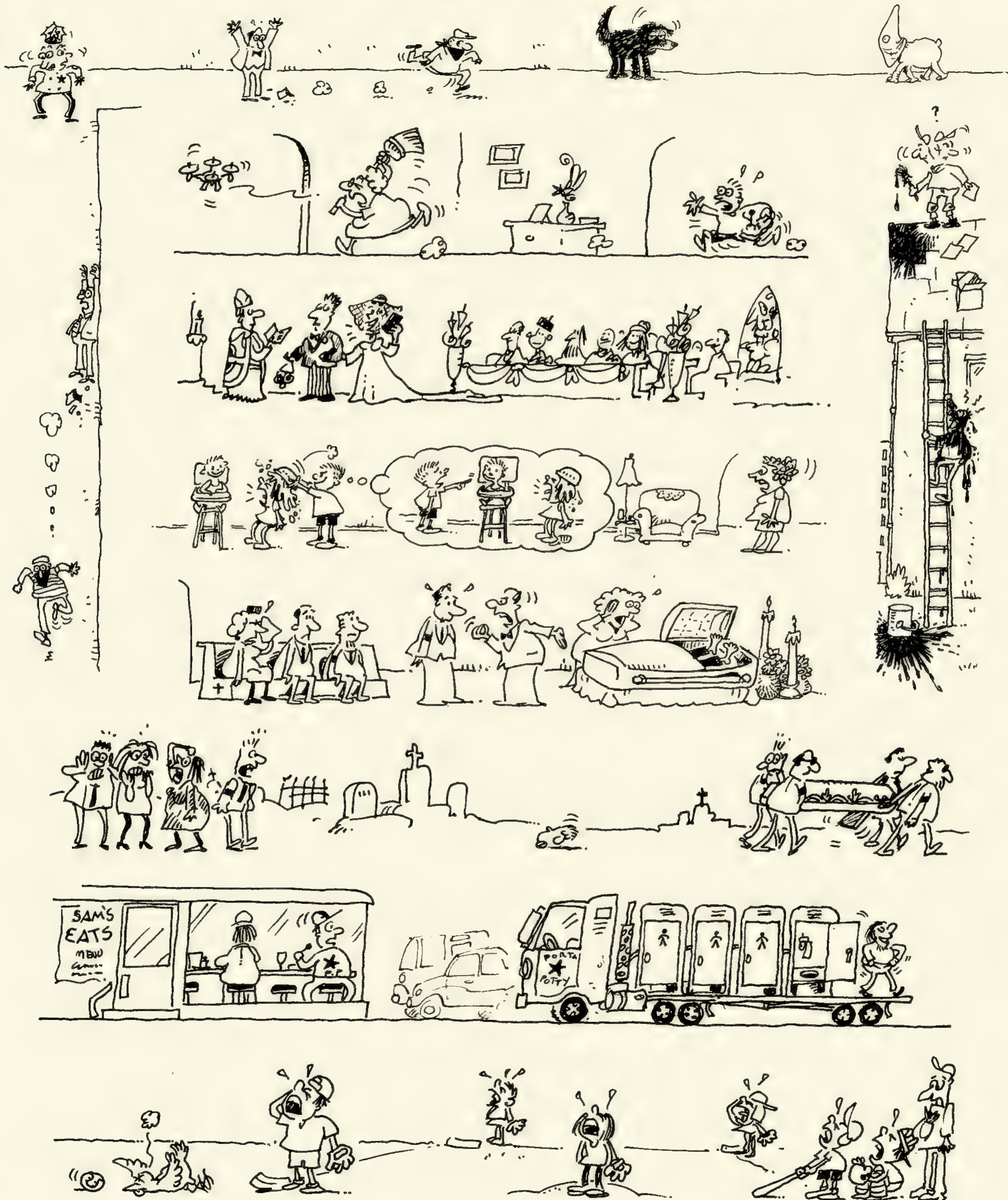
CAUTION: These safety tips will help keep out burglars, but you may no longer get mail, package deliveries, or meter readings! But no door-to-door salespeople will call either!

A MAD PUBLIC DISSERVICE POSTER

WRITER **DICK DEBARTOLO** ARTIST **TIMOTHY SHAMEY**



by **SERGIO ARAGONES**



**AND NOW, BACK BY
POPULAR DEMAND, WE GIVE YOU:**

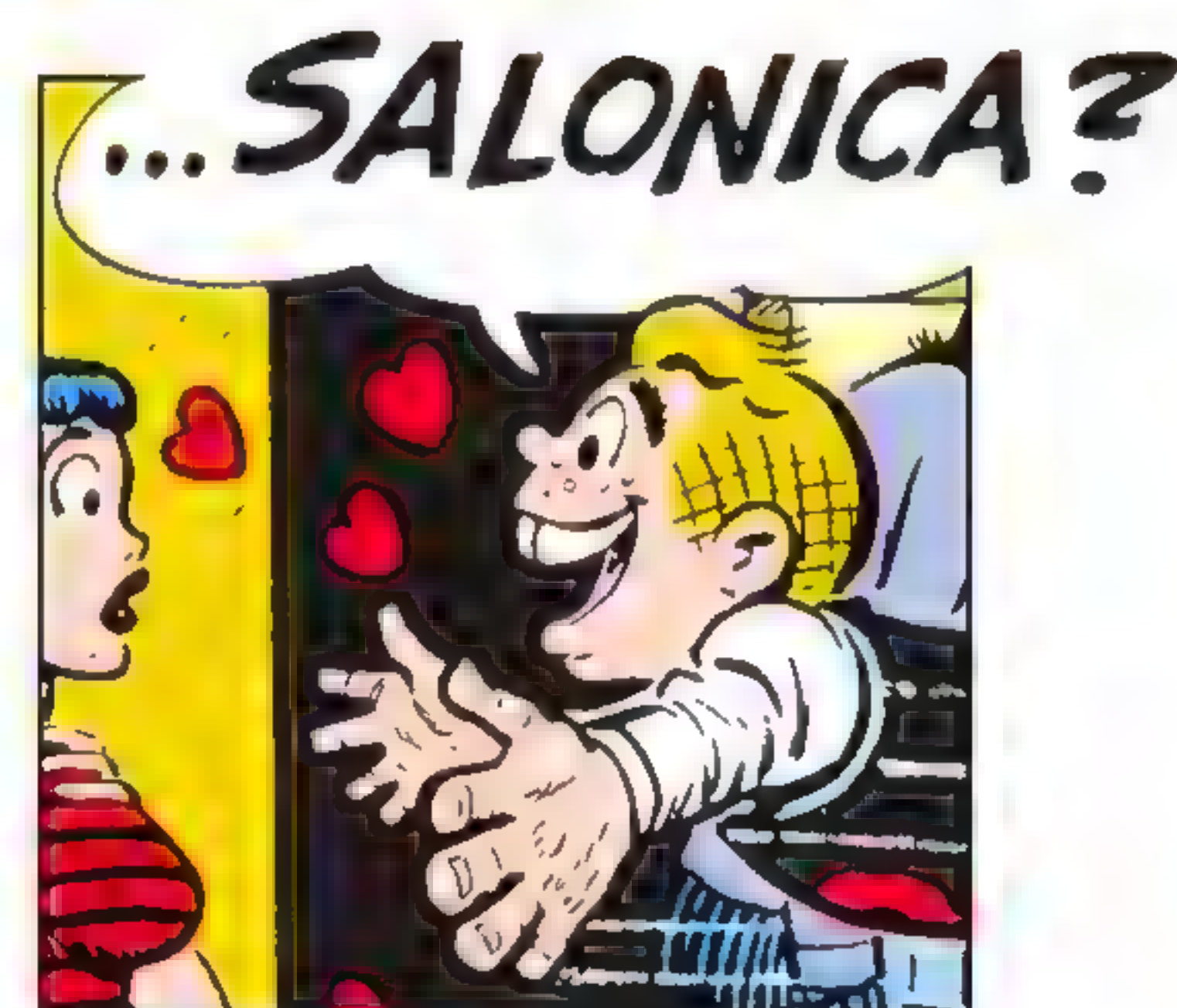
MAD

DIGITAL EDITION BONUS MATERIAL!

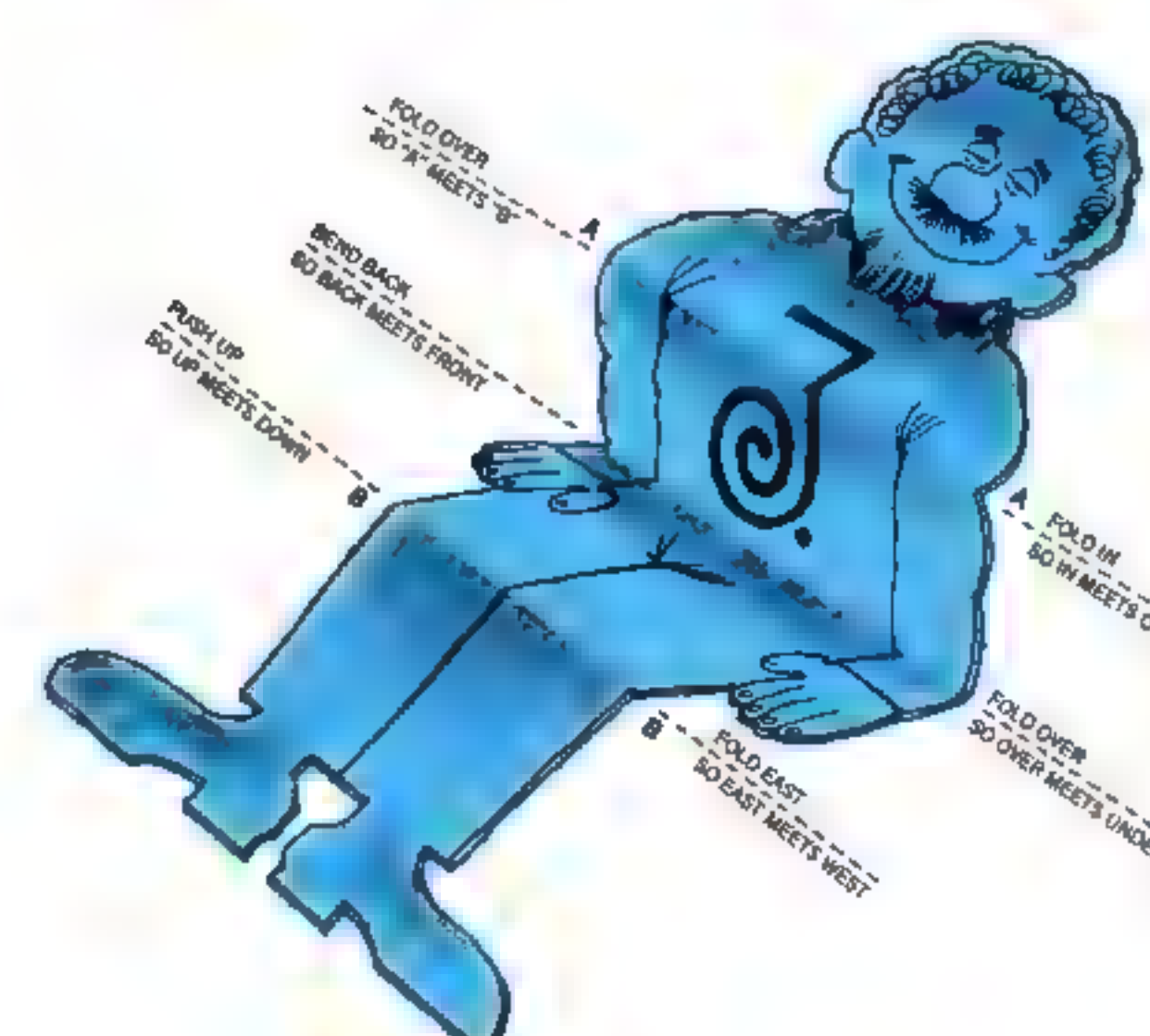
Want to experience the Alfred orifice-stuffing cover with a teasing setup that only a cover wrap can provide? Here's a digital version of the "secondary cover" that those old-school newsstand buyers got to experience with this first issue!



Many moons ago, there was an innocent comic book named *Archie* full of wholesome teens. Then MAD skewered it, peppering the panels with all the contraband and irreverent humor you could only imagine was hiding in the margins. Here's that MAD classic, the original STARCHIE, in celebration of this issue's **STARCHIE RECONSTITUTED / RIVERDULL!**



We know you digital readers are all about swiping and clicking, but sometimes turning and creasing paper can be fun. Case in point: the MAD Fold-In! Here, experience the very first Fold-In ever created by Al Jaffee!



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CHEAP!**

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JUNE
2018**

PROUDLY PRESENTS A NEW
**FIRST
ISSUE**
THAT TELLS THE WORLD WHERE TO STICK IT!



MADMAG.COM



THANKS
4
PICKING
MAD!



TEEN-AGE COMICS DEPT.: OH YOU LUCKY MAD READERS!... MAD HAS DONE IT AGAIN!... NOW MAD COMIC BOOK CAN BOAST ANOTHER 'FIRST'! FOR MAD IS THE ONLY COMIC BOOK THAT NOW CARRIES THE SEAL OF DISAPPROVED READING! BUT FIRST, A STORY ABOUT PULASKI STREET'S TYPICAL TEEN-AGER...



Starchie

UH OH! THERE GOES THAT TYPICAL TEEN-AGER, STARCHIE, WITH HIS TYPICAL TEEN-AGER FRIEND, BOTTLENECK... INTO MR. WEATHERNOT'S OFFICE!... I WONDER WHAT THEY DID **THIS** TIME!

...PROBABLY DID SOME TYPICAL TEEN-AGE CHEATING ON THE EXAMS!... THAT STARCHIE WOULD BE CUTE IF ONLY HE CHANGED HIS CLOTHES ONCE IN A WHILE! HE'S BEEN WEARING THAT SAME OUTFIT FOR YEARS!

PIG-LATIN COURSE: RM:111
BROKEN-ENGLISH COURSE: RM:111
GOLF COURSE: RM:111

PHYSICS CLASSES:
EX-LAX - RM:410
FEEN-A-MINT - RM:104
SERUTAN - FOR STUDENTS OVER 35

WE HAS NO PRINCIPLE'S! - OFFICE?
MR. WEATHERNOT

SITUATION WANTED! WILL WORK CHEAP, HAVE TUXEDO, WILL TRAVEL!

HOW TO BREAK INTO BO...
MRS. S

FREUD IS A FRAUD BY FREED

HOYLES ANSWERS ON

TICK TICK TICK

SSSSS

BILL ELDER B.S.

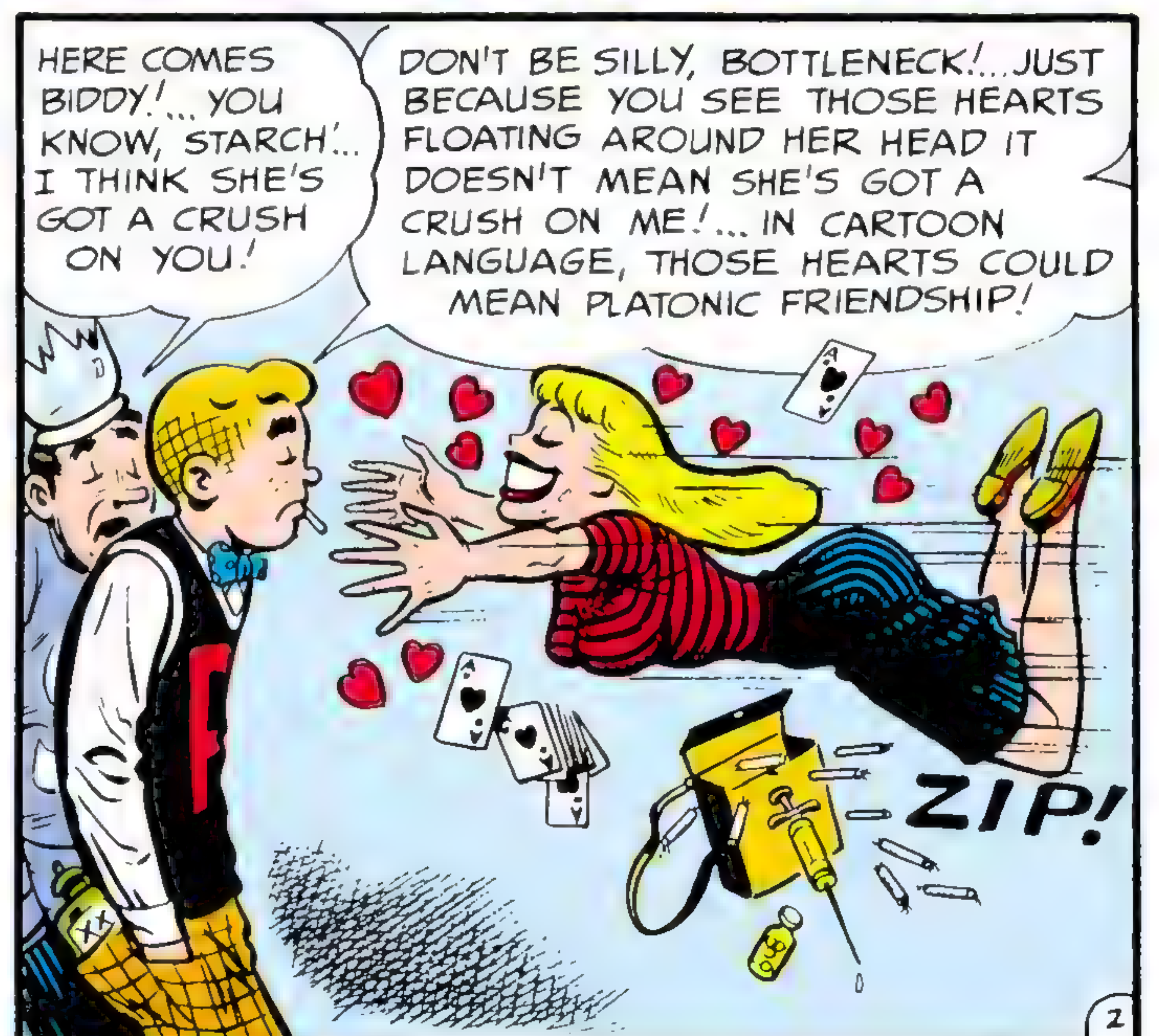
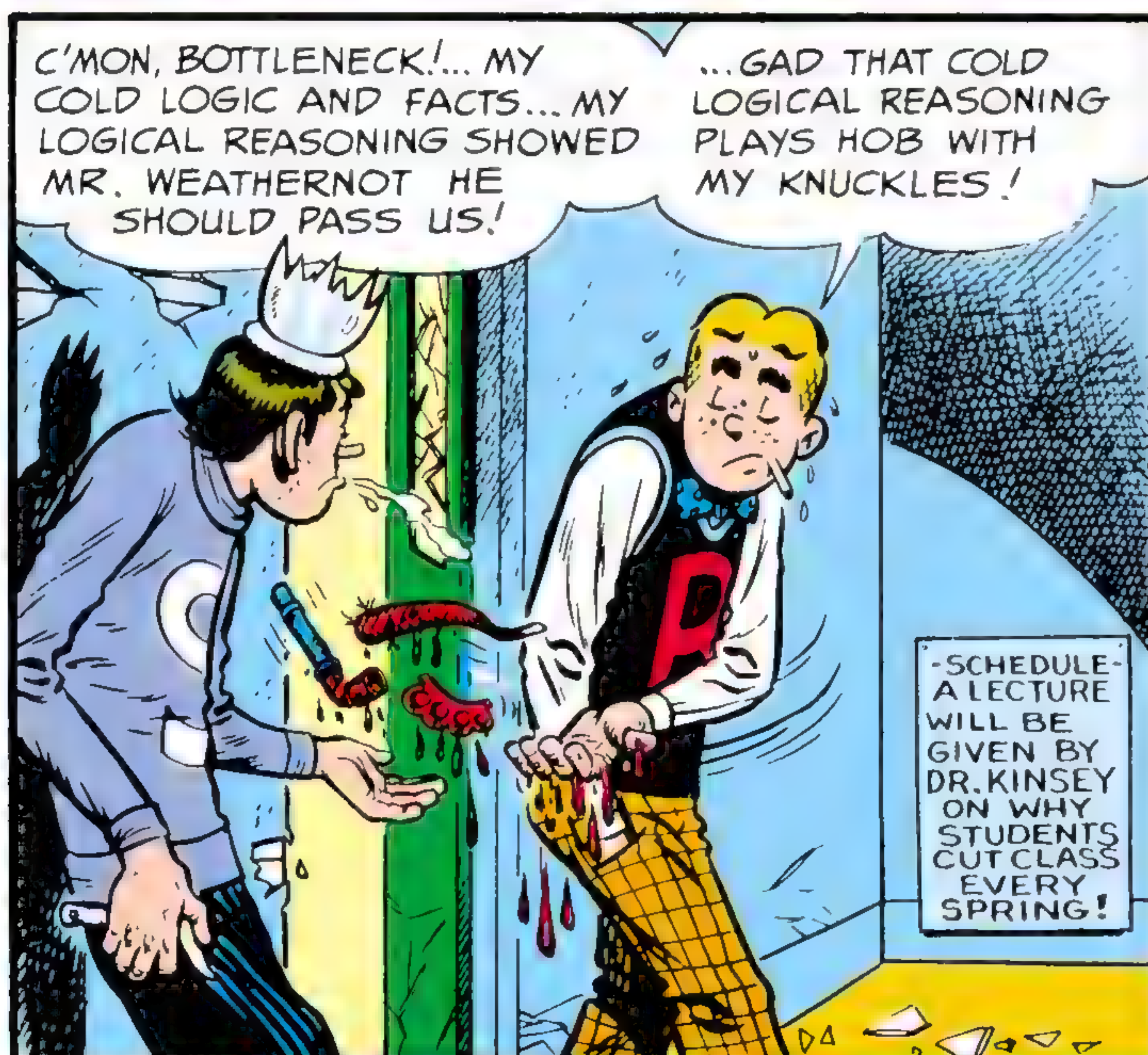
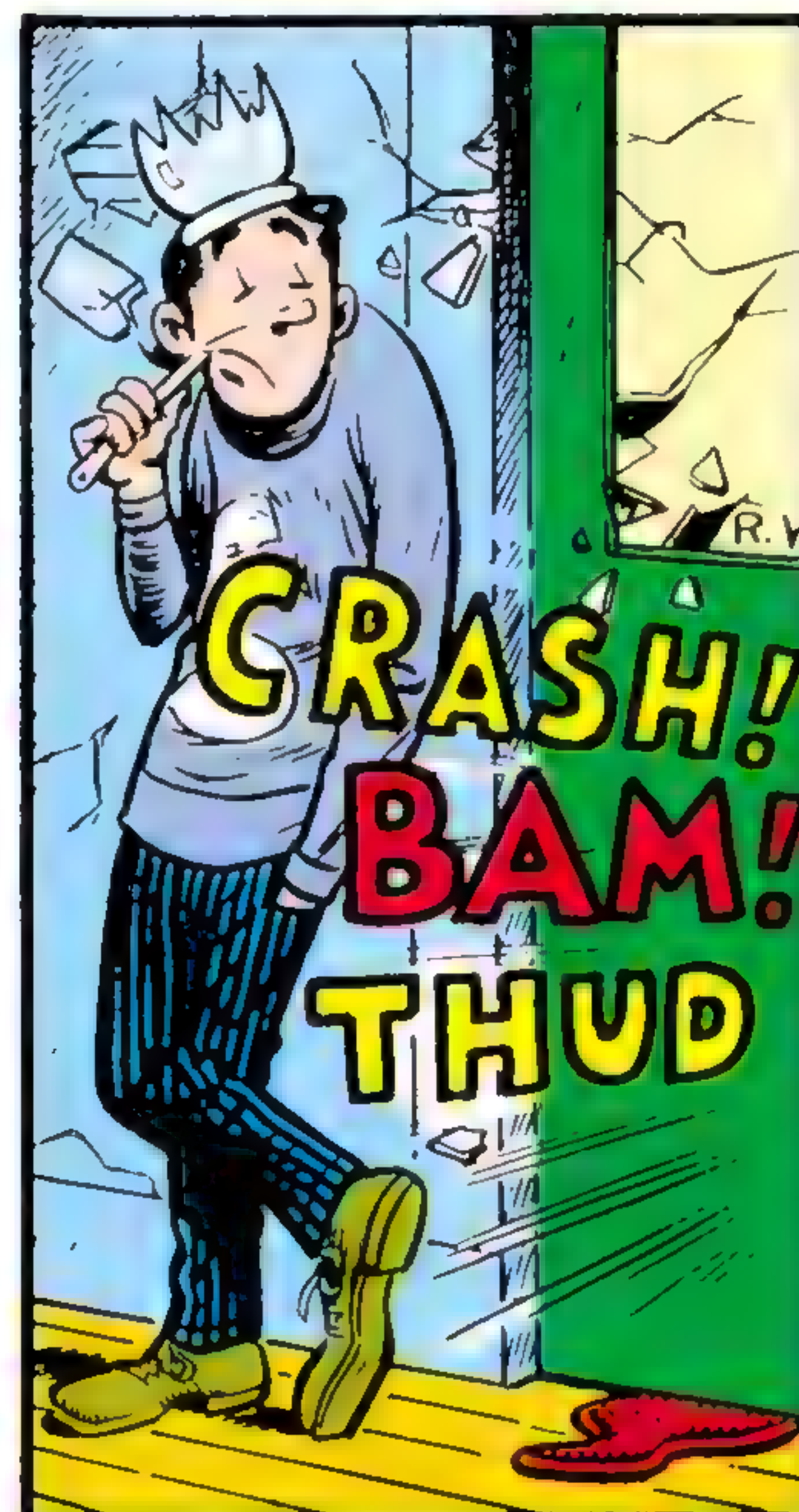
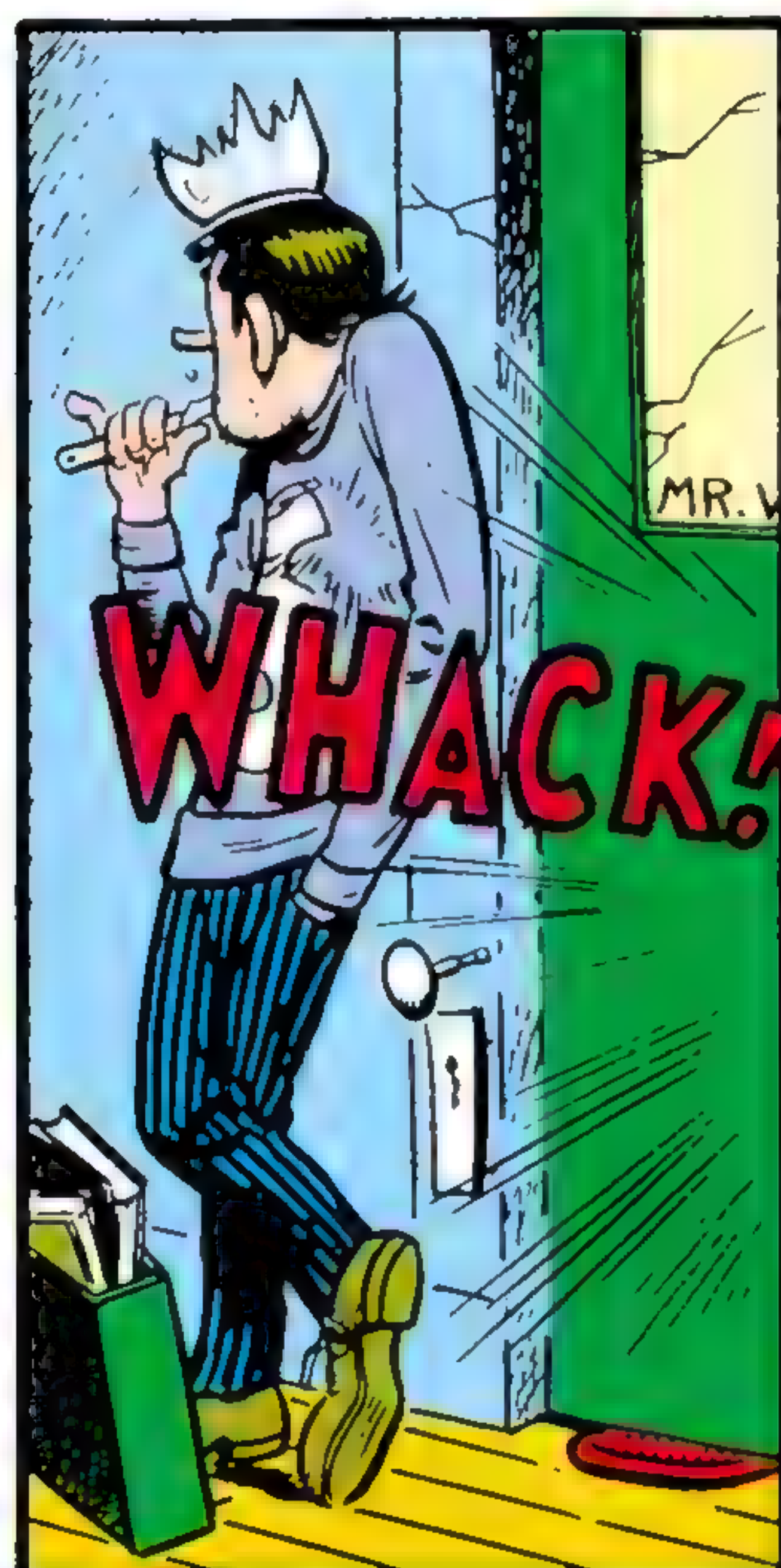
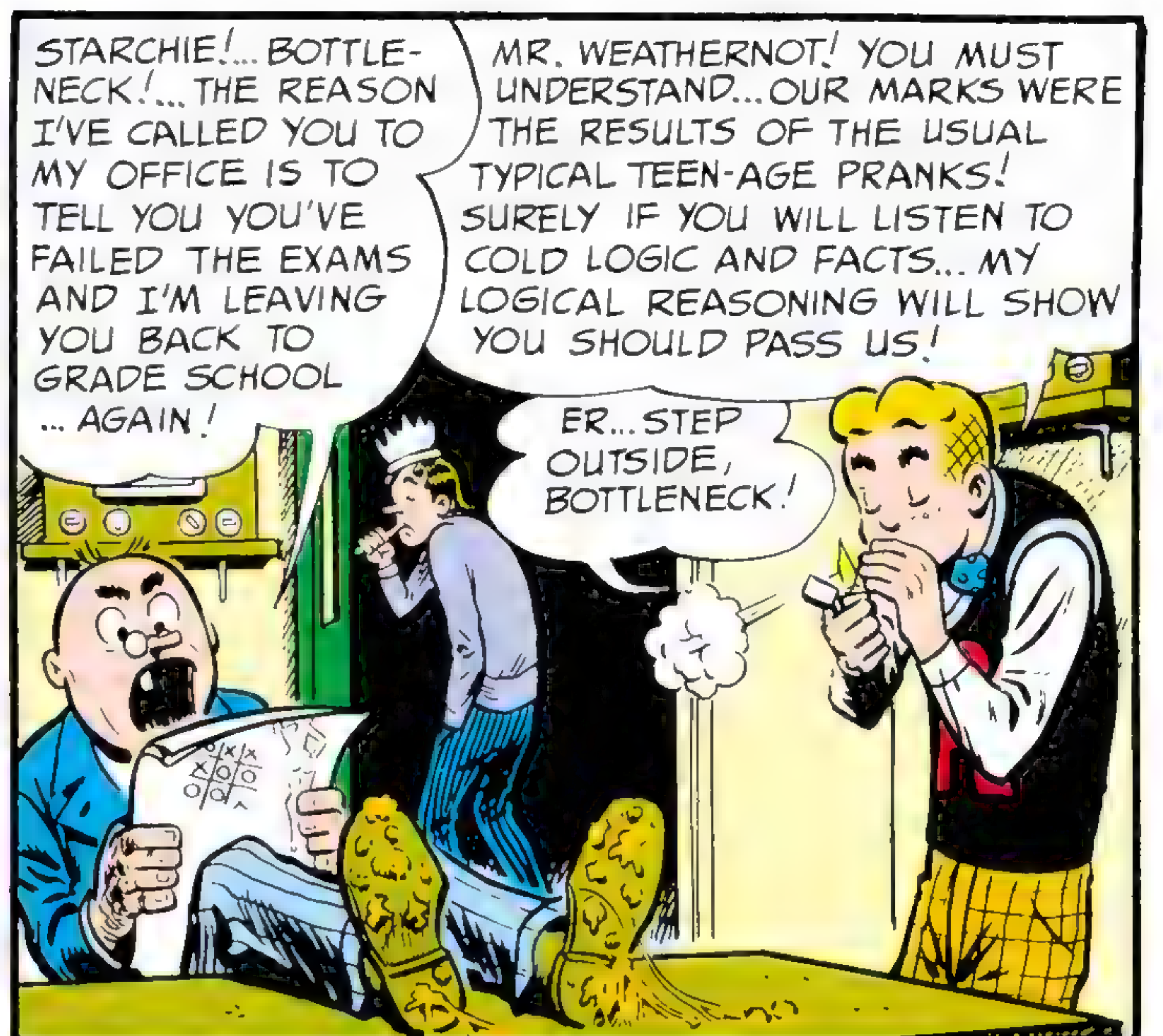
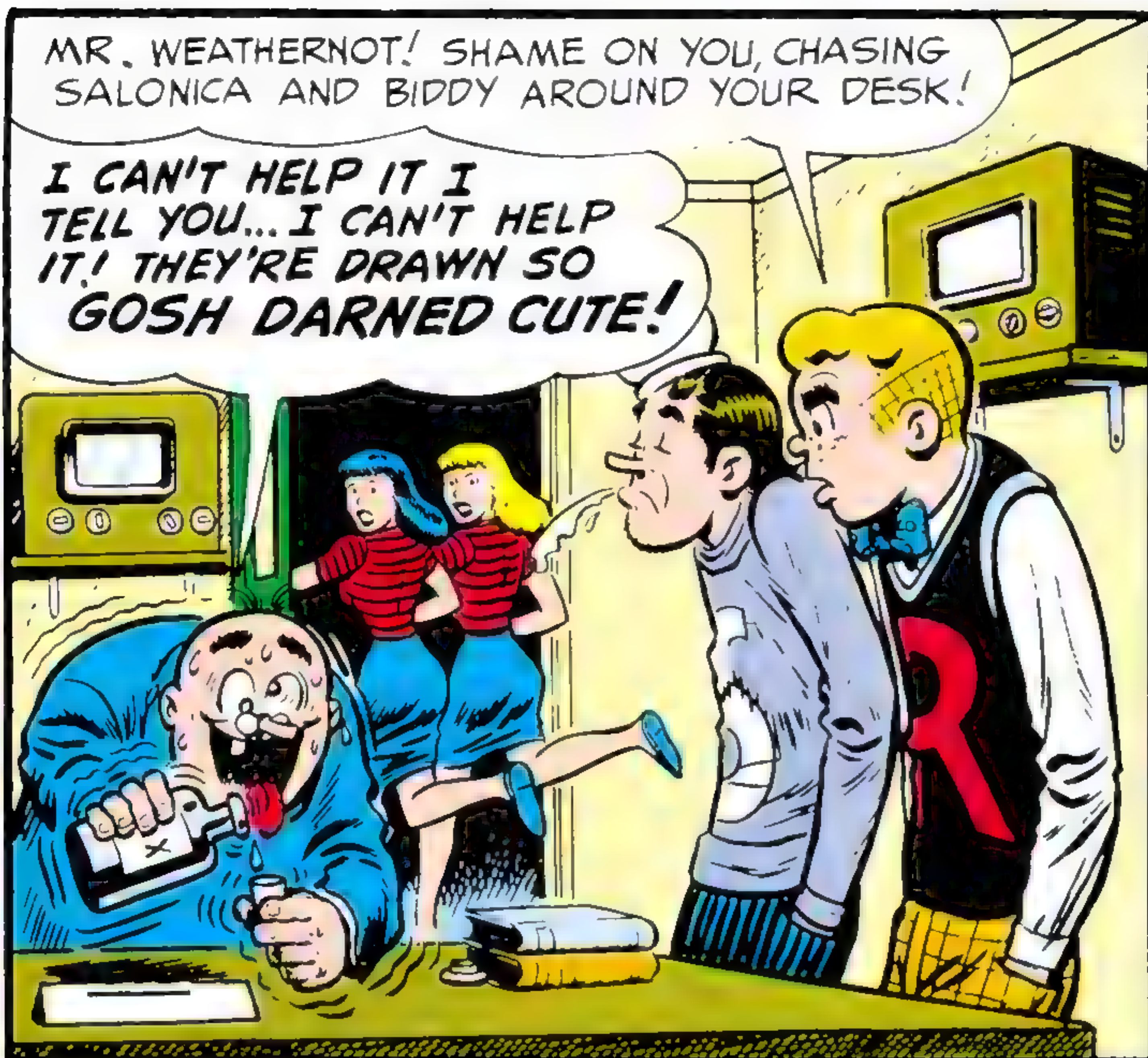
SALONICA AND BIDDY ARE IN THERE... PROBABLY GETTING BAWLED OUT FOR FAILING ON THE EXAMS!... LISTEN TO THAT YELLING!... SOUNDS LIKE MR. WEATHERNOT'S IN A BAD MOOD!... I GUESS THIS ISN'T THE BEST TIME TO SEE HIM!

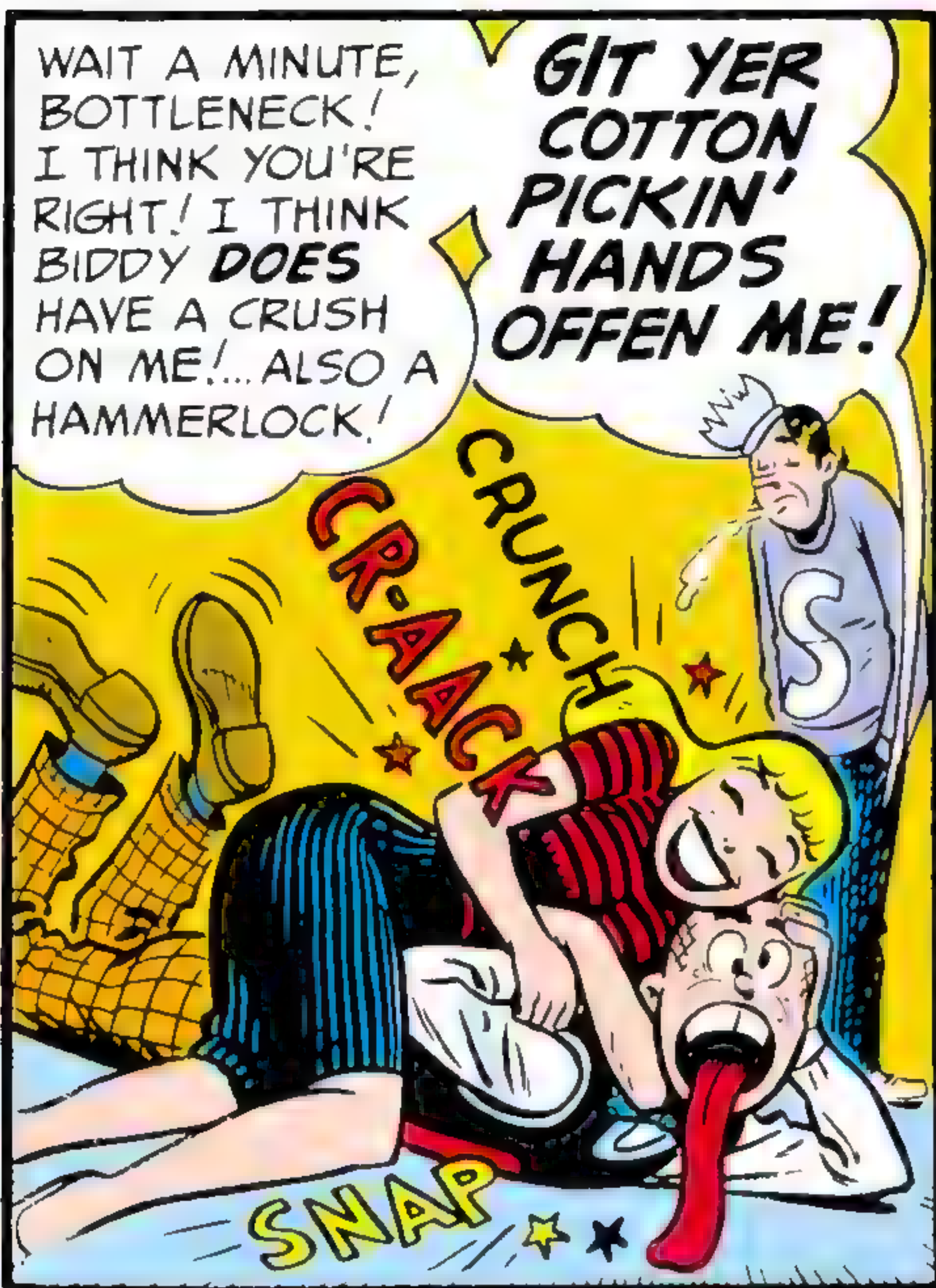
...YEAH!... ESPECIALLY SINCE WE COPIED OUR EXAM ANSWERS FROM SALONICA AND BIDDY! ...WELL... LET'S GO IN!

GIRLS!
THIS HAS GONE TOO FAR!
LOOK AT THOSE MARKS!
I'M GETTING TIRED!

JUST LOOK AT THOSE MARKS!

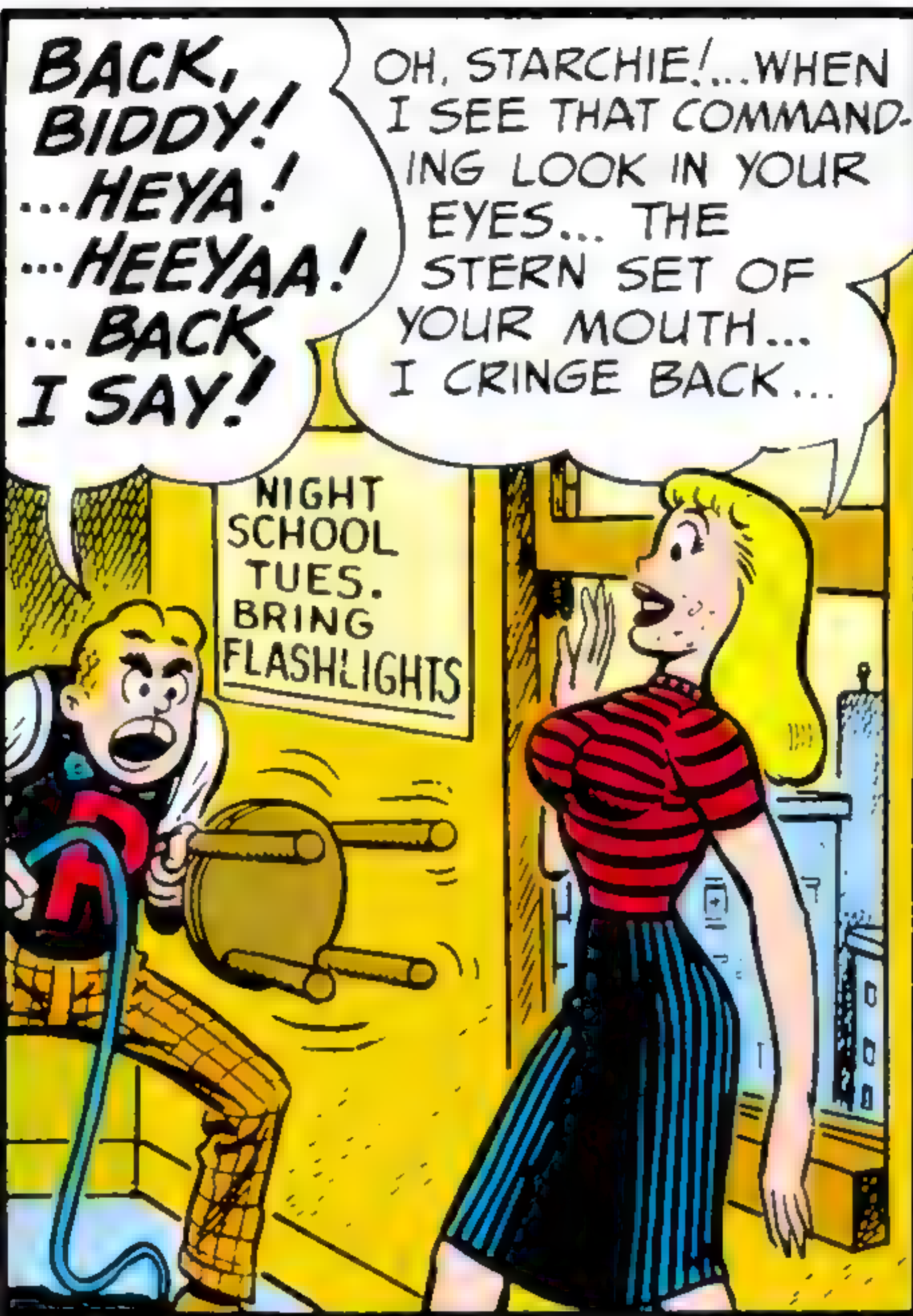
I JUST KNOCKED OVER THE CHAIR INTO MY NEW DESK AND JUST LOOK AT THOSE MARKS!





WAIT A MINUTE, BOTTLENECK! I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT! I THINK BIDDY **DOES** HAVE A CRUSH ON ME!... ALSO A HAMMERLOCK!

GIT YER COTTON PICKIN' HANDS OFFEN ME!



BACK, BIDDY! ...HEYA! ...HEEYAA! ...BACK I SAY!

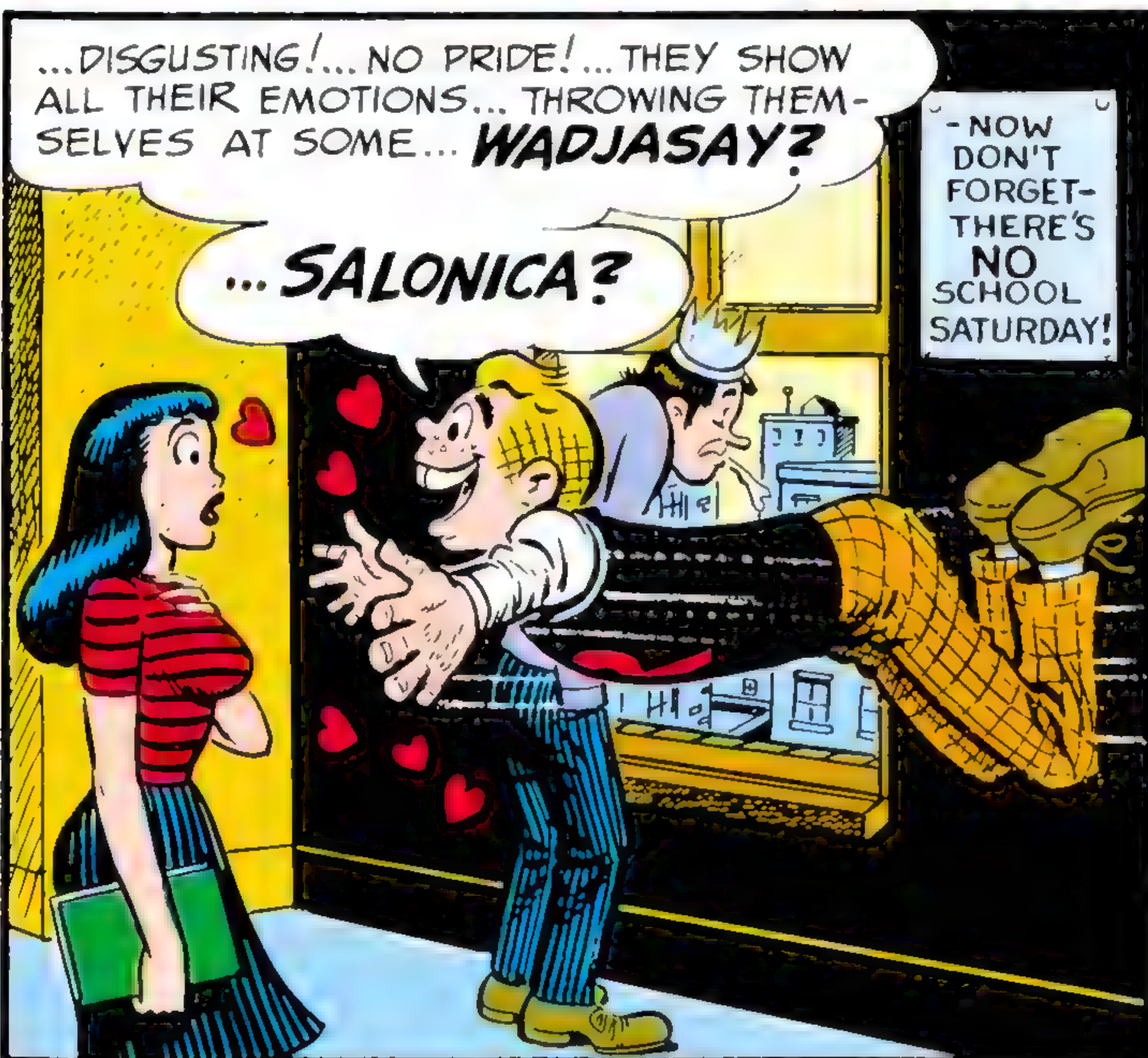
OH, STARCHIE!...WHEN I SEE THAT COMMAND-ING LOOK IN YOUR EYES... THE STERN SET OF YOUR MOUTH... I CRINGE BACK...



... ESPECIALLY WHEN I SEE THAT BROKEN BOTTLE IN YOUR HAND, I CRINGE BACK!

ISN'T IT DISGUSTING THE WAY SOME PEOPLE WILL THROW THEMSELVES AT SOMEONE!

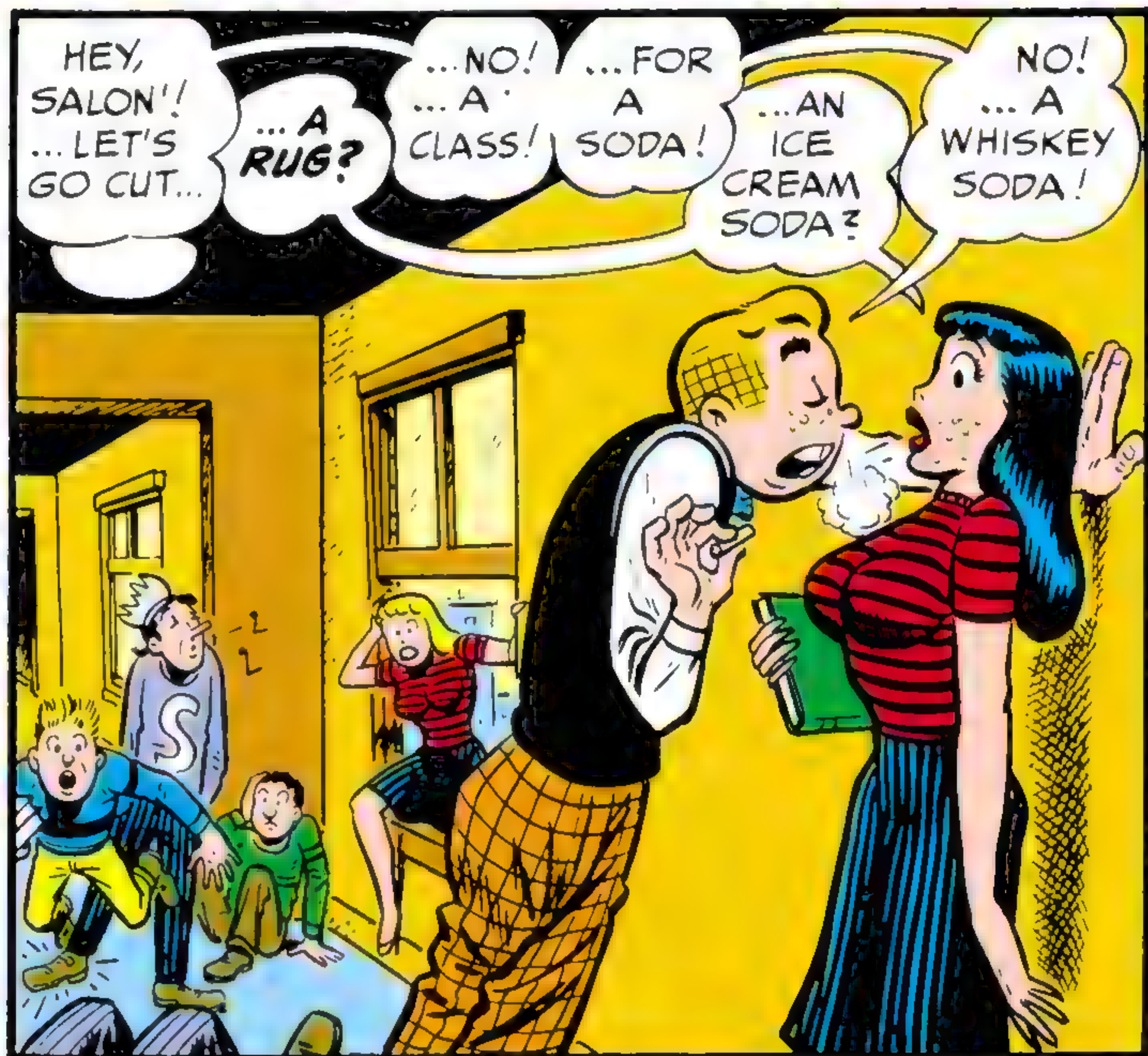
...HEY STARCHIE! HERE COMES SALONICA!



...DISGUSTING!... NO PRIDE!... THEY SHOW ALL THEIR EMOTIONS... THROWING THEMSELVES AT SOME... **WADJASAY?**

... **SALONICA?**

- NOW DON'T FORGET- THERE'S NO SCHOOL SATURDAY!



HEY, SALON! ... LET'S GO CUT...

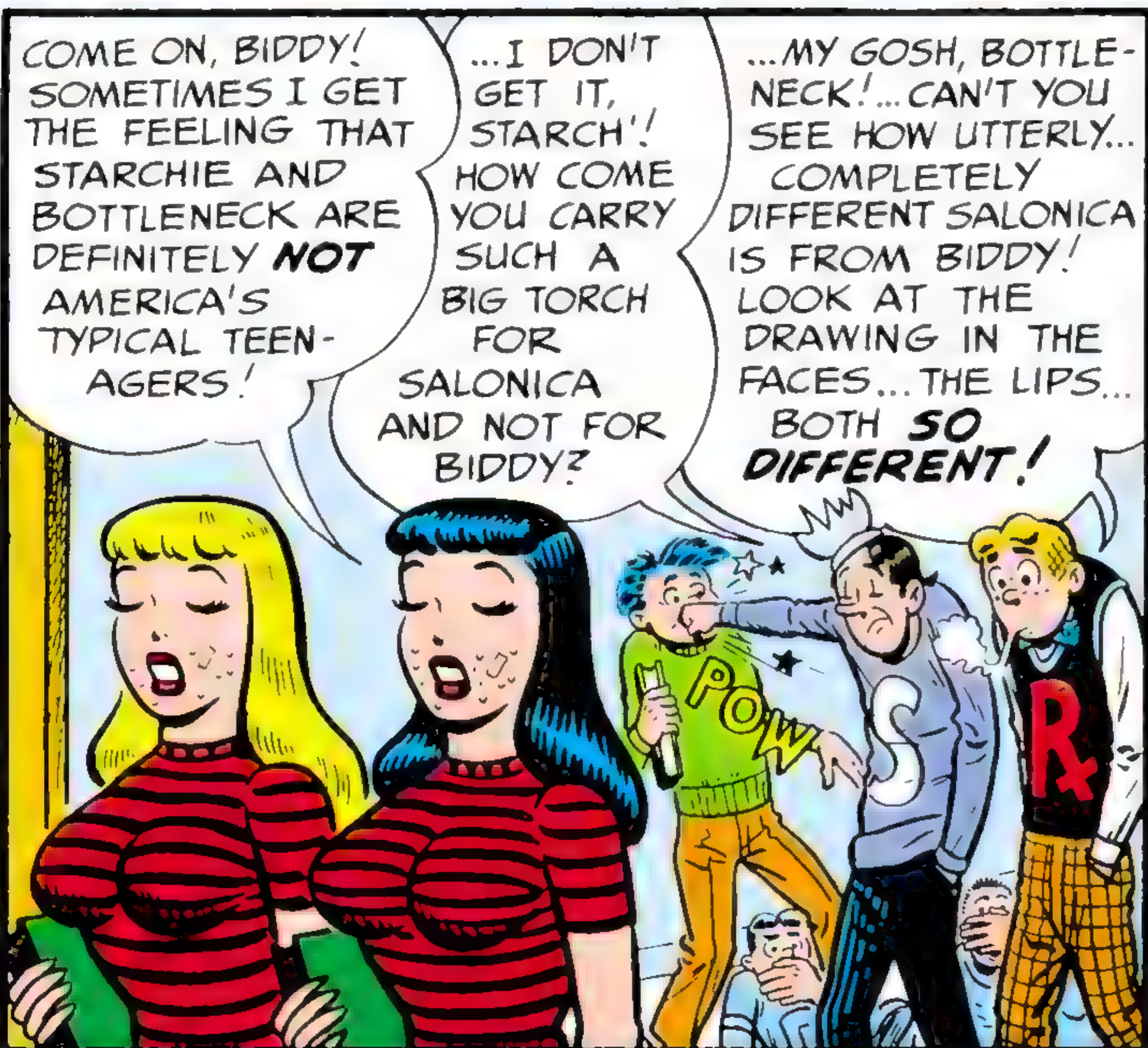
... **A RUG?**

...NO! ...A CLASS!

...FOR A SODA!

...AN ICE CREAM SODA?

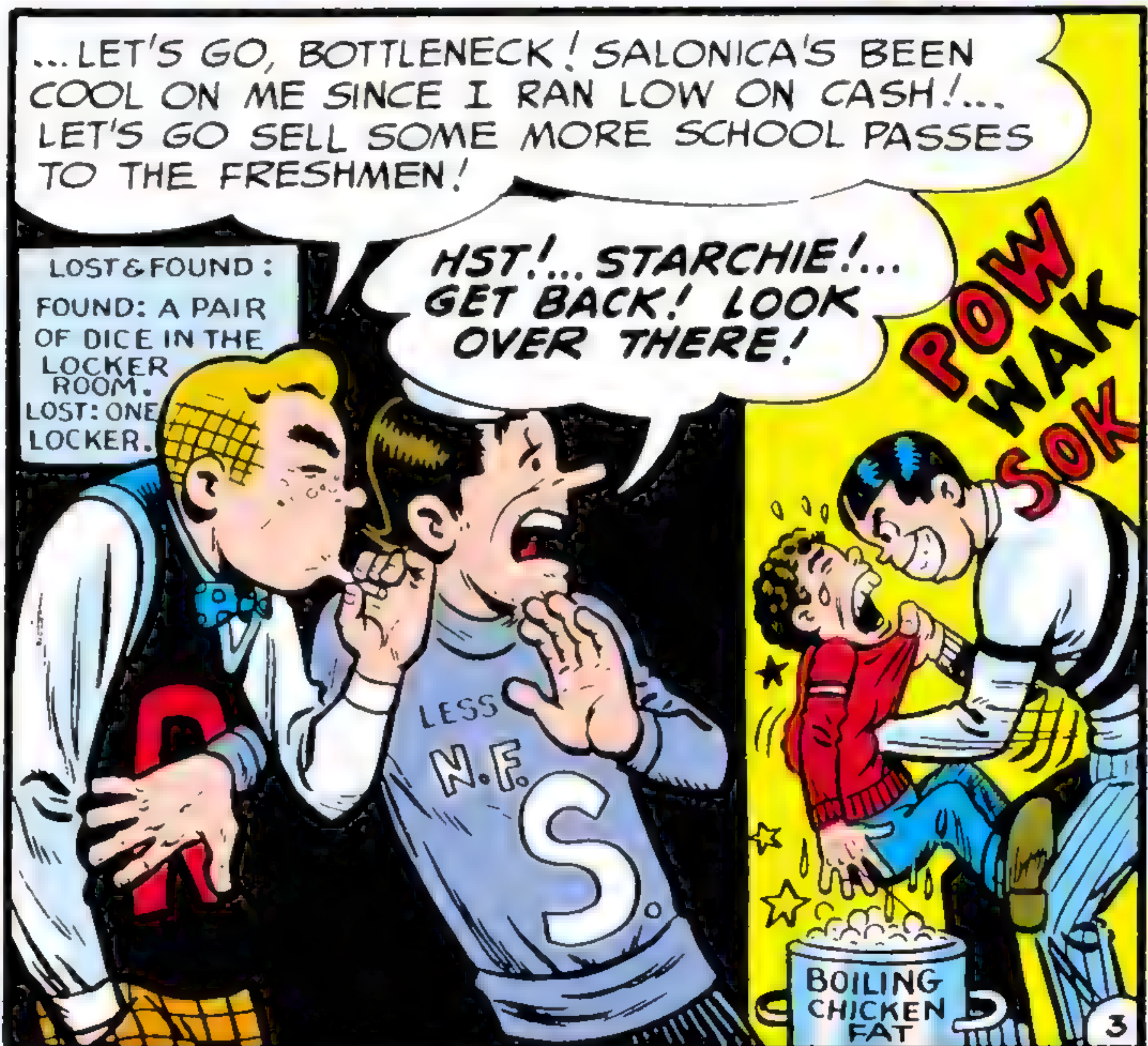
NO! ...A WHISKEY SODA!



COME ON, BIDDY! SOMETIMES I GET THE FEELING THAT STARCHIE AND BOTTLENECK ARE DEFINITELY **NOT** AMERICA'S TYPICAL TEEN-AGERS!

...I DON'T GET IT, STARCHIE! HOW COME YOU CARRY SUCH A BIG TORCH FOR SALONICA AND NOT FOR BIDDY?

...MY GOSH, BOTTLE-NECK!... CAN'T YOU SEE HOW UTTERLY... COMPLETELY DIFFERENT SALONICA IS FROM BIDDY! LOOK AT THE DRAWING IN THE FACES... THE LIPS... BOTH **SO DIFFERENT!**



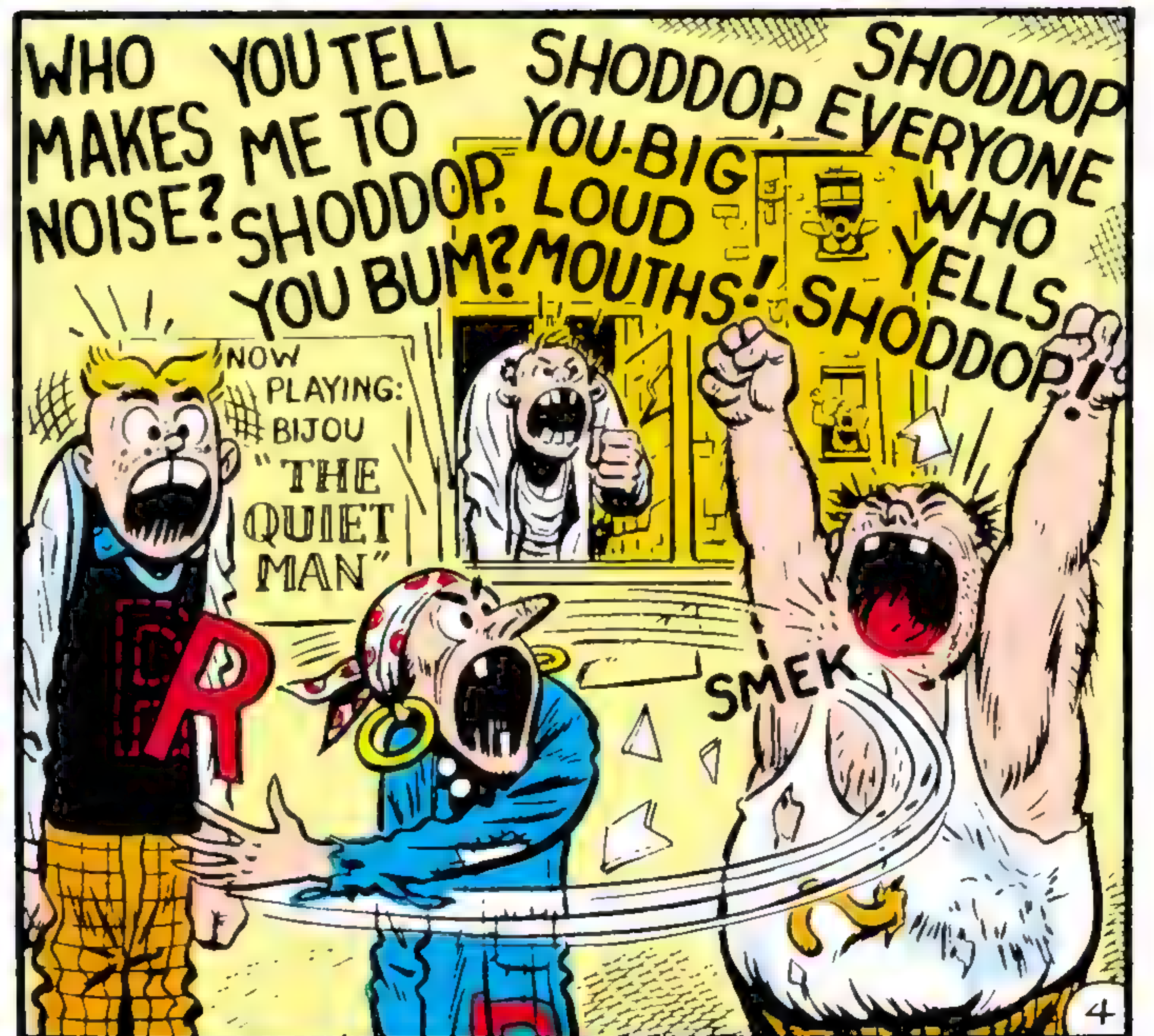
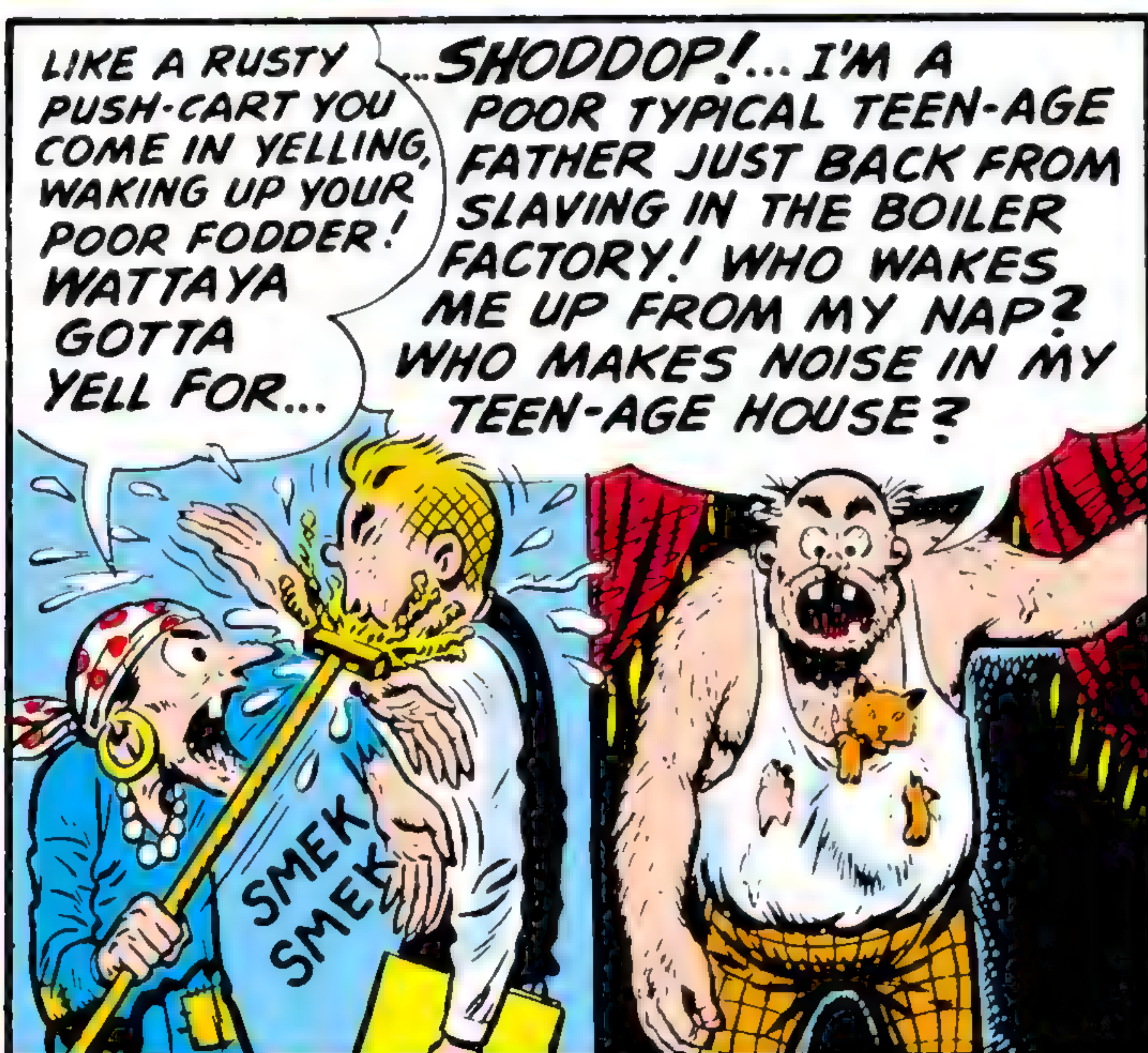
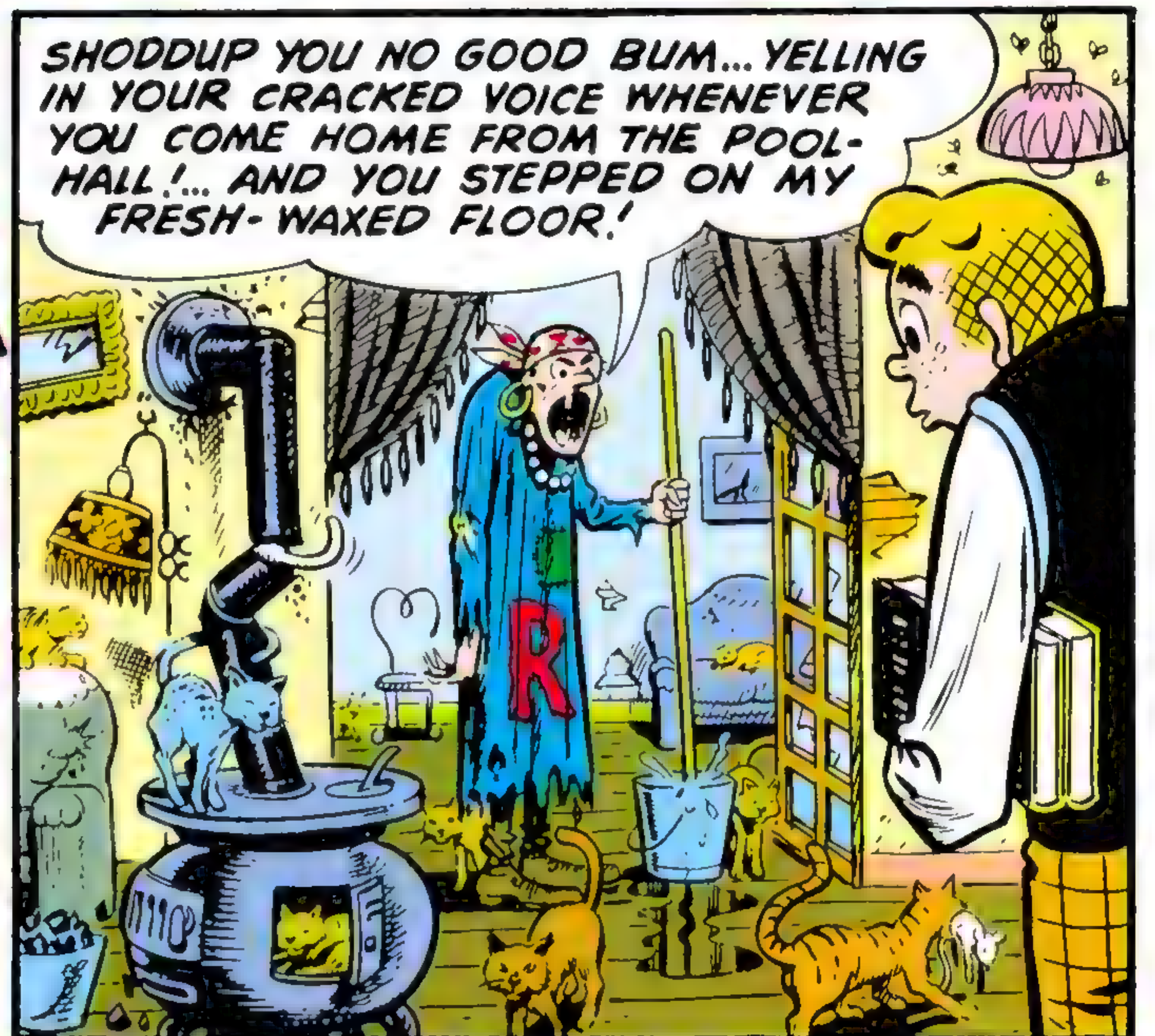
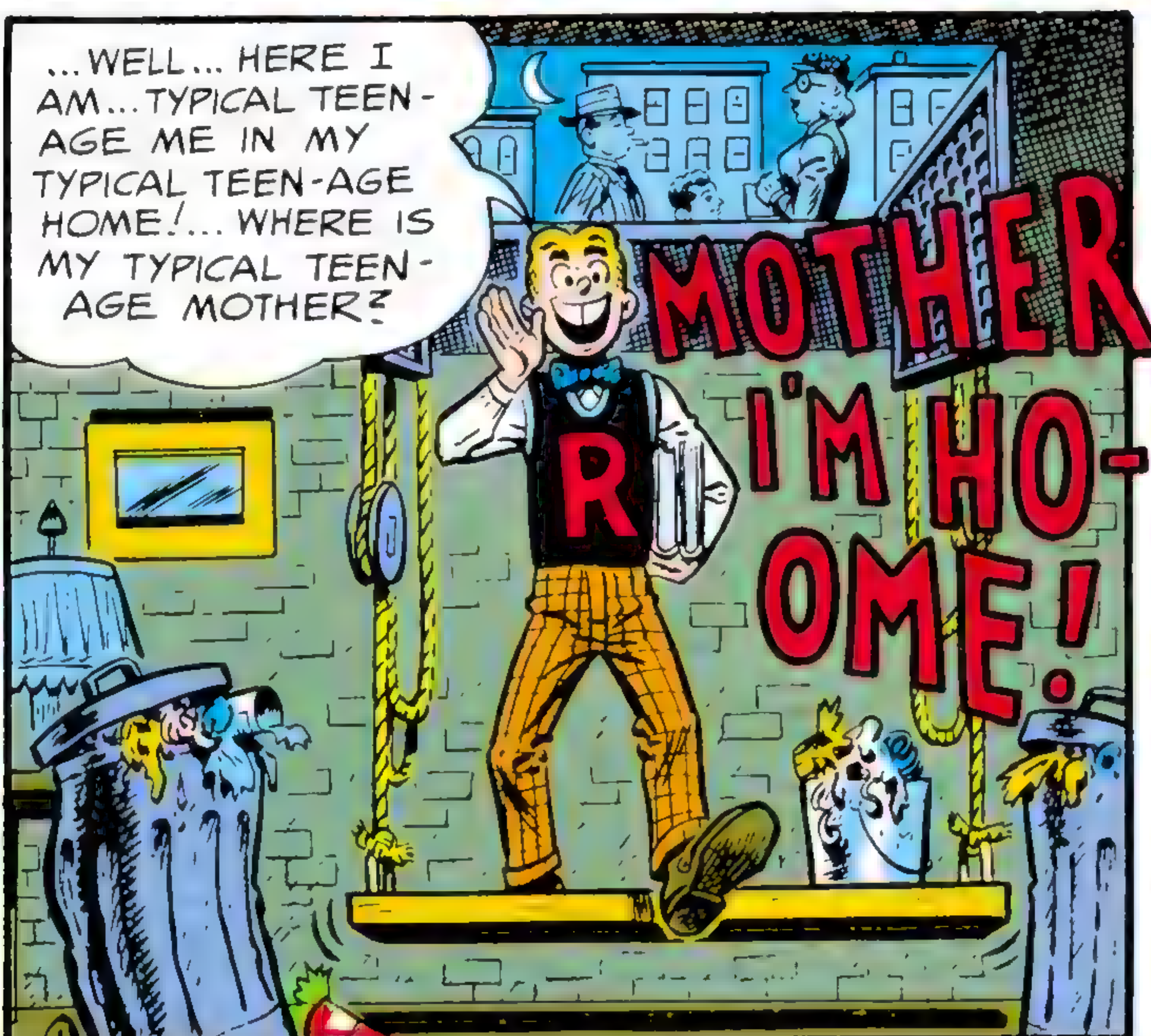
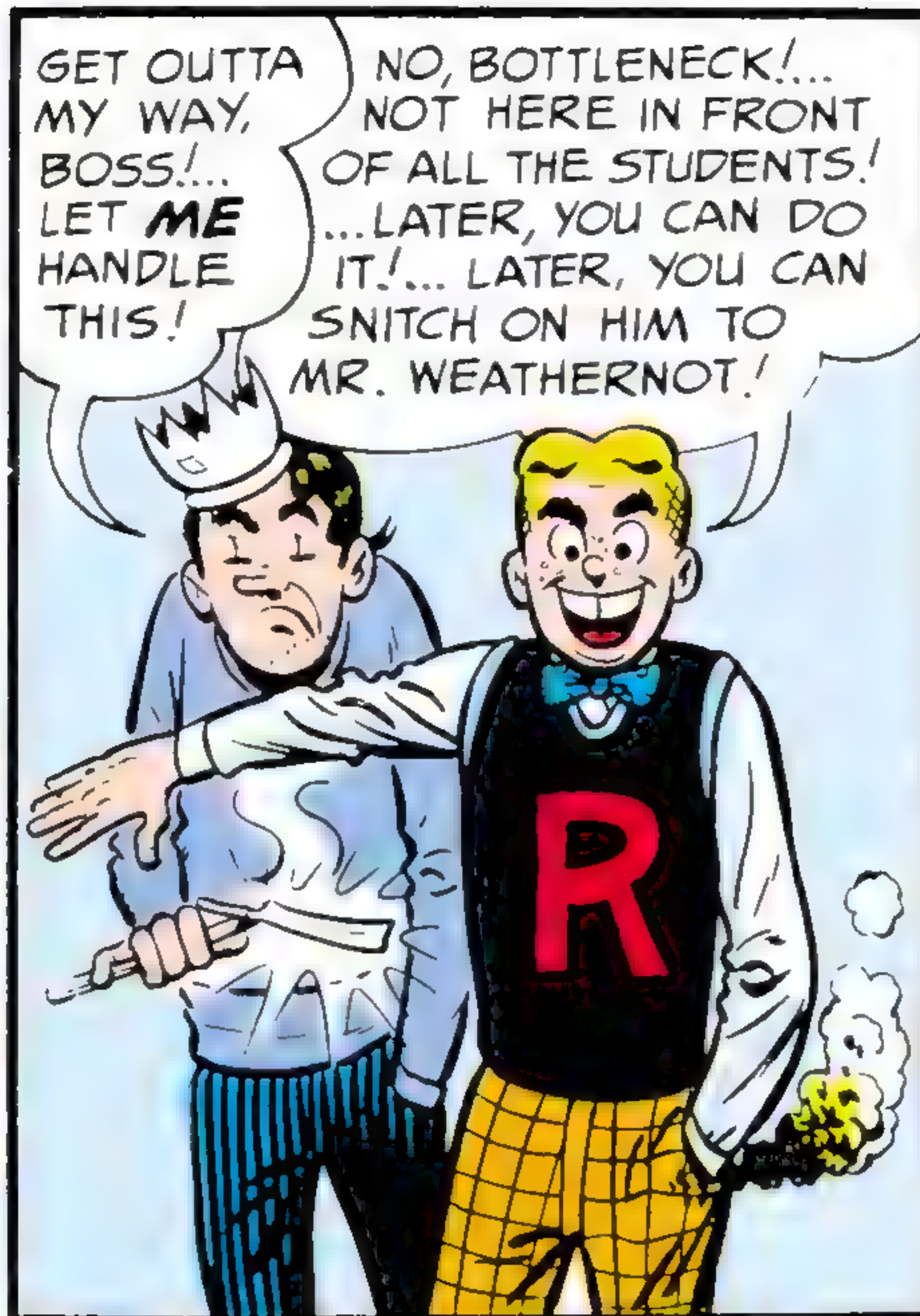
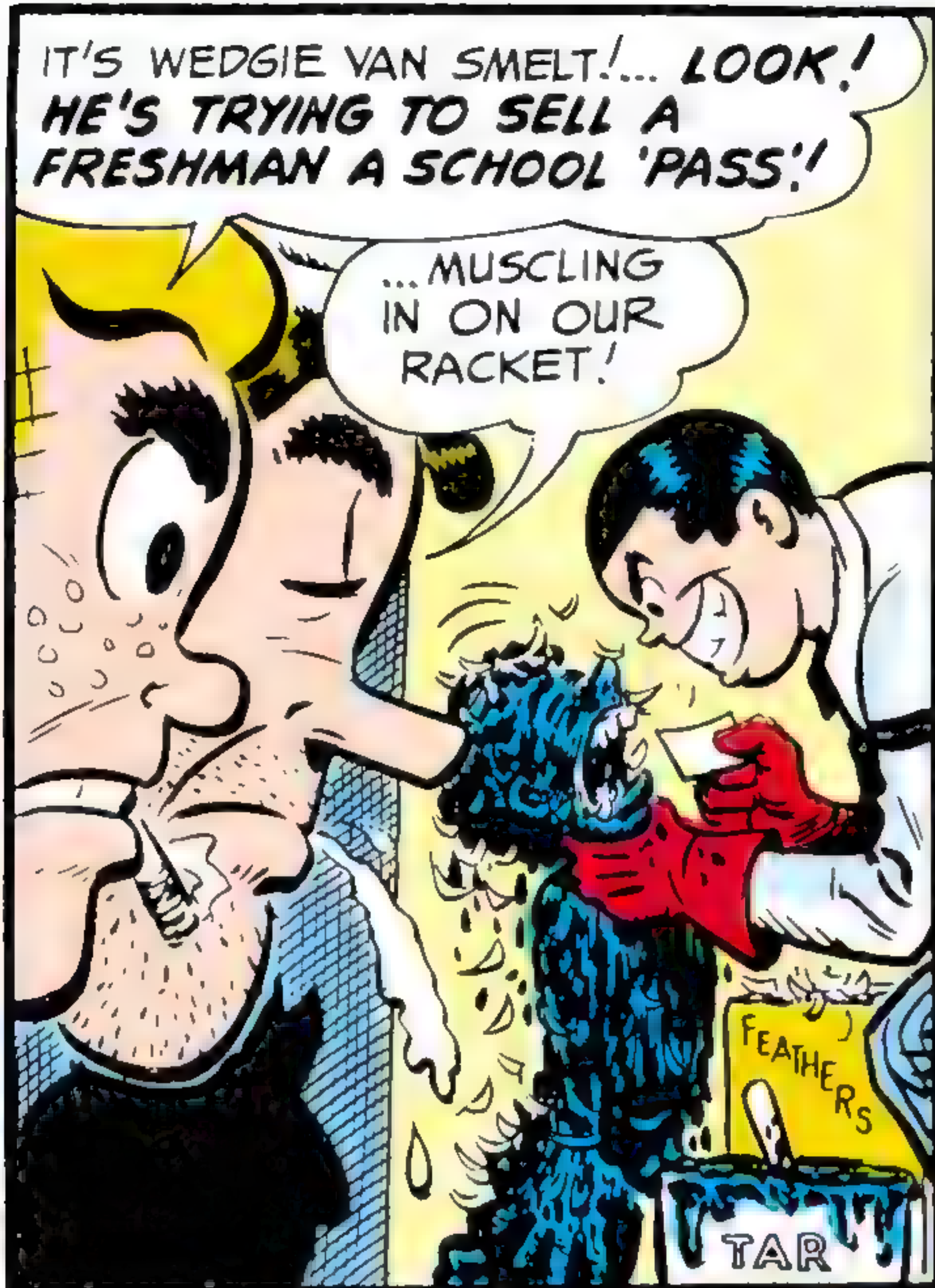
...LET'S GO, BOTTLENECK! SALONICA'S BEEN COOL ON ME SINCE I RAN LOW ON CASH!... LET'S GO SELL SOME MORE SCHOOL PASSES TO THE FRESHMEN!

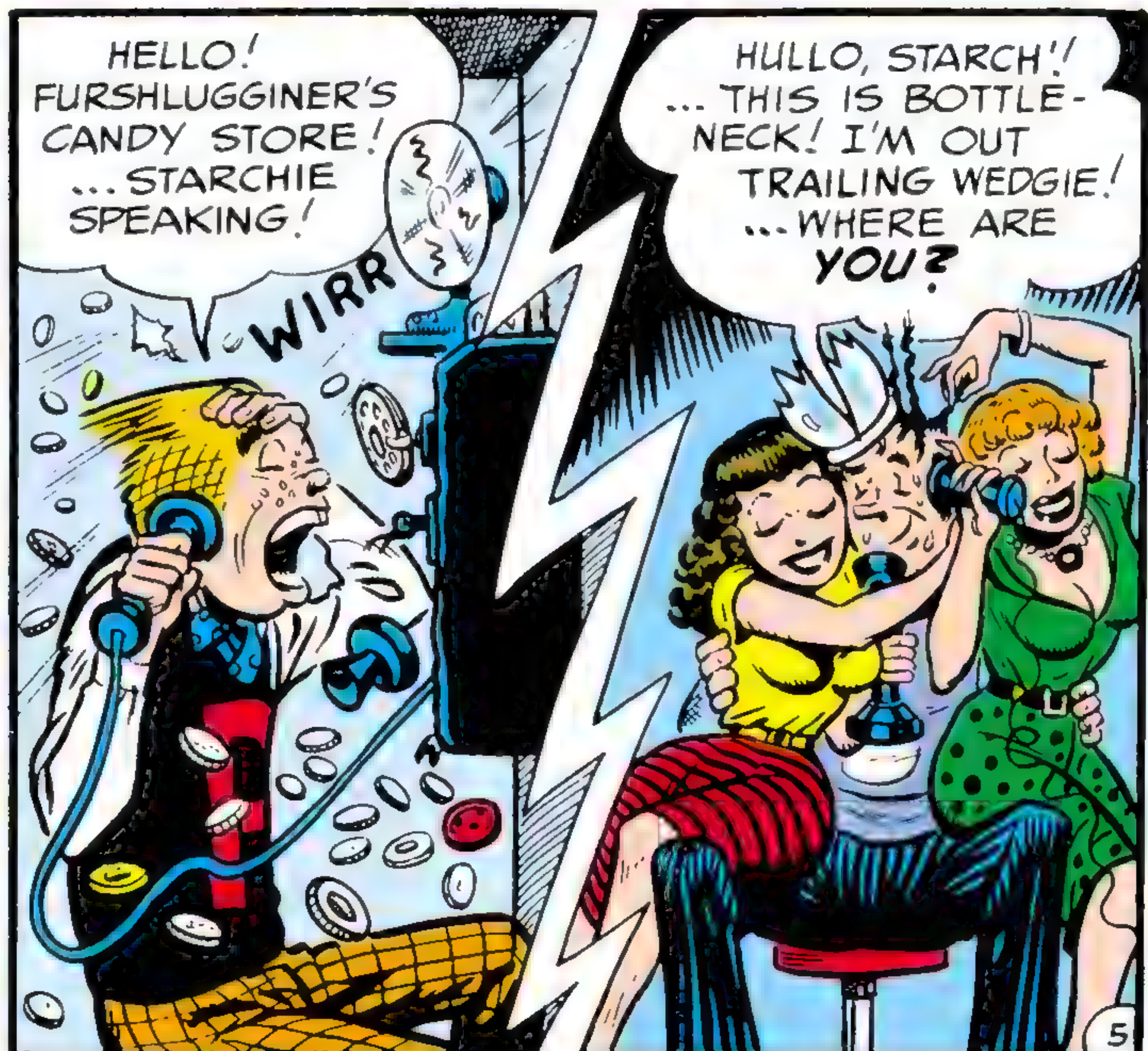
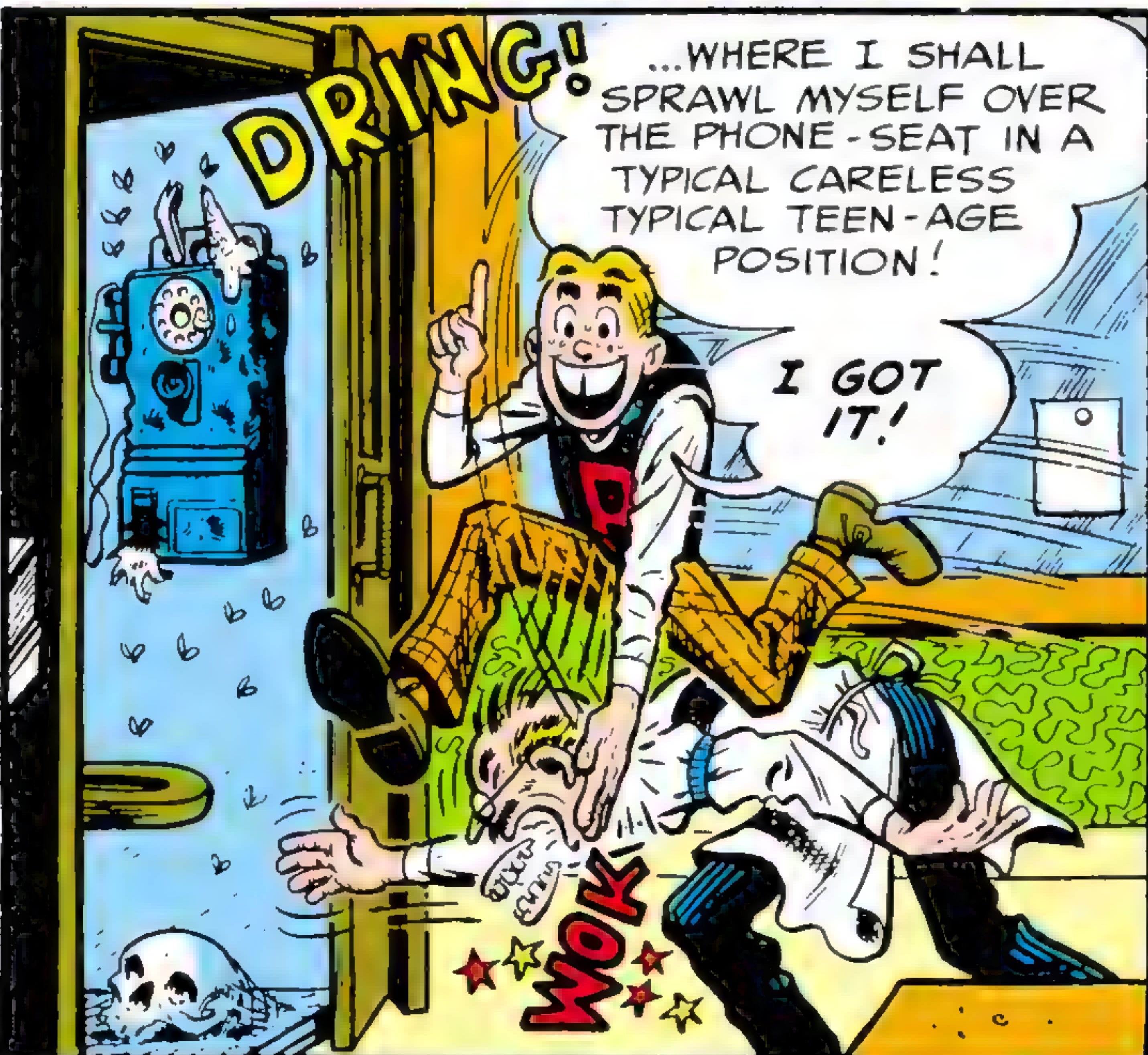
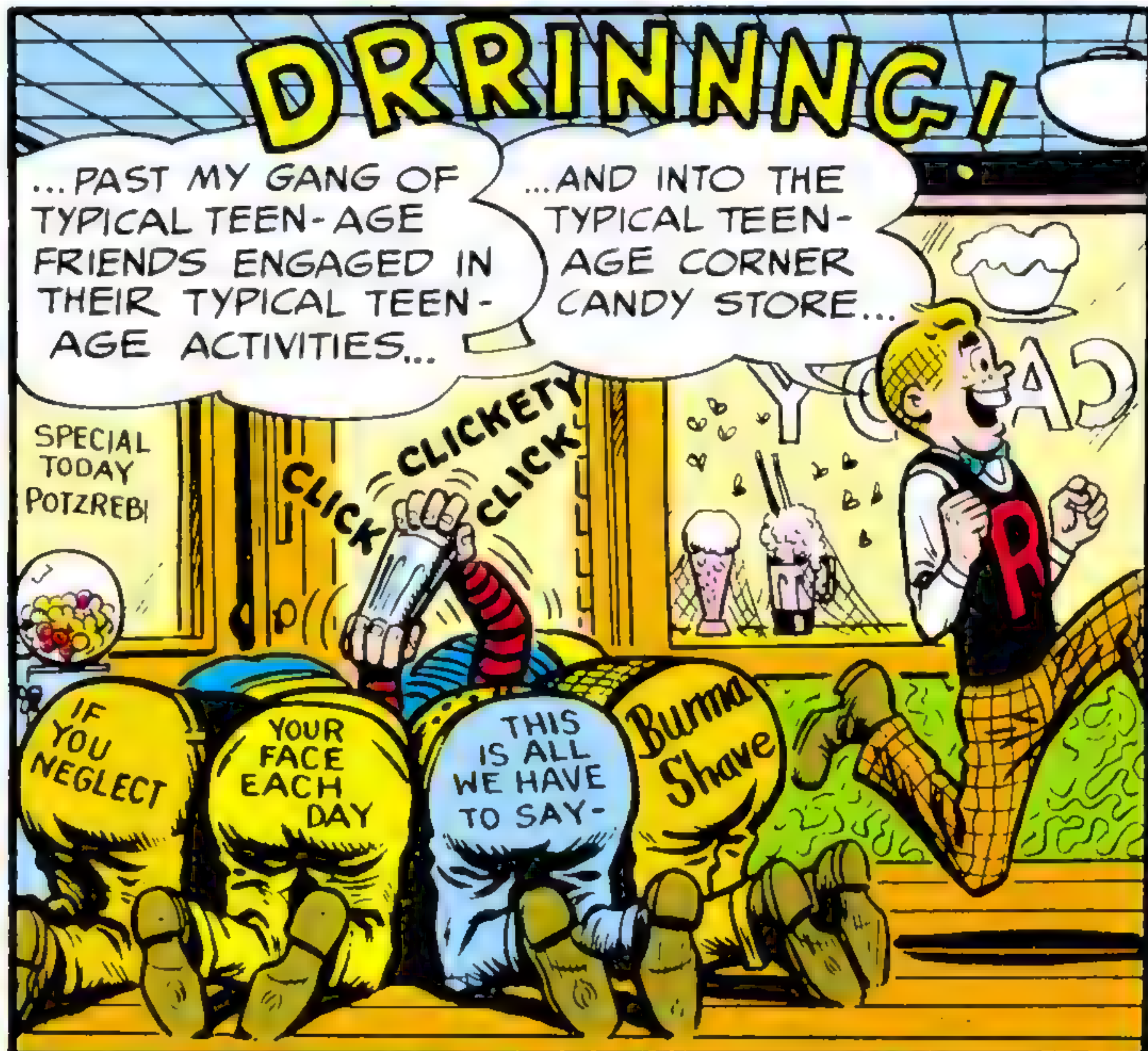
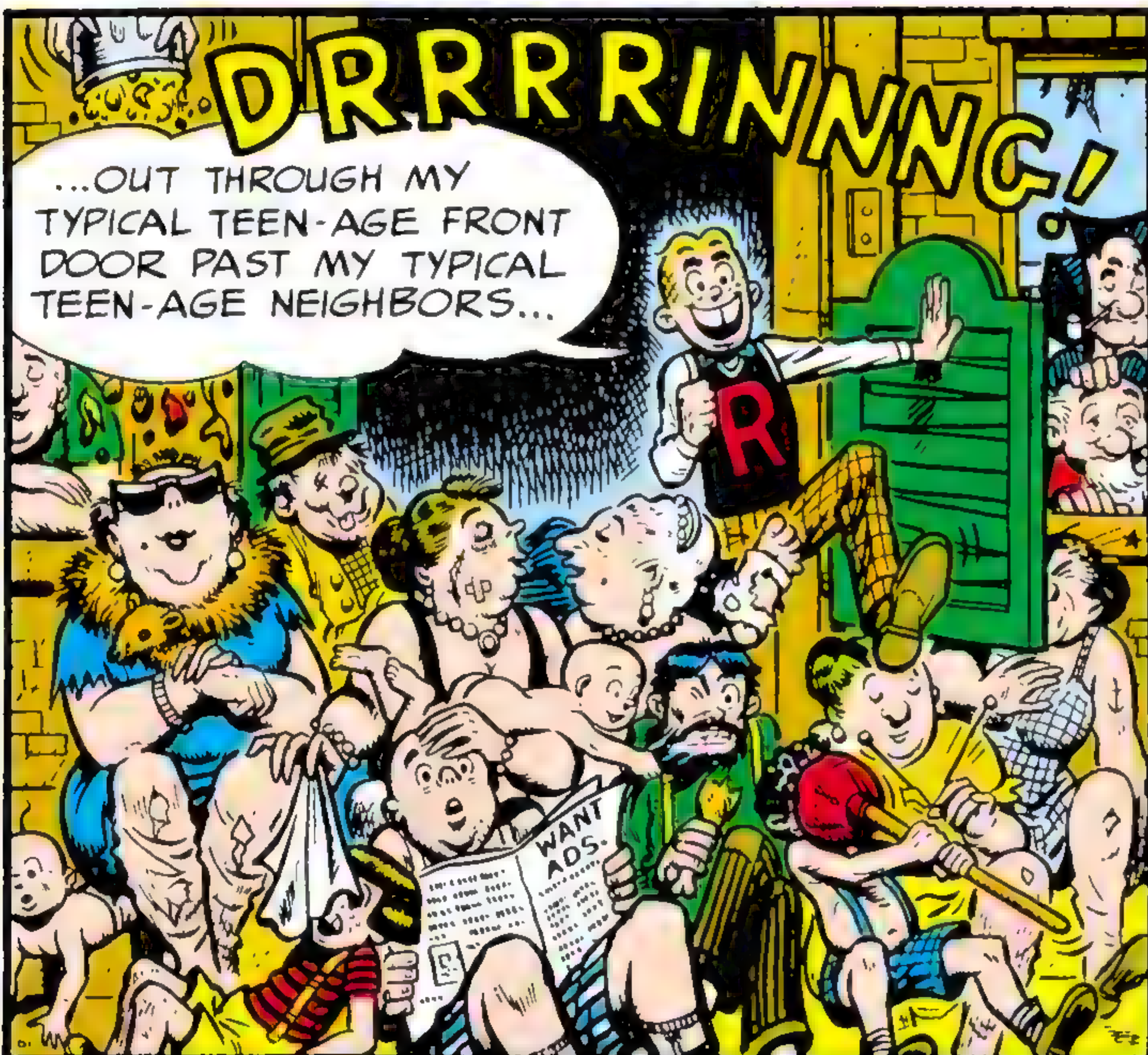
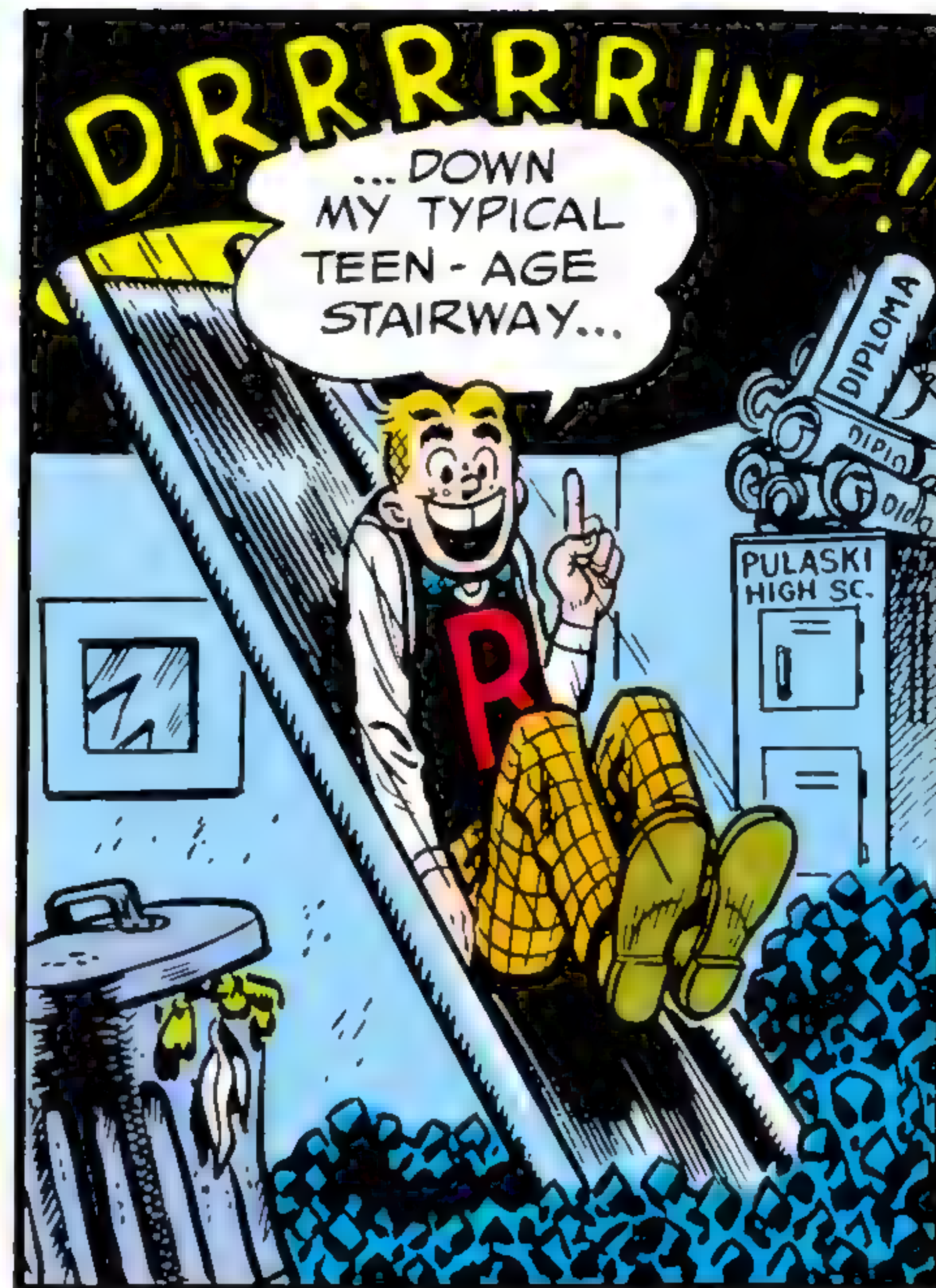
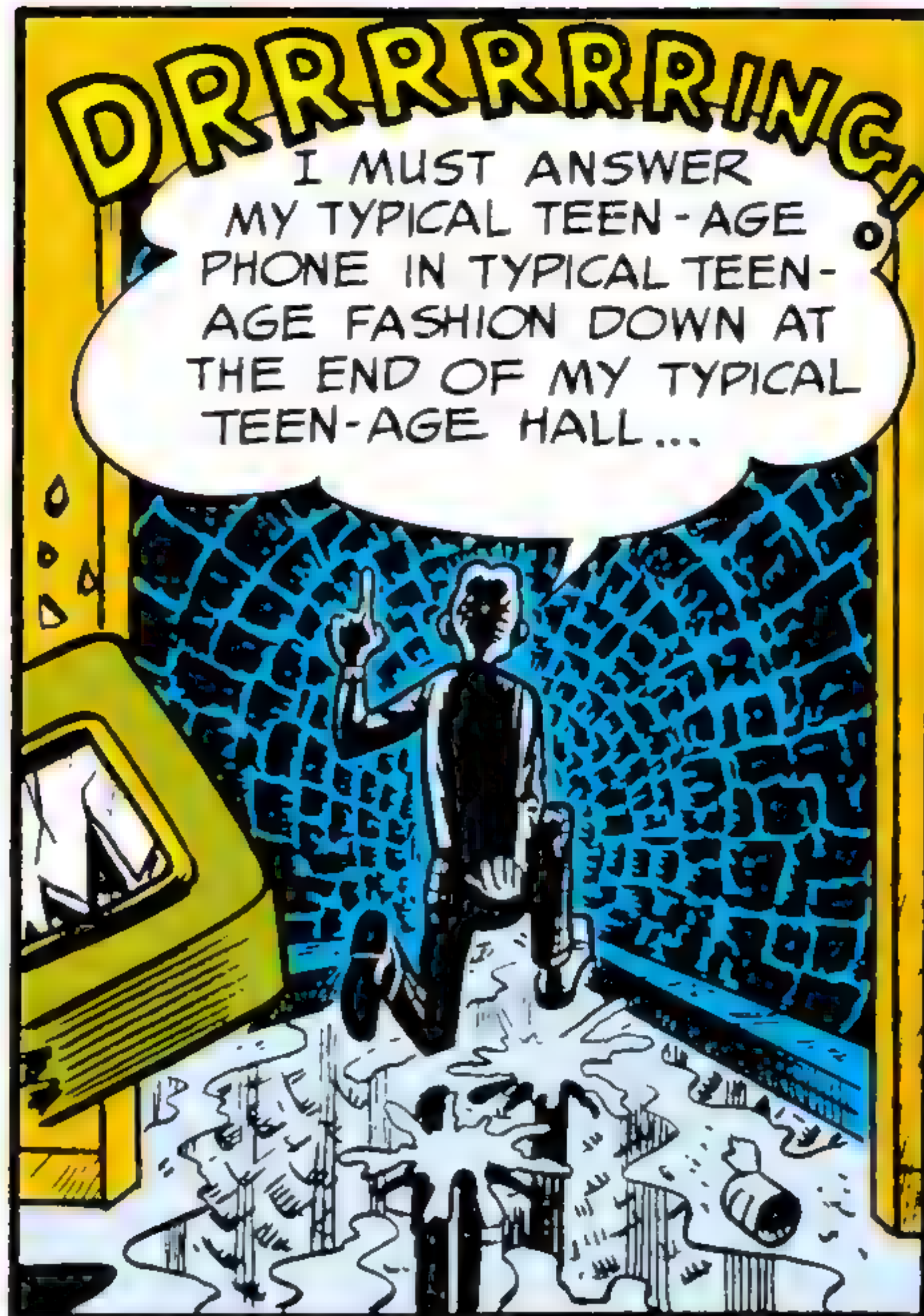
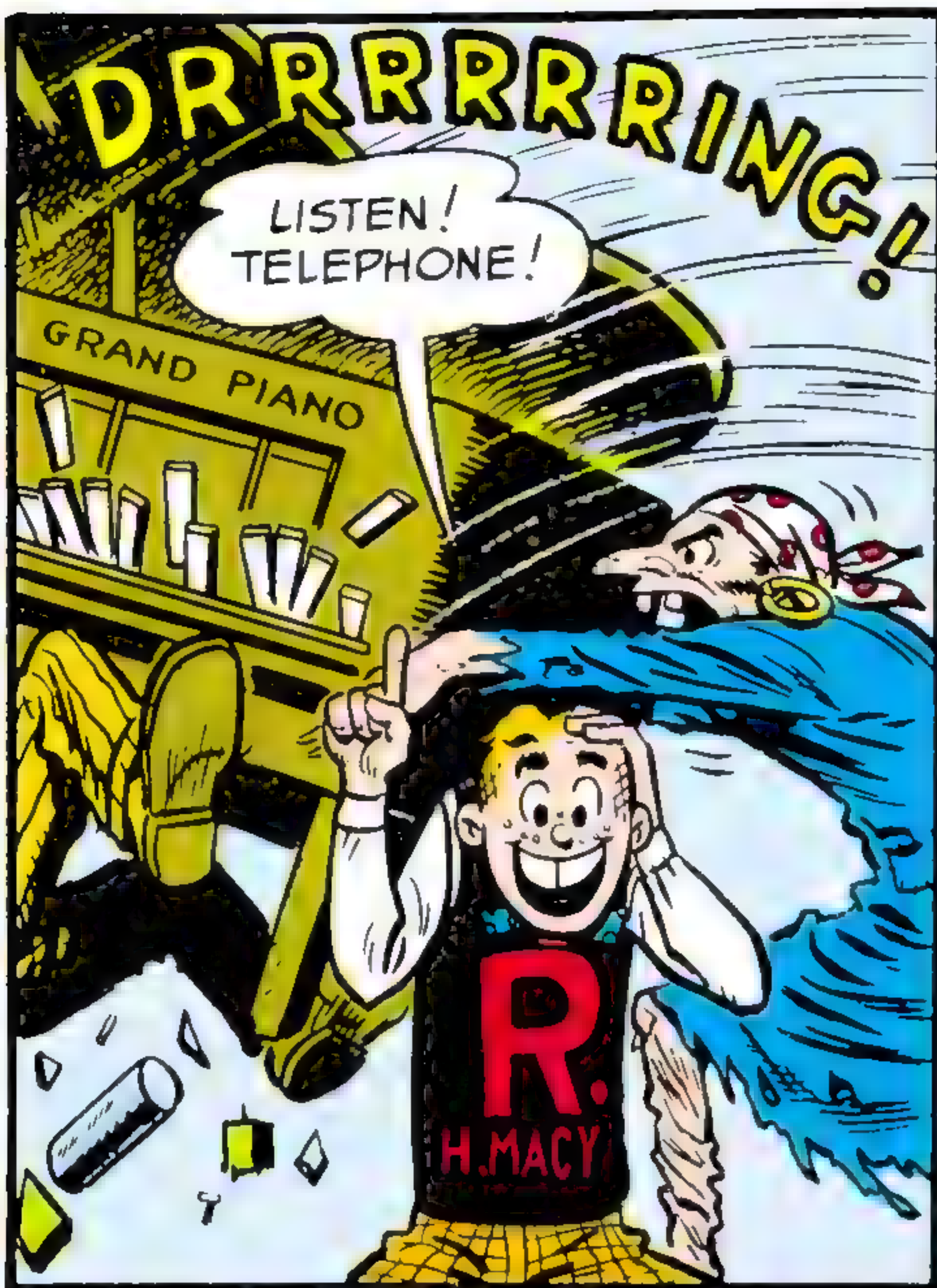
LOST & FOUND : FOUND: A PAIR OF DICE IN THE LOCKER ROOM. LOST: ONE LOCKER.

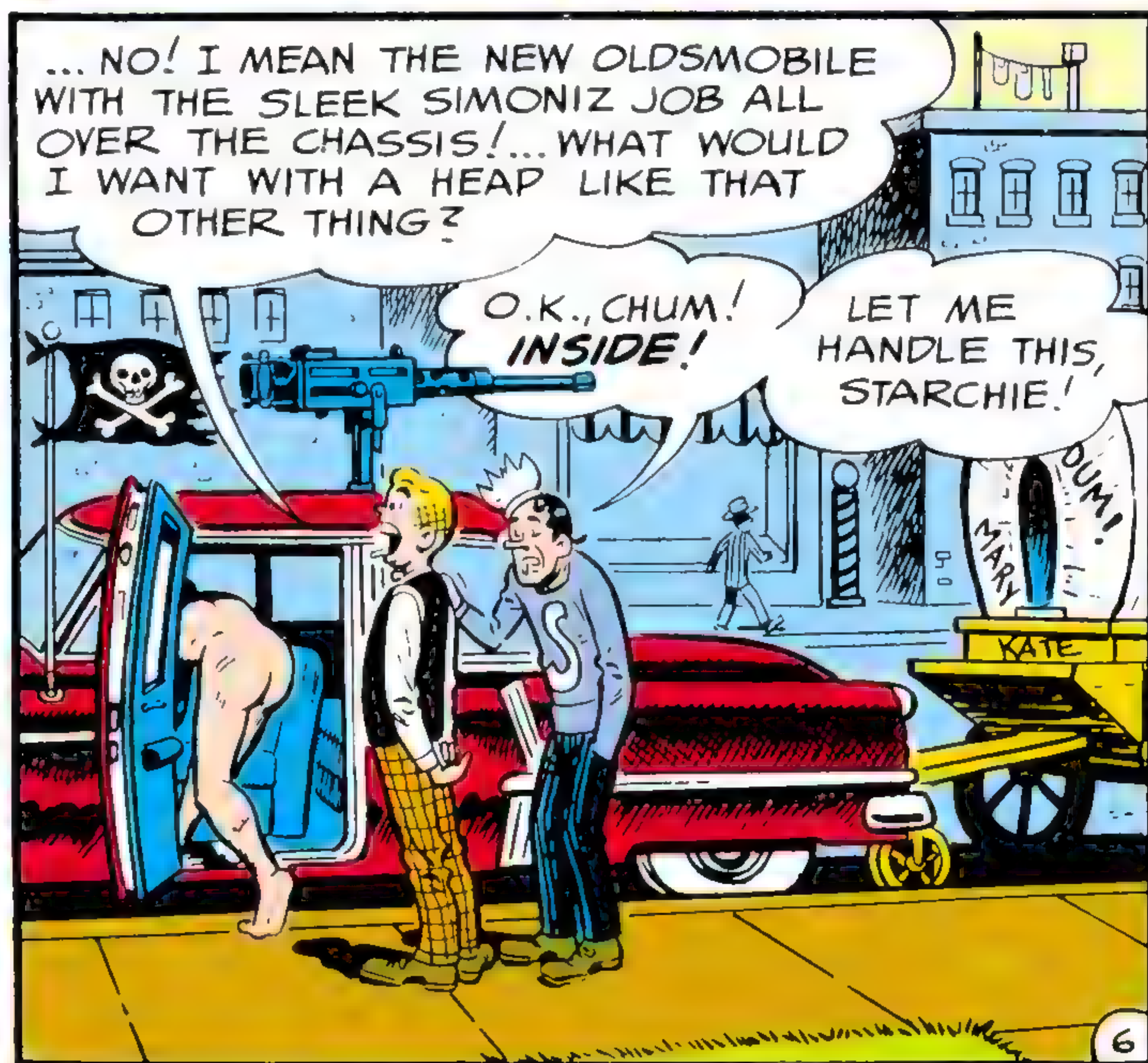
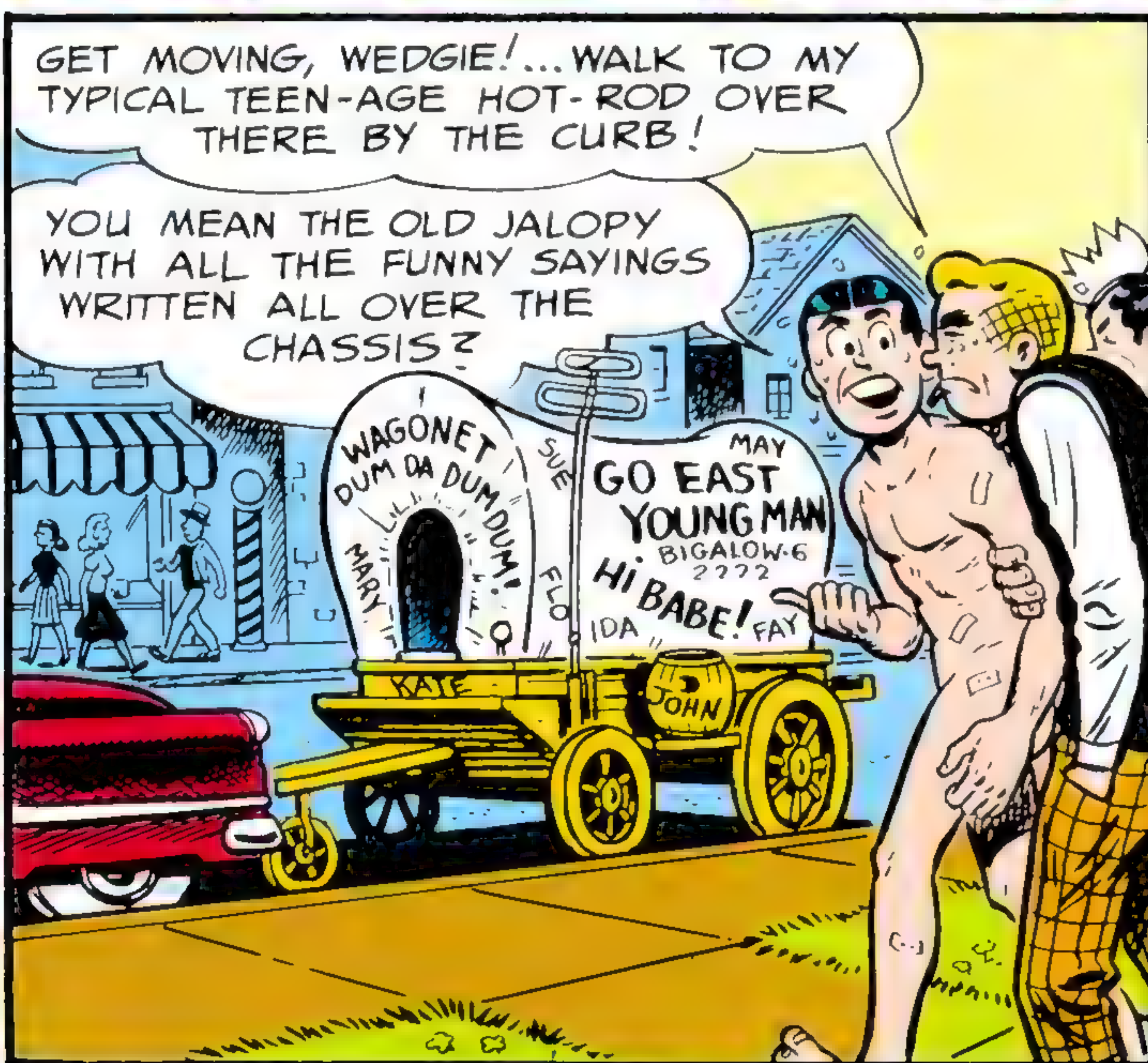
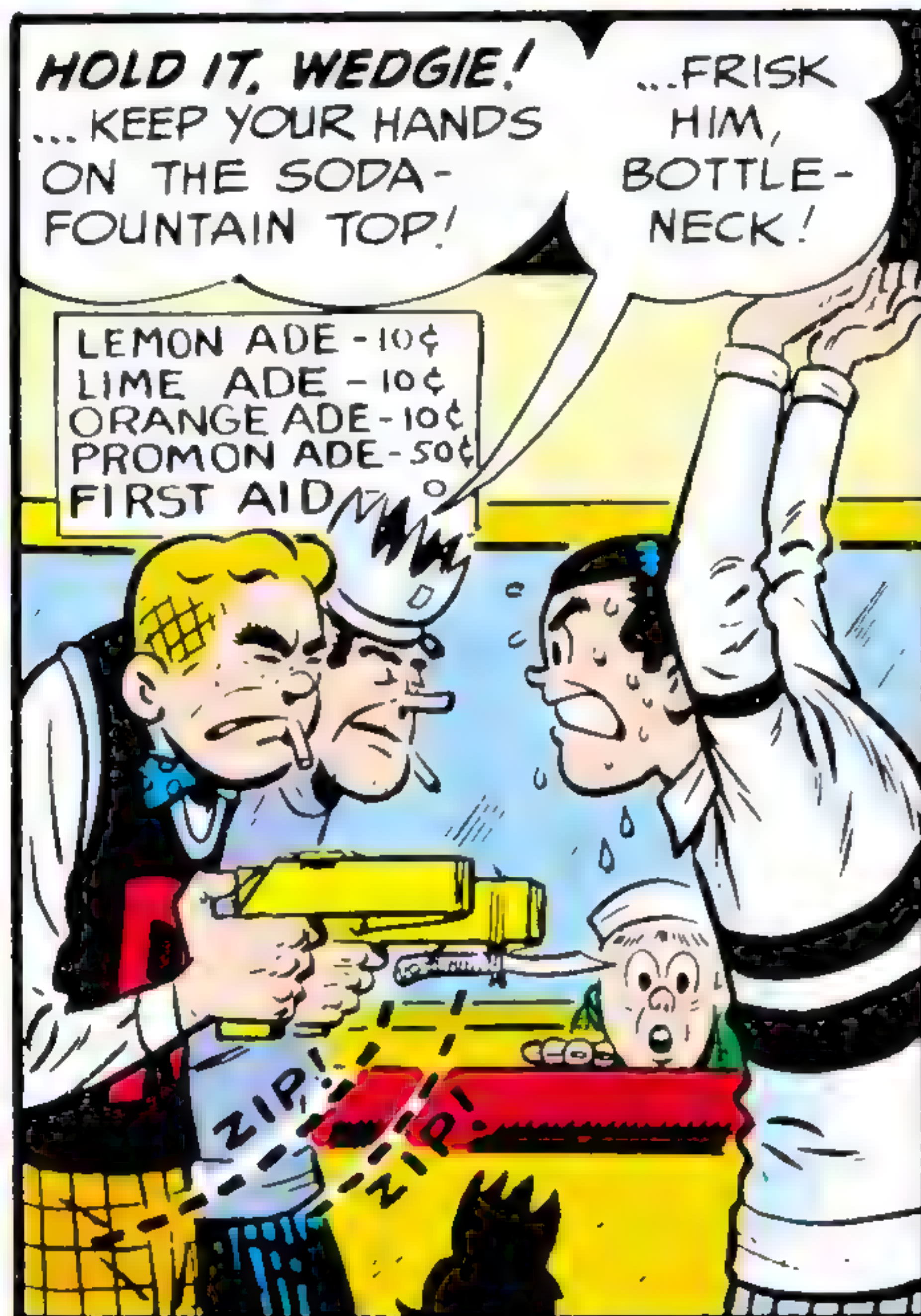
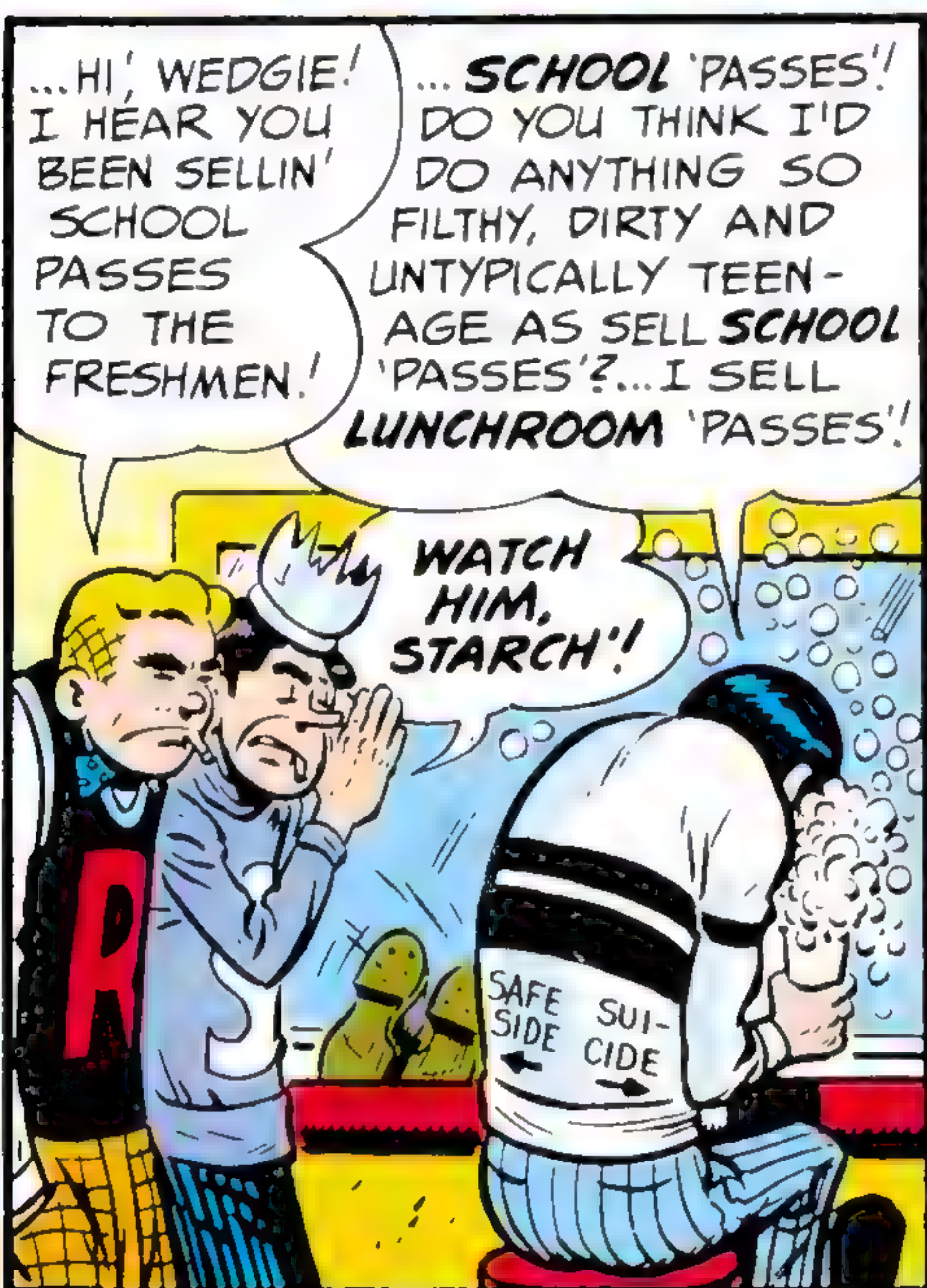
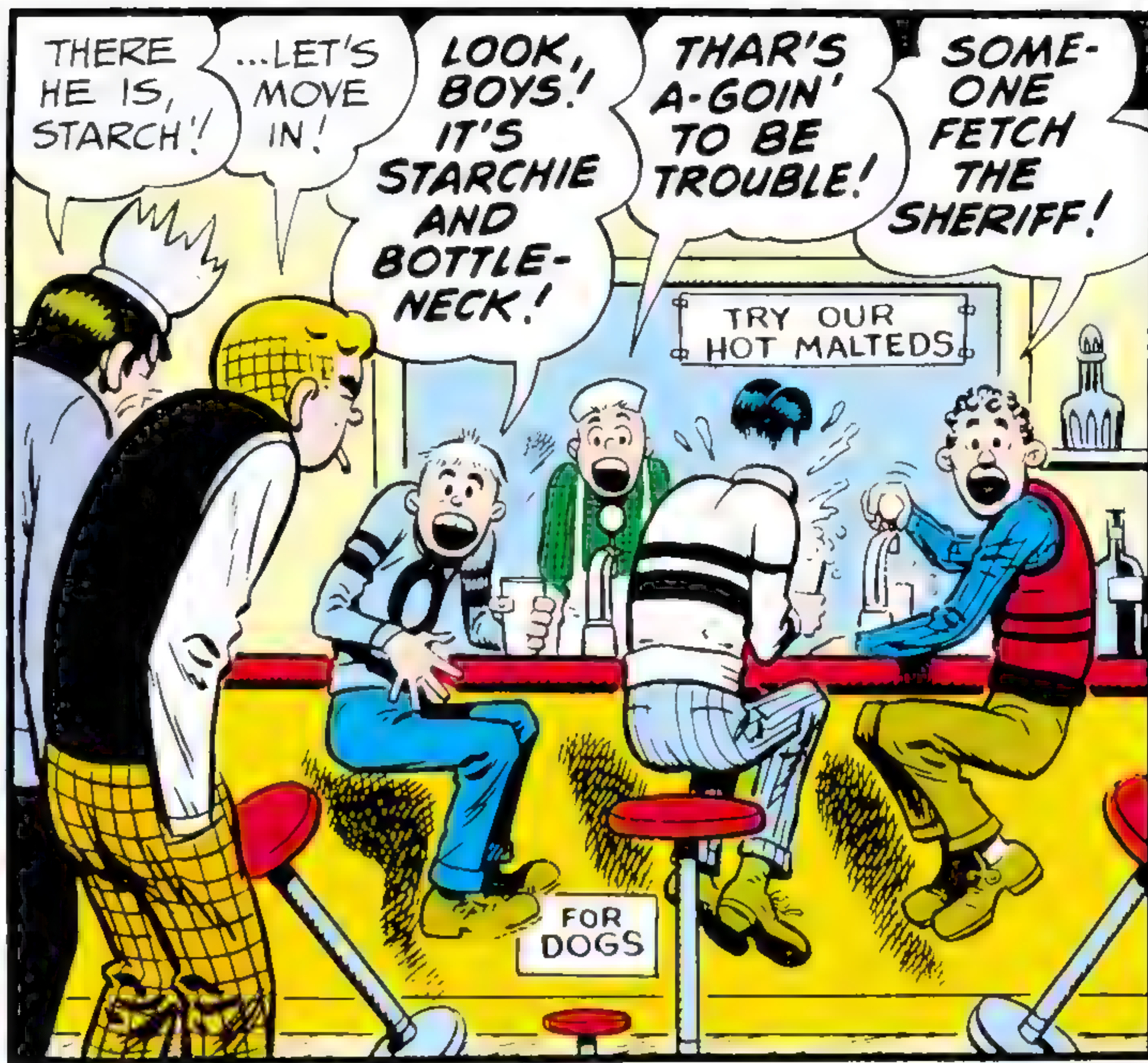
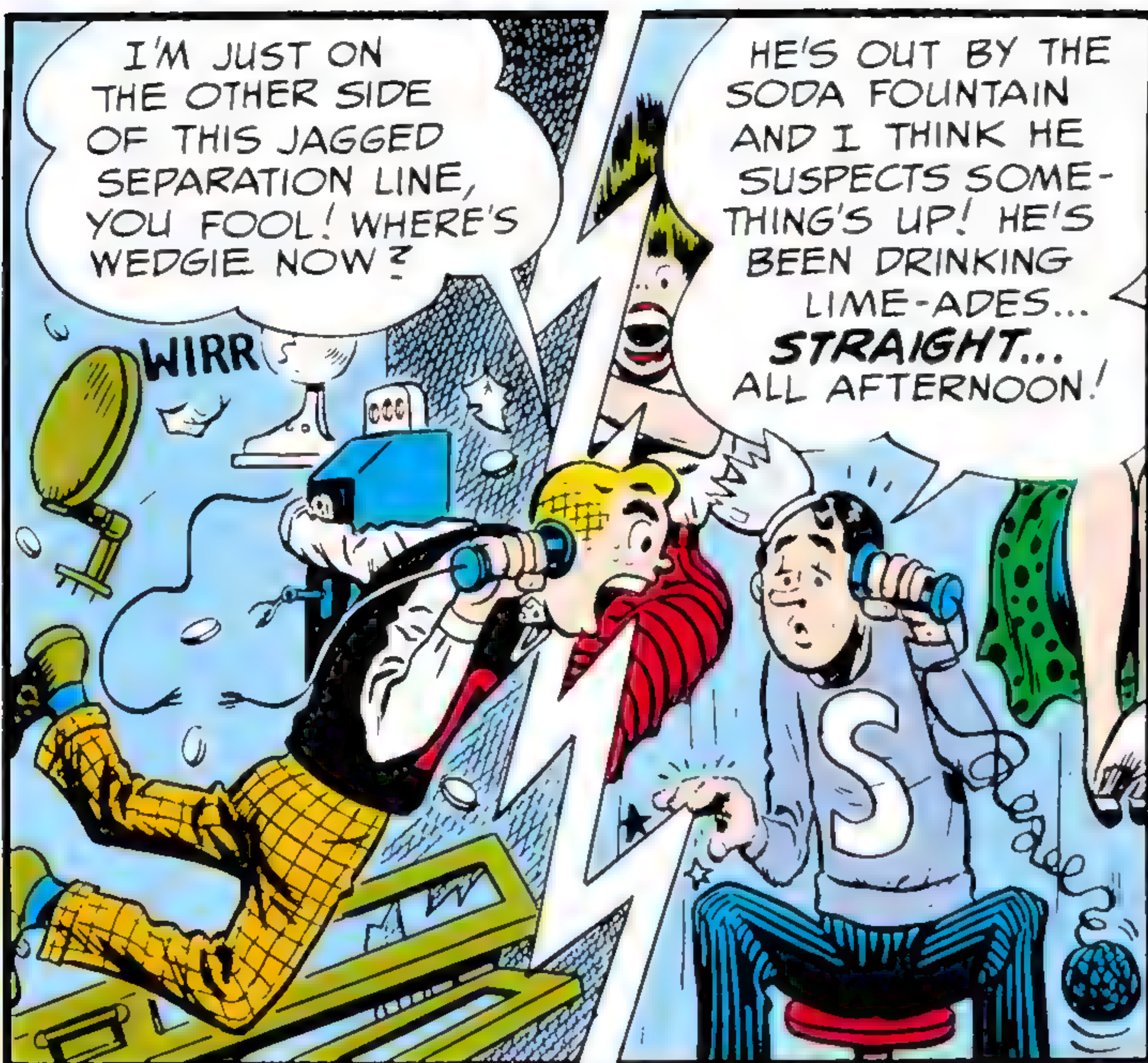
HST!... STARCHIE!... GET BACK! LOOK OVER THERE!

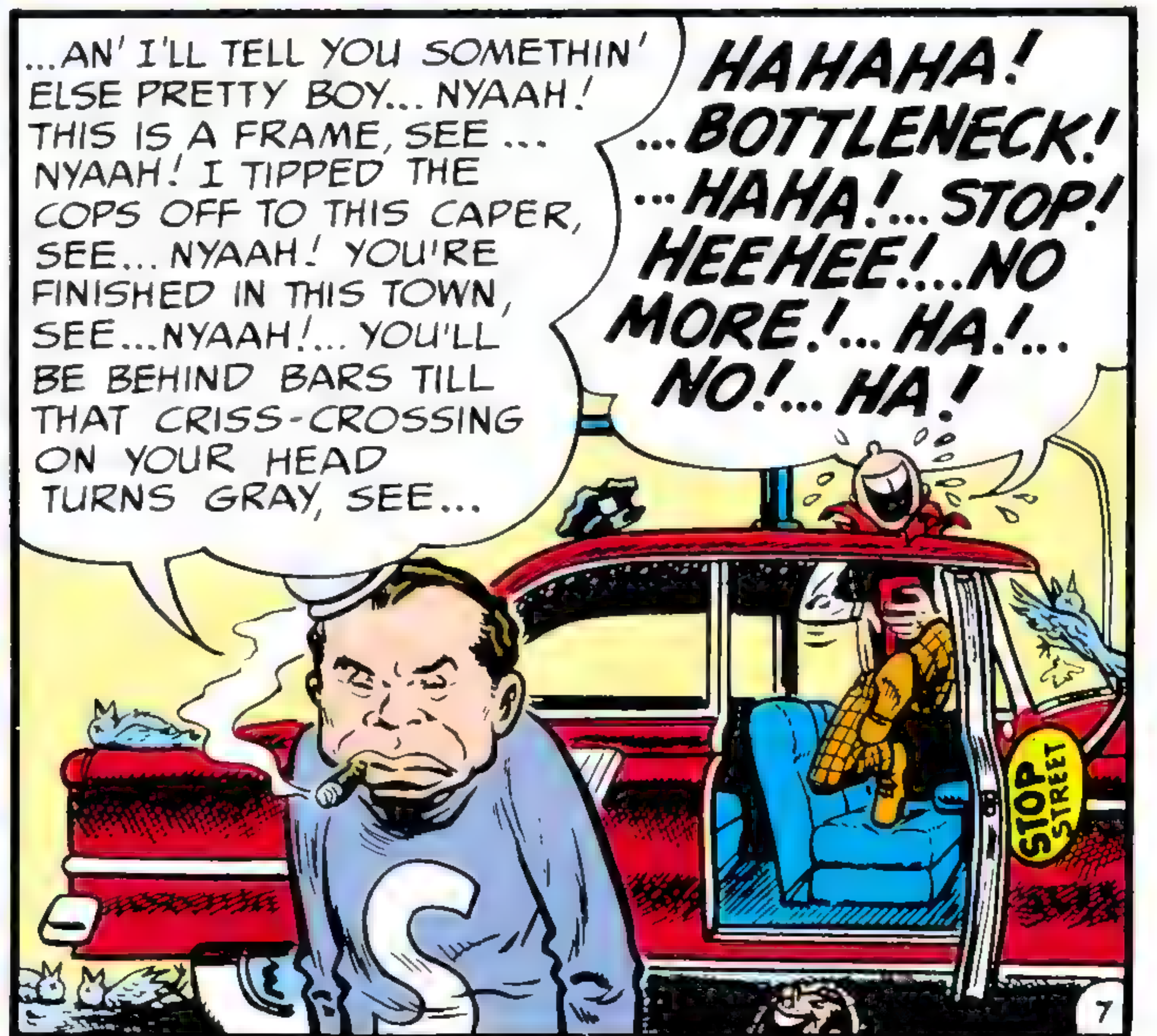
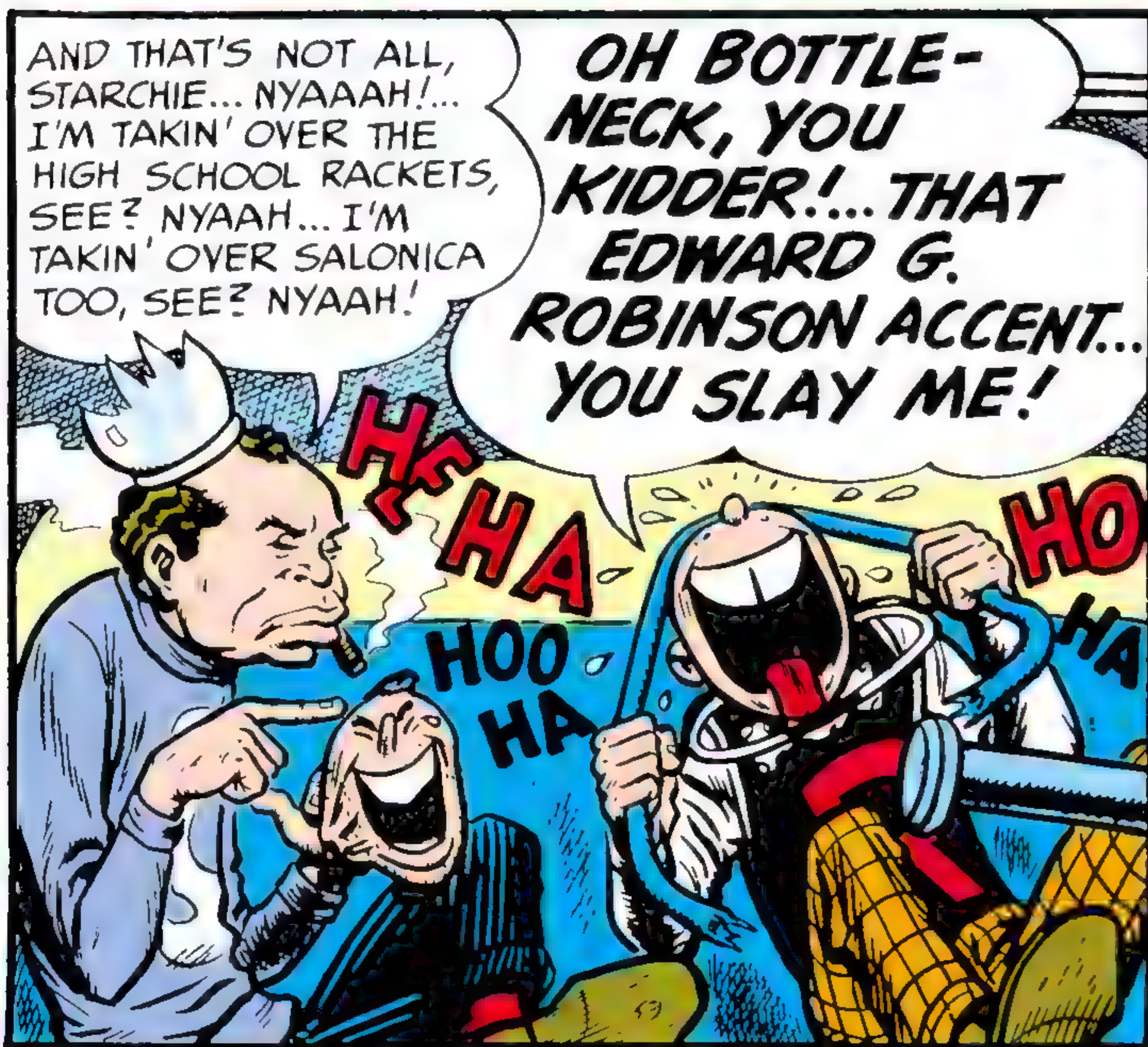
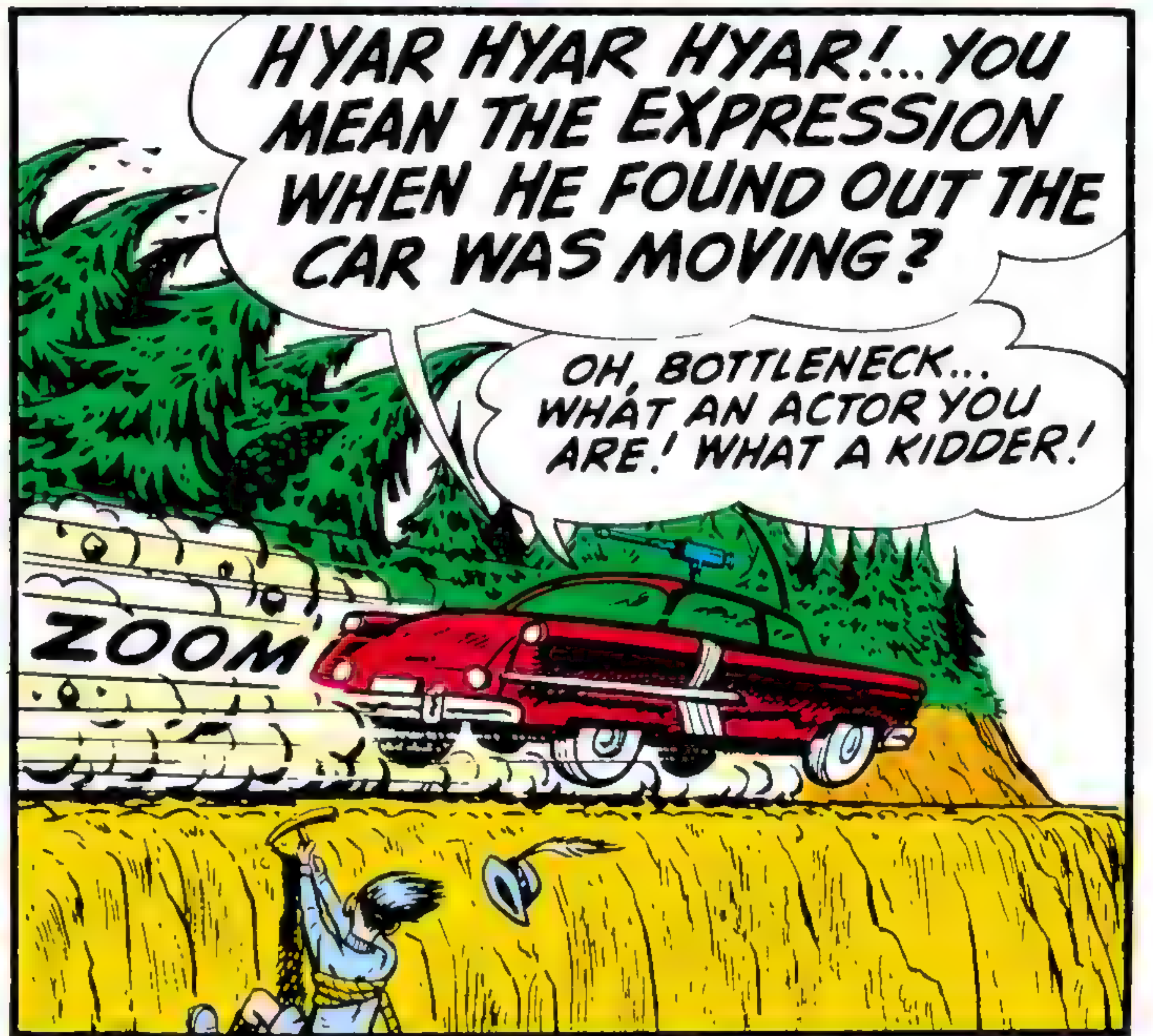
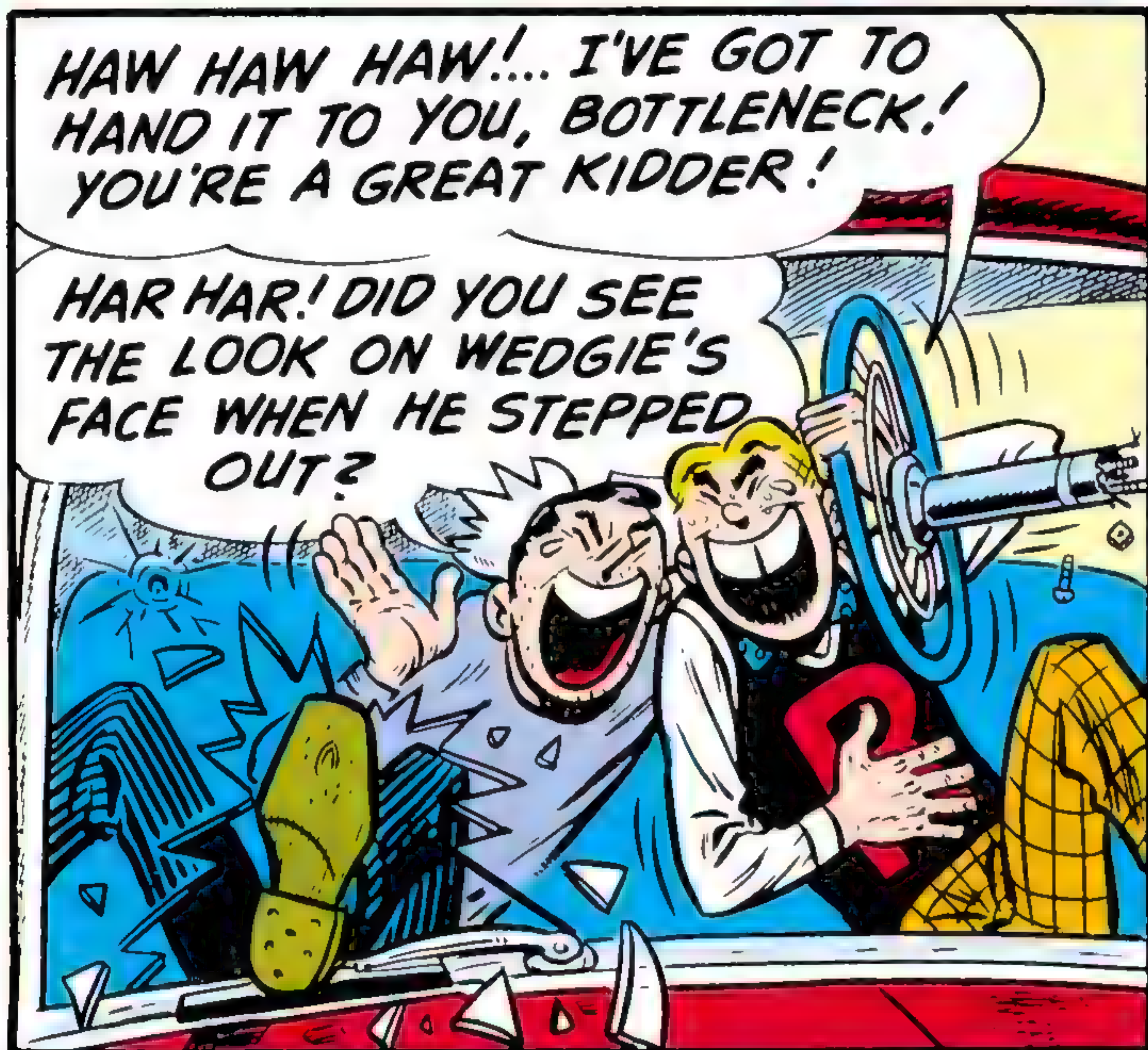
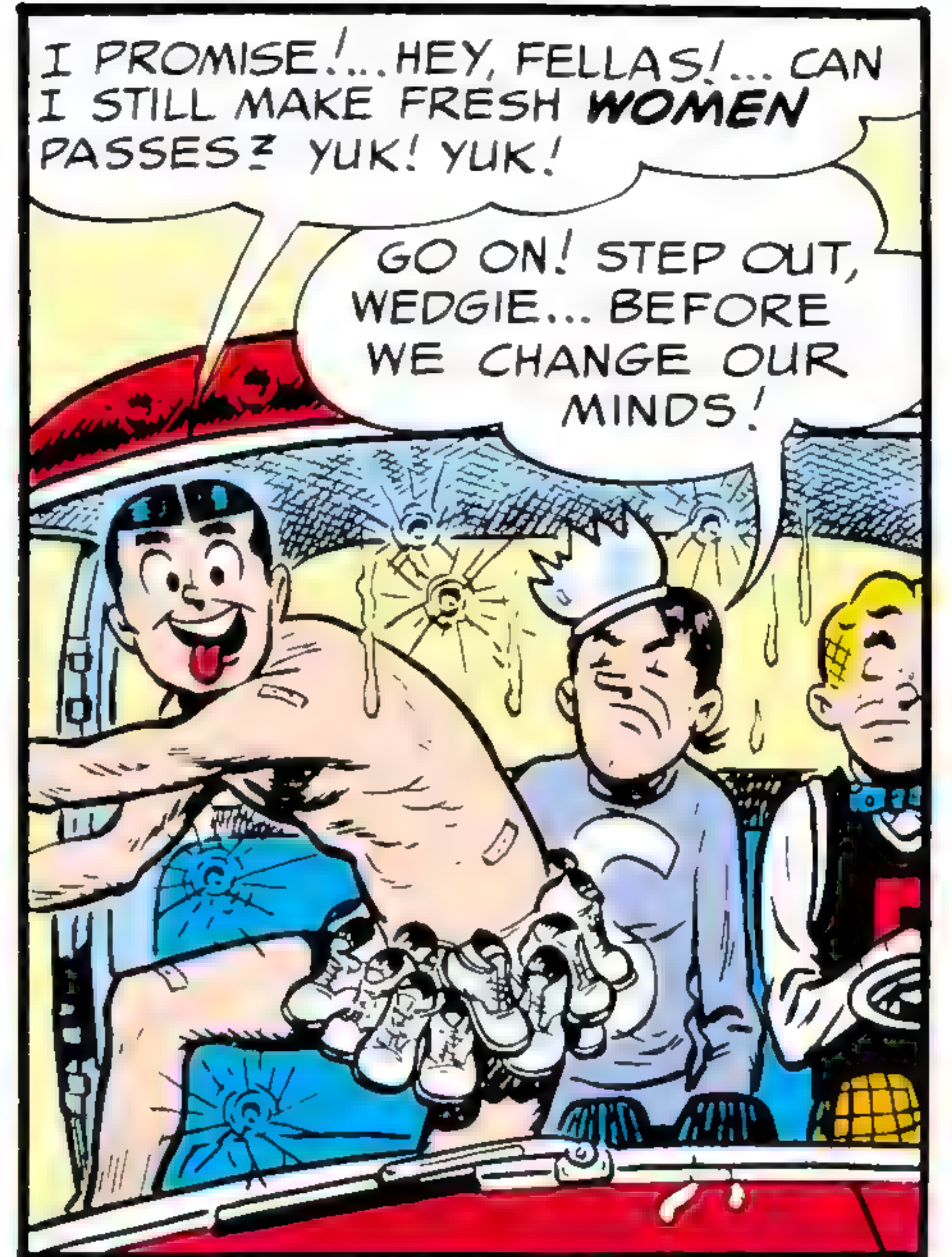
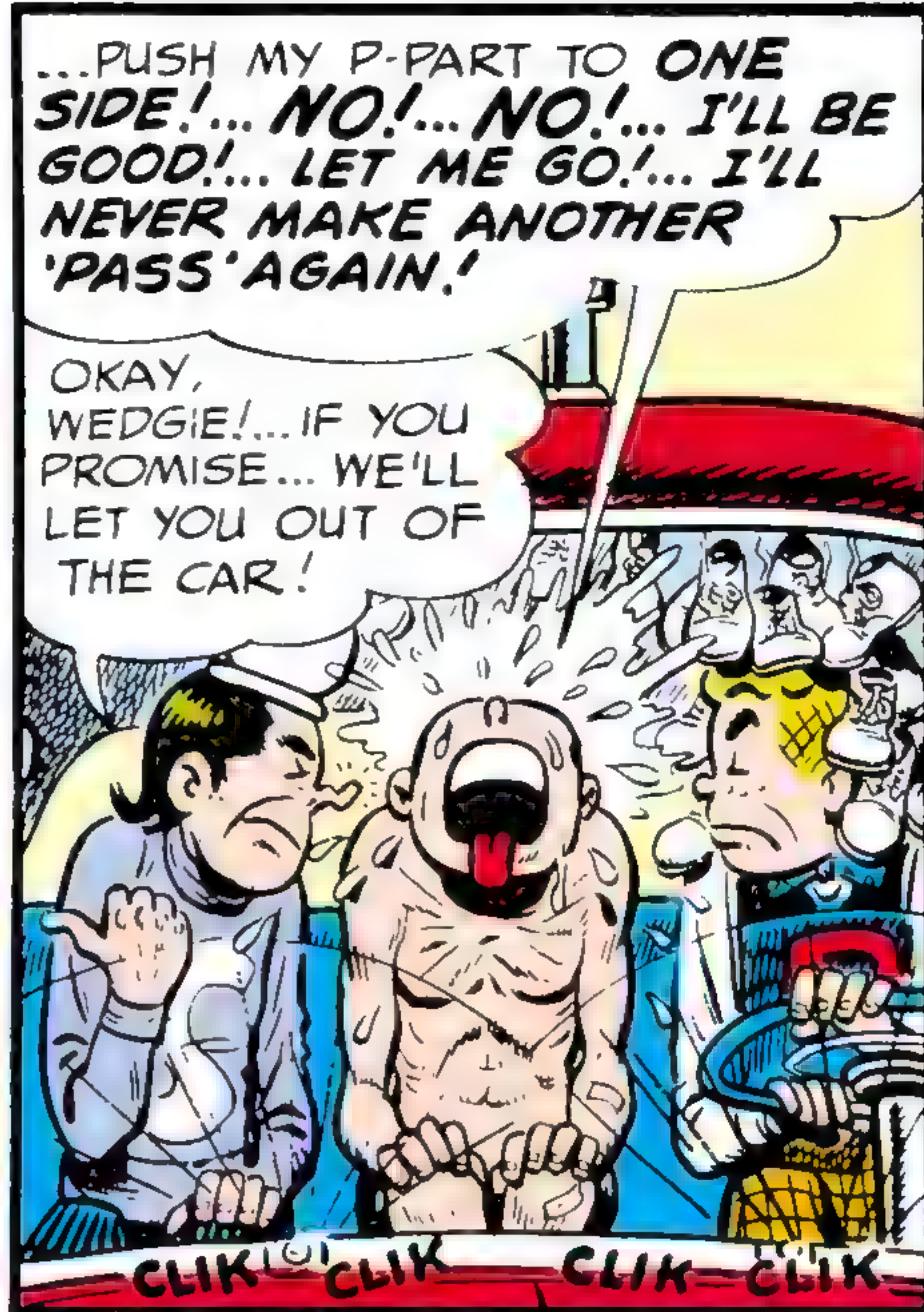
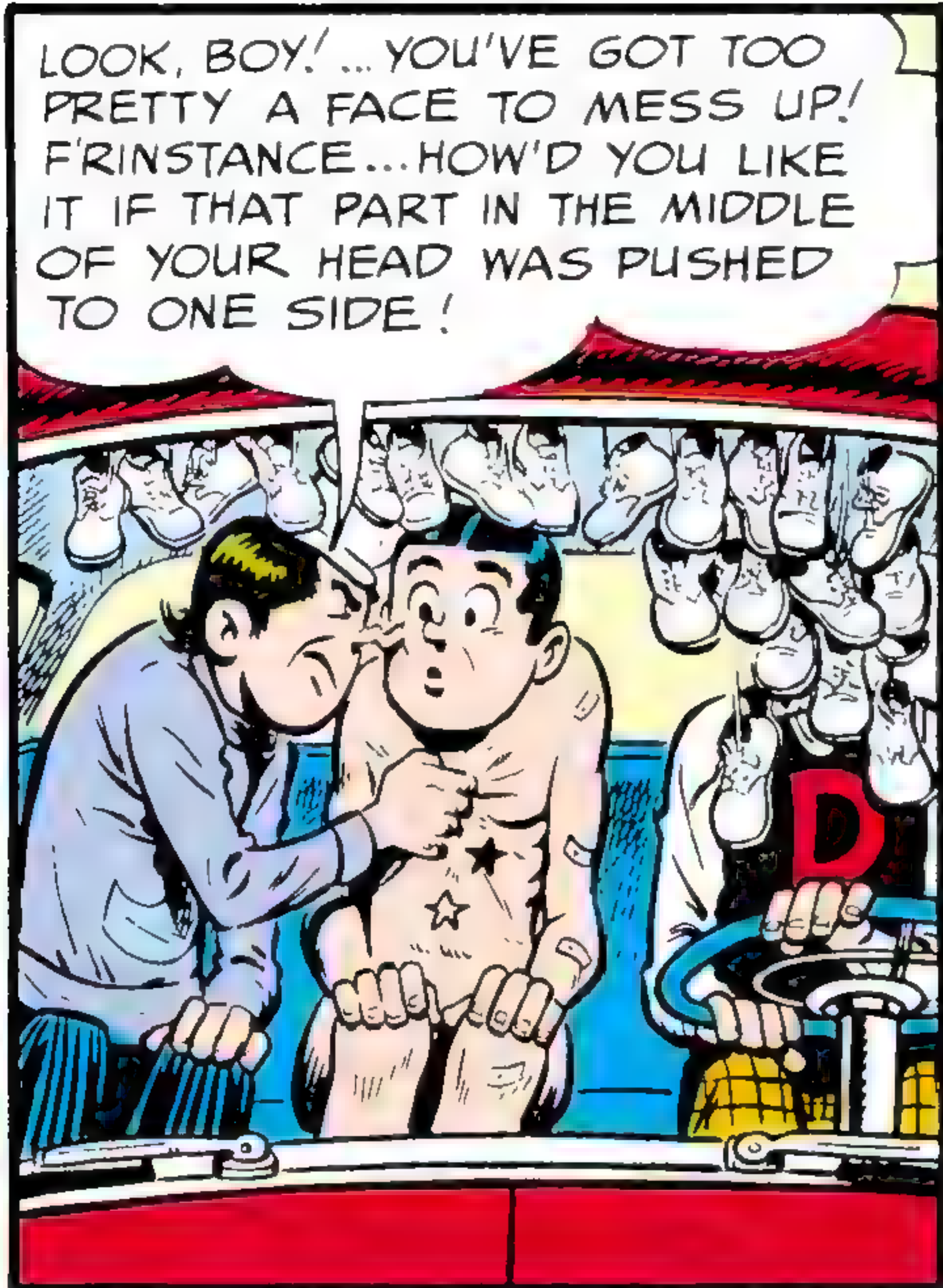
POW WAK SOK

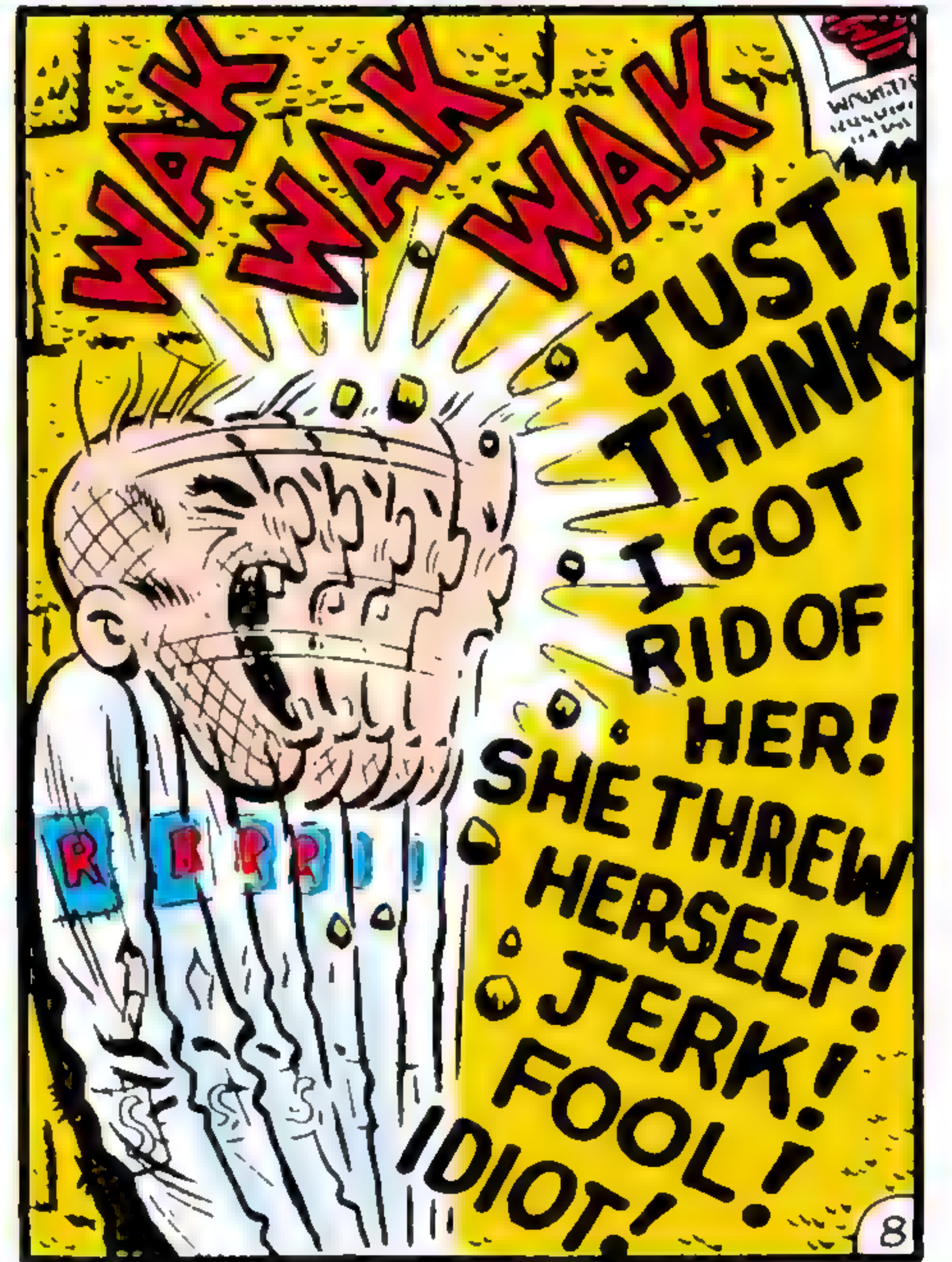
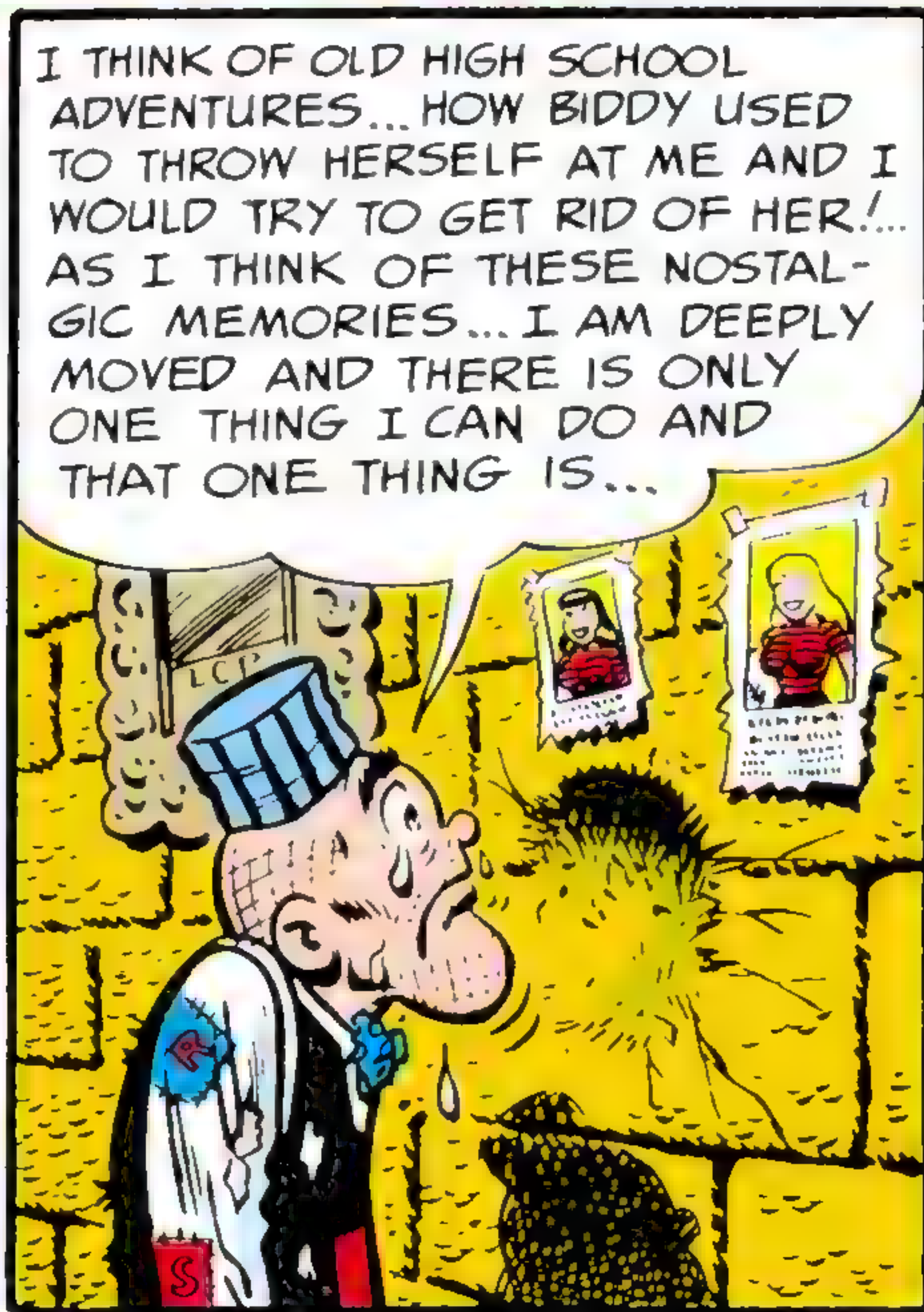
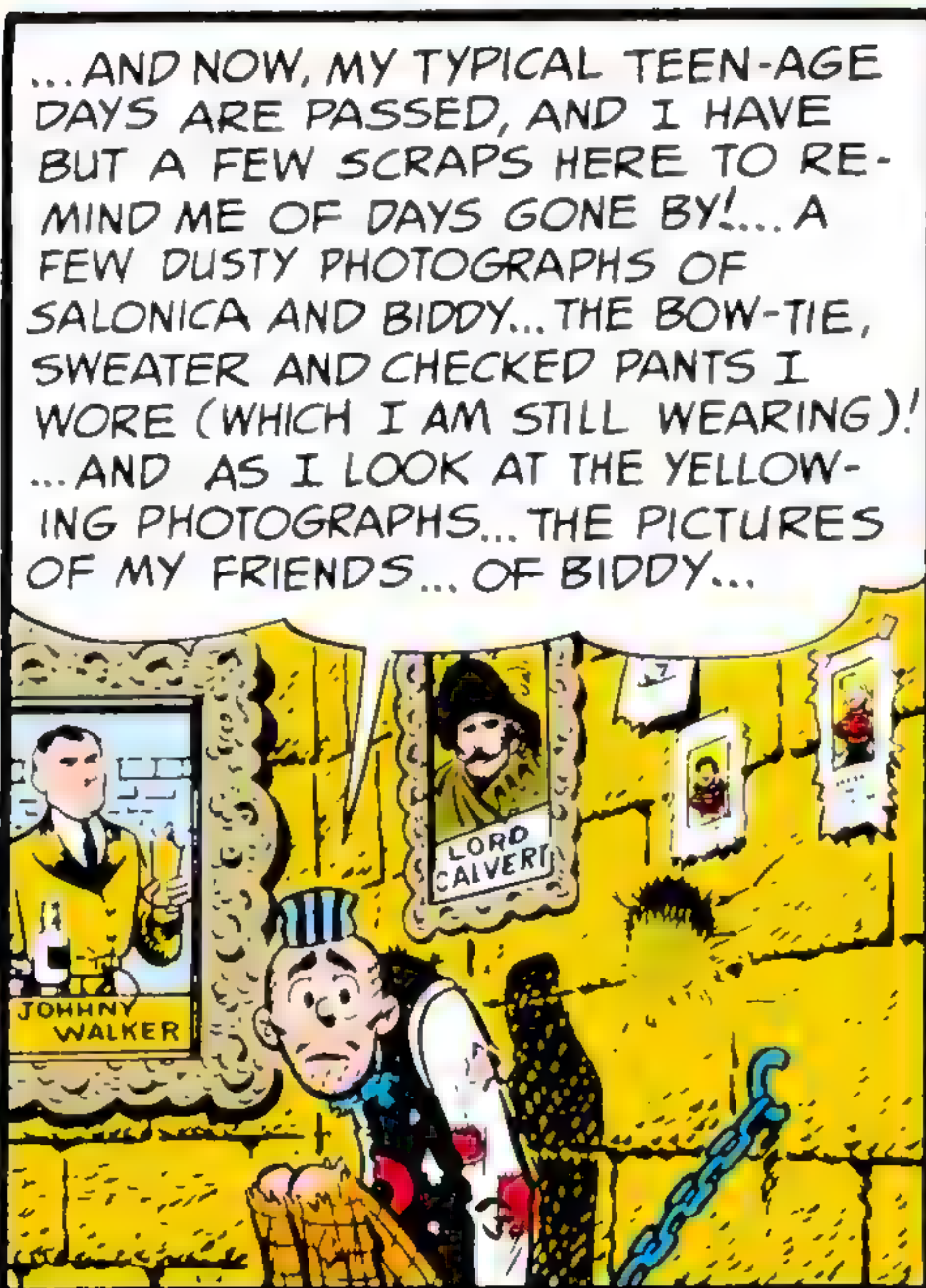
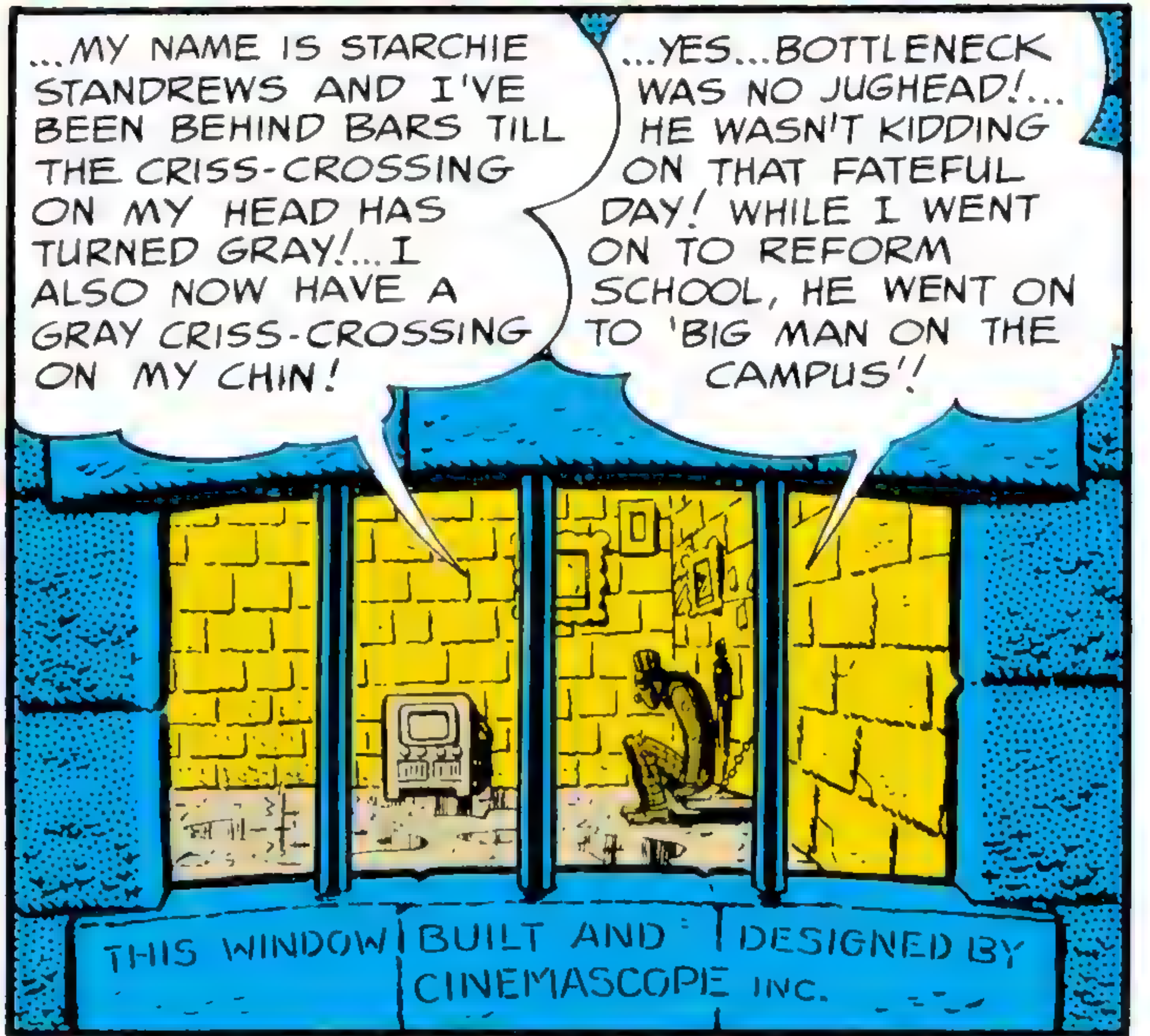
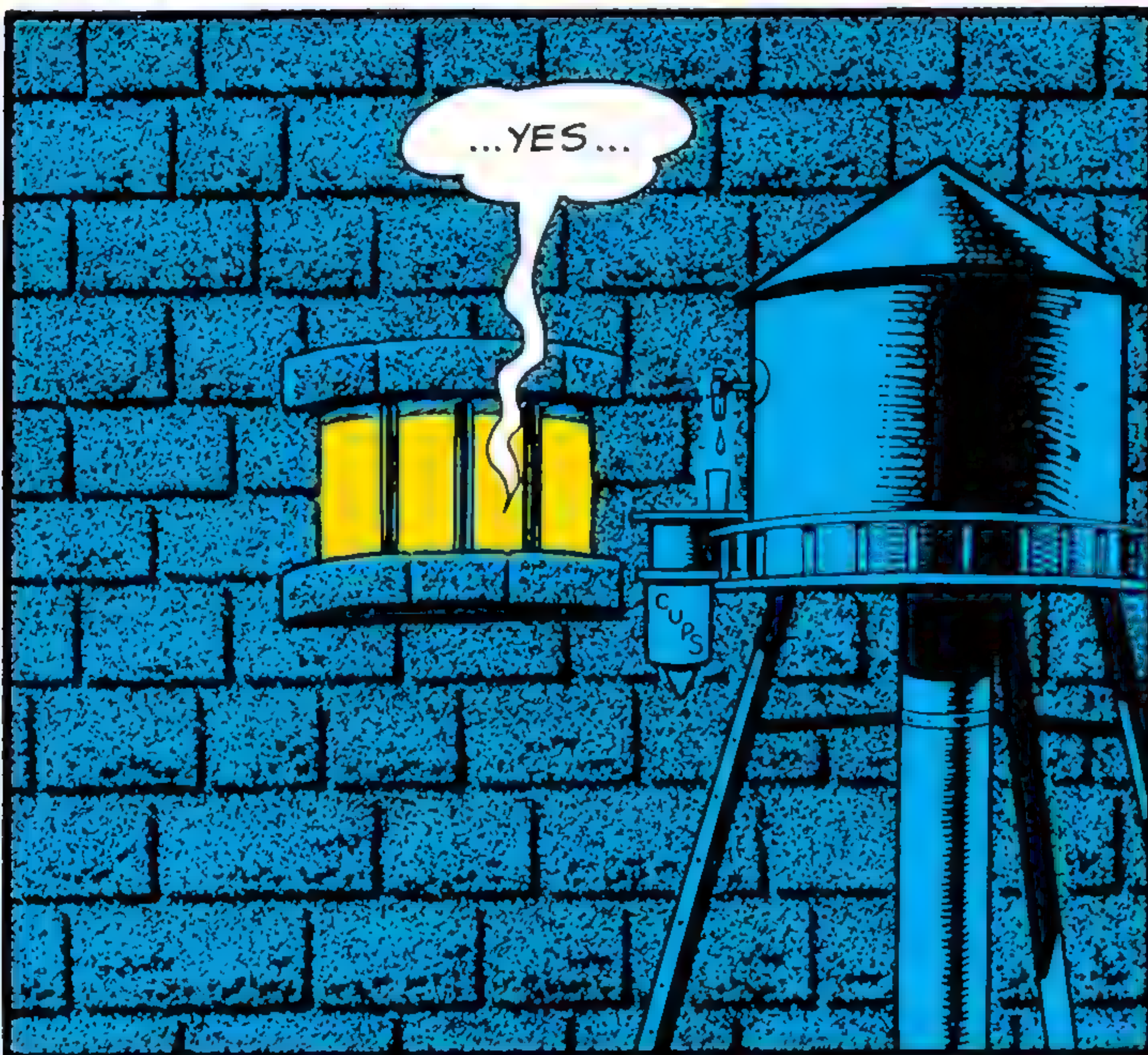
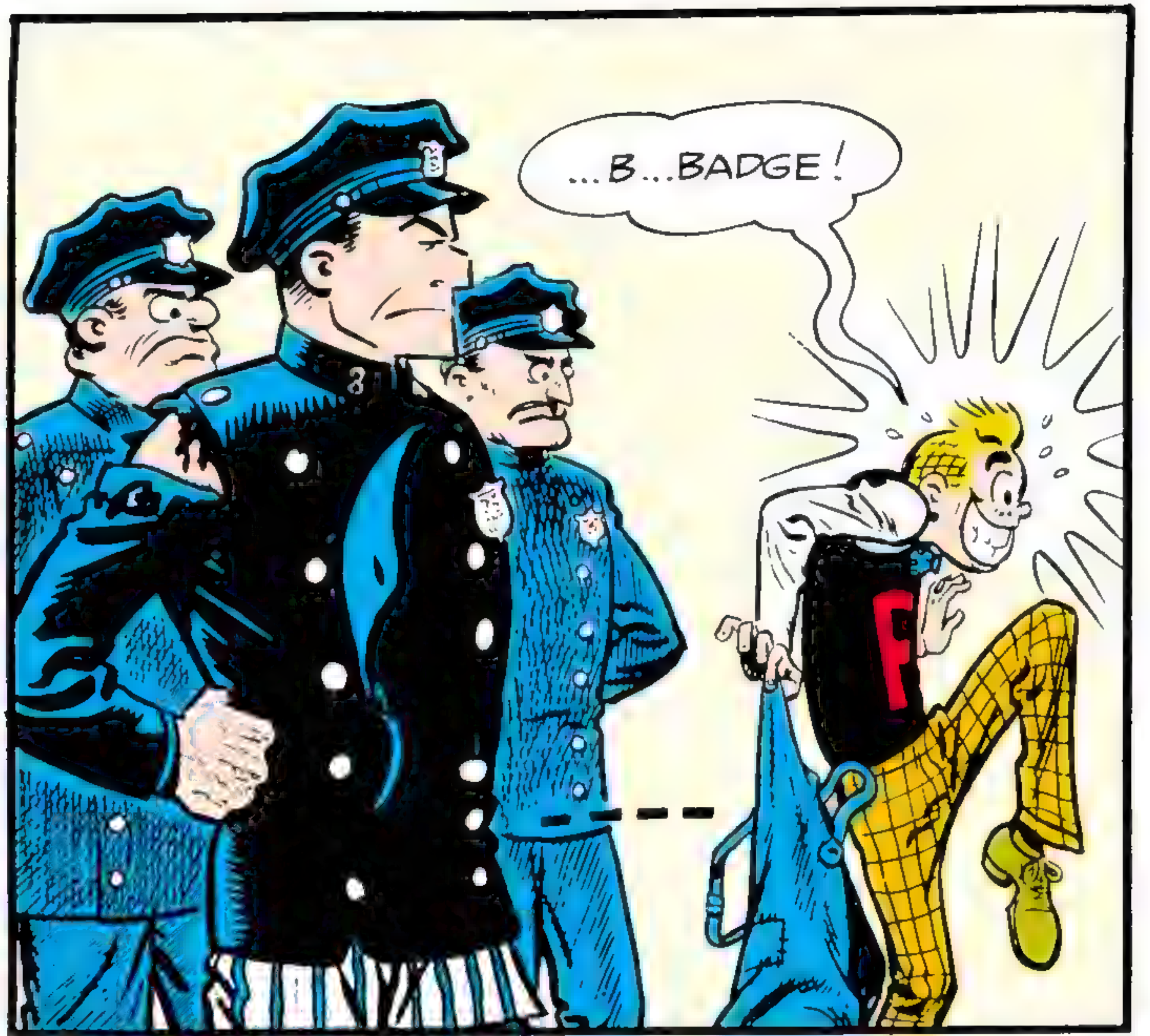
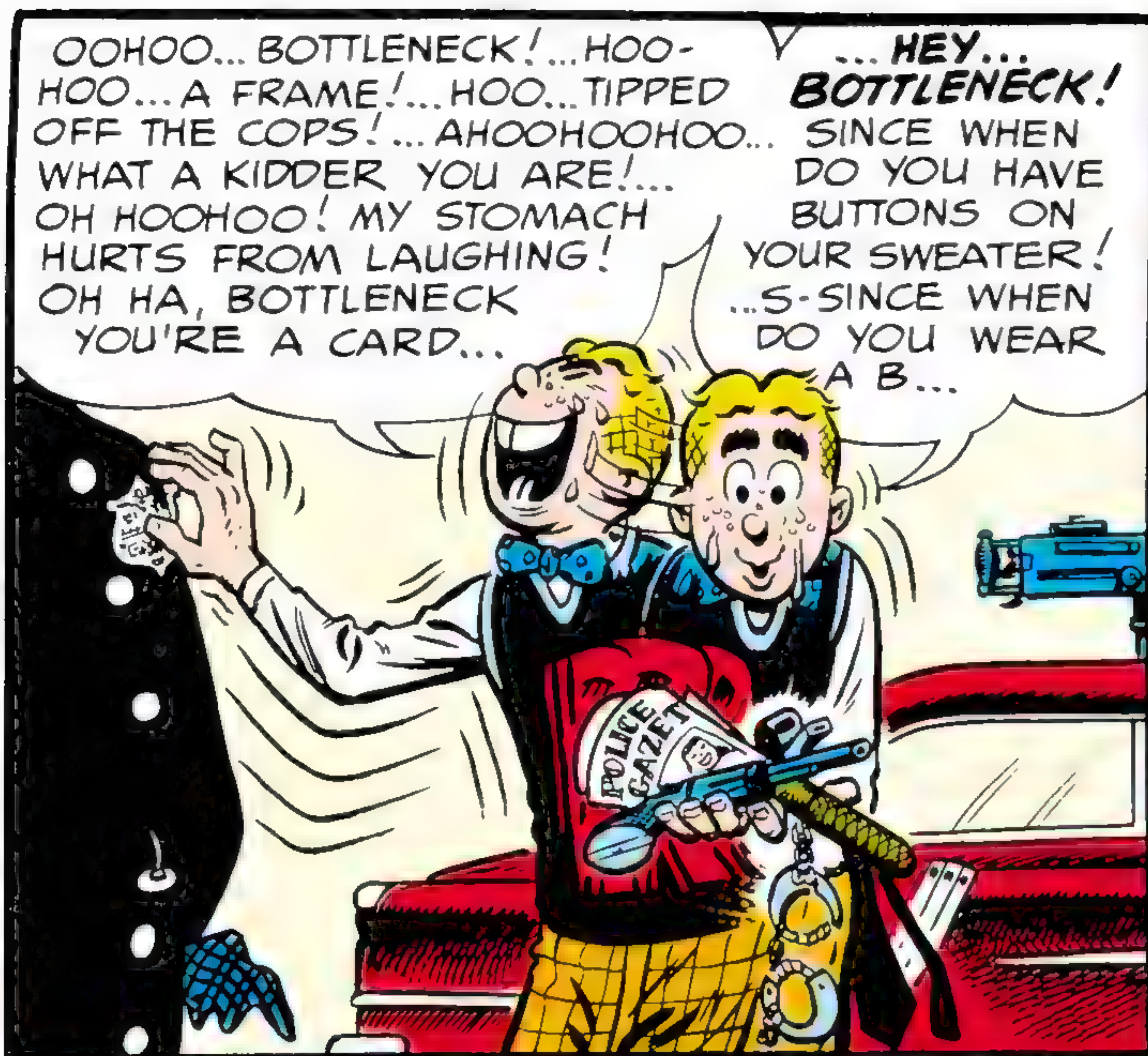
BOILING CHICKEN FAT











MAD is often asked why it doesn't have expensive full-color three-page fold-outs the way other high-class magazines like "Life" and "Playboy" have. There are two reasons for this! One: MAD is against ostentatious, snobbish, status-seeking gimmicks, and Two: MAD is cheap! So here instead is our economy-minded black-and-white one-page

MAD FOLD-IN



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS *

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER TO LEFT FOLD THIS SECTION BACK TO RIGHT
*IF YOUR TABLET DOESN'T FOLD BY THE 2ND OR 3RD ATTEMPT, TRY SWIPING!



Elizabeth Taylor, looking radiantly beautiful at the premiere of her latest film, is positively enchanted by

escort Richard Burton, who glows in the knowledge that he is the only one in her heart, and that she is his.

Meanwhile, people push and shove for autographs while police try to keep them in check! Hey! Take a look at

the handsome young stranger in the crowd moving in for his chance. Obviously, he's destined to be next in line.

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Jaffee

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MAD

SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN...
THIS MONSTER!"

